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CICERO'S

EPISTLES

TO

ATTICUS.

WITH NOTES,

HISTORICAL, EXPLANATORY, AND CRITICAL.

TRANSLATED

BY WILLIAM GUTHRIE, ESQ.

A NEW EDITION, CORRECTED AND AMENDED.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

Quæ, qui legat, non multum desideret historiam contextam eorum temporum.
Nep. Vit. Attici.

LONDON:

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BOOK XIII.

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CICERO'S EPISTLES

TO

ATTICUS.

BOOK XII.

EPISTLE I.

SEVEN long days have now passed, since I left you, and I write you this letter before daybreak, as I am leaving my country-house. I think of passing this day at Anagni[1], and to-morrow at Tusculanum, that I may keep my appointment with you on the 26th. I think I could fly to embrace my daughter, and to fondle your little Attica. I pray you to let me hear about the latter, so that, while I stop at Tusculanum, I may be

[1] This town still retains its name, and lies about twelve leagues from Rome.

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be informed of the little prattler; or if she is in the country, let me know what she writes to you. Meanwhile, either send in writing, or deliver to her in person, my compliments, and the same to Pilia; and though it is not long till we meet, yet write to me whatever shall occur.

As I was folding up this letter, your express, who had travelled all night, brought me one from you; and I am very sorry to find that your Attica has a slight fever. I fully understood from your letter, all the other circumstances I wanted to be informed of. In reply to your remark, that my morning vigour begins to decline, I experience no other marks of advancing age than a decaying memory. For I am to be with Axius on the 27th, with you the 28th, and with my brother the day on which I arrive, that is the 26th. This, as having no news, is all I have to say. You will then ask, why should you write at all? Why not write about nothing, as well as talk about nothing, when we meet? Let me tell you, there is a pleasure in talking, if it were no more than to hear one another talk.

EPISTLE

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EPISTLE II.

THOUGH I have told you in my last, we have here no news, yet it is rumoured that Murcus has perished by shipwreck[1]; that Asinius Pollio[2] has fallen alive into the hands of Pompey's soldiers; that the same storm forced fifty ships to put into Utica; that Pompey[3] cannot be found, and that Patietus[4] is very positive, that he has not been in any of the Balearic islands[5]; but all these reports are destitute of authority. I was willing, however, that you should know how we entertain ourselves in your absence. Meanwhile, public plays are celebrated at Præneste[6], where Hirtius with the leaders of Cæsar's party at present remains, and the exhibitions, it is said, will continue for eight days. What an entertainment! What luxuries! And in the meanwhile, the

[1] This news was false.

[2] He was the famous captain, orator, poet, and critic, who afterwards made such a figure under Augustus Cæsar, and who is celebrated by Virgil and Horace.

[3] He was the son of the great Pompey.

[4] He was by birth a Spaniard, and a favourite of Cæsar.

[5] *Viz.* Majorca, Minorca, and Yvica.

[6] This town lay near to Tusculanum, and is at present called Palestrine.

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the fate of the war is, perhaps, decided. Excellent men! Balbus goes on building in his own way, for why should he be troubled? Now, if you ask my opinion, let me tell you, he enjoys life, because he thinks that such enjoyment does not consist in virtue, but in pleasure. Meanwhile, you are asleep[1]. Now is the time, if you would prove yourself a true Epicurean, for reducing to practice the grand maxims of your sect. If you ask what I think that is; I answer, it is to enjoy life with pleasure. But enough.—I shall soon see you, and I hope you will come directly to my house. For we must appoint a day of audience to Tyrannio[2], when we shall determine whatever else requires deliberation.

EPISTLE III.

I THINK you are the only man living, who stands less

[1] Our author here makes use of a good many familiar cant words, of which I have given the sense, and which I leave the commentators to explain. The stress of his wit lies, in paying a very fine compliment to Atticus, by accusing him of inconsistency with the principles of his sect, which were, that every man should enjoy life as much as possible, without regarding any body but himself; whereas Atticus was continually employed in the duties of his family and friendship.

[2] He had written a book, which, it seems, he was to read to our author and Atticus.

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less upon compliments than I do, and whatever differences we may have with others, we have none between ourselves. I tell you then no more than the plain truth, when I avow to you, my dearest friend, that Tusculanum, though it is my favourite residence, is insipid; nay, Elysium itself would afford me no enjoyment, were I to live in either without your company. Therefore, as I suppose, and know, you are equally impatient for my company, as I am for yours, let us do the best we can to pass away these three days of absence. But I wish I knew what has passed today about the sale[1], or what day you can go thither. Meanwhile, I divert myself with books, but I think myself unfortunate, in not having with me the history of Vennonius[2]. But I must not forget my business. I have three ways of recovering the debt due to me from Cæsar. To purchase the confiscated goods; a purchase more

[1] There is something very dark in all this Epistle, because it chiefly relates to private business. I have translated this passage differently from Monsieur Mongault, because I am of opinion, Cæsar owed Cicero money, as will appear hereafter, and had security from him upon forfeited estates, which were sold by Meto, and Cicero wanted Atticus should be present when Meto sold those goods, in order to receive his money. I shall just observe, that Meto was the name of a Greek Philosopher, who invented the Cycle of nineteen years, and which was therefore called Meto's year.

[2] He proved to be a very bad author.

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more hateful to me than the loss of the debt would be; and in fact, besides the disgrace attending it, it is no better than losing my money[1]. Or else I must accept security from the buyer, to be paid a year hence. But whom shall I trust with my stock? For my broker's year will, I am afraid, be as long as that of his Greek namesake.[2] Or lastly, I must, like Vectenus, make a composition for half the sum. Think, therefore, upon this. Now I am afraid, that the auctioneer will not make this sale, but while the games are celebrating, will hasten there to swell the praise to be given to the illustrious man who bestows them. But we will think of it.

EPISTLE IV.

How agreeable, how delightful were your letters to me. The day of their arrival was, believe me, a day of festivity. I am grieved to learn from

[1] Because he expected Cæsar could not long hold the government, and he knew that when he was dead, all his acts would be reversed, especially his gifts of forfeitures.

[2] *Viz.* Meto, who seems in fact, to have been a broker between Cæsar and Cicero. After all that can be said, the sense is very uncertain, and Manutius thinks, not without a shew of probability, that Meto himself was our author's debtor, while Monsieur Mongault is of opinion, that it is a cant word for Cæsar himself.

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from Tyro, that you experienced some symptoms of a fever. I will therefore, take your advice in enjoying myself here a day longer. But the point with regard to Cato is a very delicate one. It is not for me to write of him in such a manner as to hope for indulgence, far less for applause, from your guests, for my work. Supposing I should drop all mention of his patriot speeches in the senate, his zeal for his country, and his readiness to serve the public, and but slightly notice his dignity and consistency; even that would give offence to the favourites of Cæsar. But let me tell you, a patriot like Cato cannot be celebrated without giving him this noble testimony; that he foresaw all that has happened now, and all that must happen hereafter; that he laboured resolutely to prevent it, and when he could not, rather than see it, he ceased to live. Is there a favourite[1] of Cæsar, who can, with patience, bear the mention of such a character? But I beg you will take care of your health, and use, without delay, that prudence to re-establish it, which you discover in all your other concerns.

EPISTLE

[1] *Orig. Alledius.* There have been great disputes about this name, but it is most probable that he was some Roman, who was a favourite both with Cicero and Cæsar.

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EPISTLE V.

My brother Quintus must possess[1] but a small portion of sense, or he would not rejoice that his son and Statius are received into the society of the Luperci, whereas they ought to think, that by so doing, they bring a double stain upon our family. Philotimus is not many degrees[2] better. Their folly is exceeded only by my own, in being troubled at it. But what impudence was it in him to ask you to defray his share of the expences, supposing, as you say, your sources had not been exhausted, and that they flowed as plentifully as the fountain of Pirene, or of Arethusia[3], for him to quaff, yet to talk to you

[1] I have taken a little, and but very little, freedom with the original here. *Quartum sapit* is an indefinite term.

[2] There were at Rome two sects of Luparcales (the officers of an ancient feast in honour of the god Pan) who had subsisted ever since the foundation of that city, the Fabiani, and the Quintiniani. A third sect with Antony at their head, was about this time instituted in honour of Cæsar, called the Lupercii Julii. As the ceremonies of this feast consisted in riot and disorder, and the institution itself was a proof of the abject spirits of the Romans at this time, Cicero was very justly offended, that his nephew and the two favourite domestics of the Ciceronian family should enter themselves into this company.

[3] There is an allusion here to a passage in the first ode of Pindar. It seems, our author's brother had applied to Atticus for a sum of money to defray his son's part of the expence of this extravagant society.

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you about defraying those ridiculous expences, especially in his narrow circumstances! Where can such folly end? But let himself answer for it. I own, I am pleased with my Cato, but that is no more than Bassus Lucilius is with his compositions [1].

Do you, as you promise, inquire concerning Cælius. I know nothing of the matter farther than I have told you. In respect to the bullion, we must carefully examine its qualities and not be guided by its apparent value [2]. Let me know, if you have any doubts as to Hortensius and Virginius [3]. Yet, so far as I perceive, you will have difficulty to hit upon any measure that is more eligible. You will speak with Mustela in the terms you write to me, as soon as Crispus [4] shall arrive. I have written to Aulus, that I have satisfied

[1] Cicero wrote a treatise entitled, Cato in defence of Cato's person and principles, which was answered by Cæsar by another writing, which he entitled, Anti-Cato. The Lucilius Bassus here mentioned, seems to have been some vain, pitiful writer of our author's acquaintance.

[2] Our author very justly apprehended, there might be another revolution of government, which he ought to provide against, and therefore intended to procure a sum in gold, by changing into ready money all his plate, and most valuable moveables; but he was afraid of being imposed upon, by having some base gold put upon him by the bankers, who were to transact the exchange for him.

[3] The persons here mentioned seemed to have been bankers.

[4] They seem to have been concerned with our author, as coheirs in succession to an estate.

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tisfied Piso[1] concerning what I knew extremely well of the gold. For I am of your opinion, that such a way of proceeding will be tedious and expensive, and at this time we are to collect every thing, and from every quarter. As to yourself, I easily perceive, that my concerns engross all your time, and all your thoughts, and that they even debar you from the pleasure you would have in paying me a visit as you propose. But I imagine that you are with me, not only because you are employed in my business, but because, I fancy I see in what manner you are employed, for I can tell what you are doing every hour of the day.

I perceive that Tubulus[2] was prætor under the consulate of Lucius Metellus and Quintus Maximus. Now I should be glad to know, under what consuls Publius Scævola the chief priest served as tribune of the commons. If I am not mistaken, it was under the following consuls, Cæpio and Pompey, for he was prætor under Publius Furius, and Sextus Atilius. You will therefore, make me sure as to the time of his tribuneship, and if you can, of what crime Tubulus was impeached. And I beg you will inquire

[1] Aulus and Piso were bankers.

[2] Atticus was a great antiquarian in the history and genealogy of the families of Rome. We find our author consulting him upon several points, and particularly with regard to Tubulus, whom he mentions in his treatise *De finibus*.

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inquire, whether Lucius Libo (I mean him who impeached Sergius Galba) was tribune of the commons in the consulate of Censorinus and Manlius, or under that of Titus Quintius and Manius Acilius, for I am confounded with what is written at the close of the Annals of Fannius[1], abridged by Brutus. Upon the authority of this writer I represented Fannius, the historian, as the son-in-law of Lælius. It was my opinion that you had fully proved this fact, but I now think that Brutus and Fannius are in the right. As to what I have inserted in my Treatise upon famous Orators, it rests upon Hortensius, whom you know to be a writer of unquestionable authority[2]. You will, therefore clear up these matters to me.

I have sent Tyro to meet Dolabella. He will return to me on the 13th, and on the 14th, I look for you. I am sensible how dear my Tullia is to you. I beg, in the most earnest manner, that you will continue your affection to her. Let every thing, therefore, stand on its present footing, for so you advise me in your letter. Though it is not at all amiss for me to avoid being at Rome on the first of the month, or having any

[1] *Orig. Conturbat enim una epitome Bruti Fanniana an Bruti epitoma Fannianorum.* This Fannius had written annals, which Brutus, who was a great epitomizer of useful works, had abridged.

[2] He was famous for having a good memory.

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any meeting with my creditors[1], and, though it is proper I should have time to make up my accounts, yet nothing can compensate for my long absence from you. When I was at Rome, and was in expectation of seeing you every moment, yet no day passed without my thinking the hours long till I saw you. You know, that I am far from loving compliments, and therefore, what I express, often falls short of what I feel.

EPISTLE VI.

I BEG you will take care, that there is not too much alloy in the gold of Cælius. I am no judge of such matters, but[2] surely, the exchange has been sufficiently to my disadvantage, and should I be imposed by this gold—But, what am I talking; I leave all to you. The following is the abrupt and unconnected stile of Hegesias[3], which

[1] The original here is very obscure, if not vitiated, but I believe, I have hit upon Cicero's meaning. The interest of money amongst the Romans was paid commonly in the beginning, or middle of every month.

[2] Monsieur Mongault reads here, *Ego ista novi*, but I think, the common reading is better, *Ego ista non novi*, because he makes use of the like expression in the last letter, when he speaks of the banker Cælius.

[3] Hegesias was an Athenian orator, who affected what the English call a snip-snap stile, which found a great many advocates,

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which Varro so much commends. "Now, as to Tyrannio,—is it so?—Sure, it cannot be—What without me!——After I, who had so much time upon my hand, so often refused to read his book without you." How will you answer to me, for what you have done? There is but one way, and that is, by sending me the book, which I earnestly entreat you will do. And yet, I shall not have greater pleasure in the book than I have had in knowing that you admire it. For, I love in literature as in government, every thing that is favourable to the people, and I am glad that you have had such pleasure in an essay on so uninteresting a subject. Yet, that has been always your way. You pant for knowledge, the only food of the mind. But let me know what service those observations, either acute or serious, can be to me, in my treatise concerning the final good? But this will be too long to be included in a letter, and, perhaps, you are even now busied in some concern of mine; and for the exquisite entertainment which you had in my little garden, you shall repay me with all that is refined, and all that is useful on this subject[1]. But

cates, and amongst others Varro. But our author was no friend to it.

[1] This is a very obscure passage, and M. Mongault is the first that has thrown any light on it. Cicero had read his Dialogue on the celebrated Orators in his own garden, to his friend Atticus.

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But to return where I left off. If you love me, send me Tyrannio's book. It is now your property, because he has presented it to you.

What, have you, a man of business, so much leisure, as to be able even to read my Orator[1]? Go on, I take it kindly, and will take it more kindly, if you will order your transcribers to insert

Atticus. In the absence of Cicero, Atticus received a treatise from Tyrannio, with which he was much delighted, and in giving his friend an account of it, he alludes to the entertainment which he had previously received in Cicero's garden, where he retired perhaps to peruse the work of Tyrannio: *isto asso sole in pratulo tuo sum abusus,* "I took the liberty of enjoying in the open sun a repast, similar to that which I before had with you in your garden." Cicero in reply, taking up the same metaphor, adds, As I am composing a treatise *De finibus bonorum,* I wish to obtain of you any thing, which, in the work you so much admire, relates to my subject. But extracts from it may be too tedious for a letter, and I will wave it till I see you. Then I will demand, by reperusing the book, or repeating to me the contents of it, a full compensation for the encroachments you have made in my garden, and for the pleasure you have stolen without my permission; *Pro isto asso sole, quo tu abusus es in nostro pratulo, a te nitidum solem unctumque repetimus.* There is here an allusion to the practice, usual among the Romans, of walking uncovered in the sun, and of walking with the skin anointed with oil. The former was called *sol assus,* the latter *sol unctus.* Cicero, in modesty, describes the pleasure which Atticus had in reading his works by *sol assus,* the least desirable mode of recreation, while the gratification to be repeated from reperusing the treatise of Tyrannio by *sol unctus.*—E.

[1] This sentence is taken from a speech of Menedemus, in the Heautontimoromen of Terence.

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sert, not only in your copies, but in those of others, the name of Aristophanes for that of Eupolis[1]. Cæsar seems to me to ridicule your petition, which was expressed in a language elegant and polite[2]. He desired you, however, not to make yourself uneasy; and that, in such a manner, as left me no room to doubt of his favourable intention for you. I am sorry your daughter's illness continues so long; but, as she has now no shivering, I hope she will soon recover.

EPISTLE VII.

I WROTE down every thing you wanted to know in the parchments[3] I sent you, which I gave to Eros. What I wrote was short, but it contains more in substance than you wanted to know. Amongst other things I mentioned my son, for it was from you I took the hint with regard to him. I spoke to him in the frankest manner, which I wish

[1] Cicero's direction was so well followed in this particular, that we have no copy of his treatise with this blunder in it.

[2] *Orig. Quæso.* Cæsar piqued himself greatly upon his being a critic on the purity of the Latin tongue. Atticus had presented him a petition for some indulgences to the inhabitants of Buthrotum, who were likely to suffer severely for their attachment to Pompey.

[3] *Orig. Codicilis.*

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wish you would learn from himself, when it suits your conveniency to talk with him. But why need I to wait till then? I acquainted him, that it was at my desire you had inquired whether there was any thing he wanted, or wished for. He had a mind for Spain, and that, he said, would require handsome appointments. I told him, they should be the same as Publius had given to his son, or the Flamen Lentulus to his. With regard to his going to Spain, I started two objections. The first was the same I had mentioned to you, that I was afraid of public reproach. Had we not gone far enough in abandoning the republican party, that we should take arms against it?—In the next place, I told him, it would give him pain to see himself surpassed by his cousin in interest with the great men, and in all offices of honour. I pressed him to leave himself to my generosity, rather than indulge his own fancy, but that I would put no hardship upon him; and yet I complied with his wishes, because I understood, you was not averse to his going to Spain. I will, however, reconsider the business, and I beg you will do the same. Our main object should be to remain quiet. It is hard to say, what may be the consequences should he go. But we shall consider farther. I wrote likewise, in the parchments, concerning Balbus, and I am still of the same mind, as soon as he shall return. But, if that should

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should not be soon, I will set out for Rome in three days. I forgot to tell you, that Dolabella is here with me.

EPISTLE VIII.

Most people approve of my resolution concerning my son[1], and the person, who is to attend him, is well qualified. But let us previously take care of the first payment of my daughter's fortune. The term is at hand, and Dolabella is ready to take his flight.[2], Let me know I beg of you what Celer reports Cæsar to have done with regard to the candidates, whether himself hopes to obtain of Cæsar a commission in Spain[3], or an office in the city. To say the truth, I should be glad to know whether there is any

[1] *Viz.* To send him to Athens. While his son was studying the language and literature of Greece in that refined seat of the muses, Cicero composed his elegant and useful Treatise on *Morals*, and addressed it to him at Athens.—E.

[2] *Currit ille.*—M. Mongault properly understands *ille* to mean Dolabella, from whom the payment was to be exacted, and who was in haste to meet Cæsar now returning from Spain.—E.

[3] *Utrum ipse in Fœnicularium an in Martium campum cogitet.* Fœnicularius was a plain in Hispania Bœtica, which Strabo, lib. iii. calls μαραθον, from the fennel or grass with which it abounded.—E.

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any necessity for my attending the elections at Rome, for I cannot avoid obliging both your wife[1] and daughter.

EPISTLE IX.

My abode here would be very agreeable, and would be daily more so, were it not for the reason I mentioned to you in a former letter. Nothing could be more delightful than this solitude would be to me, did not the son of Amyntas[2] sometimes break in upon me. What an incessant, what an insufferable prattler he is! As to every thing besides, you can form to yourself, nothing that is more pleasant than is this villa, the shore, the prospect of the sea, and in short every thing that is round me. But it is not worth while to swell a letter with these trifles. And yet I have nothing more material to write, and I am besides drowsy.

EPISTLE

[1] Whose brother Celer put in for a government.

[2] Meaning Lucius Marcius Philippus from his being the namesake of Philip of Macedon, the son of Amyntas, and father of Alexander the Great.

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EPISTLE X.

I SINCERELY sympathize with you on the death of Athamas[1]. It is natural for you to be concerned at his loss, but it ought not to be to excess. Of all the various means of consolation, the following is the most direct; let reason effect in you what in others is effected by time. Let us take care of Alexis. He is a second Tyro, whom I have sent back sick to Rome, and if any epidemical disorder rage in your quarter, convey Alexis to my house with Tisamenus. You know that all the upper part of my house is empty. This I think is a fortunate circumstance.

EPISTLE XI.

THE death of Seius[2], gives me a heavy heart. But every human event ought to be borne with patience. For what is man, or how long time has he to employ himself below? Let us bestow our attention upon things, which we have it in our

[1] He was a favourite slave of Atticus.

[2] He was a common friend to Atticus and our author.

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our power to remedy, I mean the affairs of the state; and even here we cannot avail much. How shall I behave in the senate? That I may forget nothing, Cæsonius writes me word, that Posthumia, the wife of Sulpicius, is arrived in his house. I have already told you, in answer to yours, that I have at present laid aside all thoughts of the daughter of Pompey the Great[1]. As to the other lady you mention in your letter, I suppose you know her; never did I see any thing more disagreeable. But I am soon to see you, and then we will talk farther of these matters.

Your Letter came to my hand after this was sealed up; I am glad your daughter is in such good spirits, but am very sorry to hear that she is not free from her fever.

EPISTLE XII.

CONCERNING the payment of my daughter's fortune[2], I request you to be more urgent. To accept

[1] As there is a considerable distance of time between our author's last letter and this, the reader is to understand that, in the interval, he had been divorced from Terentia, and he was now thinking of a second marriage.

[2] The reader is to understand, that Tullia died in child-birth, a few weeks or days after her divorce from Dolabella, and our author

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accept Balbus, as a substitute for the debt, is to leave it to their discretion. However finish the business some way or other. It is shameful that my affairs should lie in this disorder. The island near Arpinum, seems to be proper for the monument I design to erect in honour of my daughter, but I am afraid it will not be sufficiently conspicuous, because it is too remote from the road. I therefore think of my gardens, but I must take a survey of them when I come to Rome.

You shall have your own way with regard to the person who is to deliver the sentiments of Epicurus[1], yet I shall not hereafter be fond of living characters for speakers in my dialogues. You cannot imagine what difficulties I find in this matter. Let me therefore return to dead characters, for by them nothing can be taken amiss. I have nothing farther to write to you, and yet I make it a rule with myself to send you a letter every day, that I may provoke you to give me an answer, not that I expect you will write to me upon any business, but I know not how it is, I am still impatient for your letters. Therefore, whether you have any thing material to

author was so sensibly affected with her death, that he was upon the extravagant design of celebrating an apotheosis, and building a temple to her memory.

[1] Atticus was of opinion, that our author ought to represent living persons as speakers in his philosophical tracts.

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to write or not, yet still write me somewhat. Meanwhile take care of your own health.

EPISTLE XIII.

THOUGH I agree with the physician Craterus, yet I cannot help having my own fears with regard to your daughter. It is true the letter, I received from Brutus, was written like that of a man of sense, and a friend, yet still it filled my eyes with tears. I am more calm in this retirement than I was in that bustle. You are the only person whose absence I regret, but I cultivate letters here with the same calmness as if I were at home. But still, the same melancholy preys upon my spirits. I do not, indeed, indulge my sorrow, but I make no effort to suppress it.

As to what you write concerning Apuleius[1], I am of opinion, you need not give yourself any great trouble about it, or to speak on that subject to Balbus and Appius. He has already satisfied them, and has ordered me to be acquainted, that he would by no means trouble me, but I beg you will take care from day to day, to renew

[1] He was chosen into the Augural college, and Cicero, as one of his colleagues, was obliged to attend a feast he made of course, unless he could be excused, by getting three persons to swear, that he was in a bad state of health.

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new my excuses on account of my bad state of health. Lænas has undertaken to attest this. To him you may add Caius Septimius and Lucius Statilius. In short, no one will refuse to take this oath, whom you may desire; if it be attended with any difficulty, I will come to Rome in person, and swear, that I labour under a complaint not likely ever to be removed. For, as I intend never to be present at those entertainments, I prefer to have a juster excuse, than that of sorrow, for my absence. I desire, that you will sue Cocceius. He has not performed his promise to me; and I want to buy some place where I may retire, and enjoy some refuge from my grief.

EPISTLE XVI.

I SENT you a letter yesterday, to excuse my absence to Apuleius. I suppose, you will find no difficulty in it, for no body whom you desire, will refuse to swear, but you may apply to Septimius, to Lænas, and to Statilius. But Lænas took the whole upon himself to me. You write me, that you are sued by Junius. Why, Cornificius is a rich man; but still, I desire to know at what time I entered into this recognizance, and whether it was for the father or son, and the rather, because, as you write me, you will thereby

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thereby see the agents of Cornificius, and his conveyancer Apuleius[1].

You express your usual kindness in your endeavours, to make me banish this melancholy. You know, my friend, I have done all I can. There is not one sentiment concerning consolation under affliction, that I did not read over at your house. But my sorrows have got the better of all comfort. I even went farther than any man ever did before me, for I endeavoured to remove my grief by addressing letters of consolation to myself. I will send you a volume of them, when my amanuensis have transcribed them. Take my word for it, that no consolation is so efficacious. I write for whole days together. Not that I make any progress in my cure, but it employs me, not sufficiently indeed, for my affliction is very intense; but still I am amused, and I do all in my power, not to cure my mind, but, if possible, to preserve a becoming appearance. While I endeavour to do this, I sometimes think I am to blame, did I not endeavour to do it. I am somewhat assisted by solitude, but my advances would be much greater had I your company; this is my sole reason for leaving this place. For, considering my afflictions, my situation

[1] Apuleius was a prædiator, i. e. a jobber or conveyancer in land, and the affinity of this term to *prædator* a *robber*, leads me to suspect, that Cicero here indulges his usual propensity to *pun*.—E.

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tuation was tolerable, though my leaving this place is the very thing which makes me sorry. For you can no longer administer to me the solace you once did; all that endeared me to you is now vanished.

I have already acquainted you by writing of Brutus's letter to me. He writes like a man of sense, but his letter was of no avail. I wish that he would come to see me, as he wrote to you he would. I make no doubt but that his presence would exhilarate me, because he has so great an affection for me. I beg that you will write me whatever you hear, above all, when you think Pansa sets out. I am concerned for Attica, but yet I have great faith in her physician Craterus. Do not suffer Pilia to distress herself; and moderate your own grief, which you too much manifest in sympathy with all your friends.

EPISTLE XV.

As you do not think, that a general excuse for the whole time is proper, I beg you will take care to excuse me from day to day with Apuleius. In this solitude I have no society, and in the morning, when I have plunged myself into a thick rough wood, I never leave it before the evening.

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evening. Next to yourself, I have no friend but solitude. In this I converse only by means of letters, and even that conversation is interrupted by tears, which I check as much as I am able, but hitherto the task of suppressing them is too hard for me. I will, as you advise me, write an answer to Brutus. To-morrow you shall have that letter. You will deliver it whenever you have an opportunity.

EPISTLE XIV.

I would not have you neglect your own business to come to me. If you should be longer detained, I would rather come to you. Nor indeed, would I have left your company, if any thing could possibly have done me service. Could my case admit of relief, it must come from you alone. As soon as it is in the power of man to give me comfort, that man must be yourself. Even at present I cannot enjoy life without you. But it was inconvenient to live at your house, and I could not live at my own, and had I been nearer Rome, yet still I could not be with you. The same business that now detains you from seeing me, would have detained you then. Hitherto, I have found no such relief as in this solitude. How I dread, lest Philip

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Philip should break into it, for he arrived yesterday in the evening. Scribbling and reading do not sooth my sorrows, but they stupify my brain.

EPISTLE XVII.

I HAVE a letter from Marcianus, informing you, that I am excused with Apuleius by Laterensis, Naso, Lænas, Torquatus, and Strabo. I beg you will take care to write to them in my name, to let them know how much I am obliged to them for this service. Flavius says, that about twenty-five years ago, I entered into engagements for Cornificius. The accused is an opulent man, and Apuleius is a respectable conveyancer; yet I beg, that you will take care to consult the books of those who became securities with me, whether it is so or not. Before my edileship, I had no dealings with Cornificius. Yet the thing is possible, but I wish to be certain, and if you think proper you may summon his agents. Yet, after all, what is it to me? though still one ought not to neglect such a thing. You will let me know, as soon as you know yourself, when Pansa sets out. Present my compliments to your daughter, whom I beg you will take all manner of care of, and to your wife.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE XVIII.

WHILE I avoid recollections which consume my heart with grief, I avoid consulting with you. But if I have still that unaccountable desire, you must pardon it. For some of the authors I am now reading, tell me, that the thing I so often have mentioned to you, and which I am so earnest that you should approve of, ought to be carried into execution[1]. I mean, the intended temple,

[1] It must be acknowledged, that our author was no more fixed in his principles of philosophy, than in those of government. Accidents and different situations of life had great impression upon both. It is true, he wished well to his country, and his heart was naturally good and sincere, but we find him sometimes not quite consistent with what he is at other times. When he wrote this letter, he was greatly affected by his daughter's death, and in that disposition of mind which is most susceptible of religious apprehensions. This made him pay the greater regard to the sentiments of those philosophers, who were the most averse to the Epicurean doctrine of his friend, and who encouraged the belief of the immortality of the soul, which our author in many parts of his works, treats as a doctrine, the truth of which is more to be wished than hoped for. It is more than probable, that this book of consolation, of which only a few fragments now remain, was composed entirely upon the principles of the souls immortality, for otherways his building a temple to the memory of his daughter, and in a manner consecrating the same, must have appeared to Atticus ridiculous and fantastic. Meanwhile, it may be proper here to re-

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temple, and as you love me you will think of it. As to the plan, I fix without hesitation upon that of Clautius, neither have I any difficulties as to the materials; but I cannot say the same as to the place where it is to stand. I beg, therefore, you would bestow some thought upon that. For my own part, I will in this learned age, consecrate the memory of my daughter with inscriptions taken from every fine writer in Greece and Rome; though this may, perhaps, make my wound bleed afresh. But I now look upon myself as bound by a solemn vow and engagement, and I am more affected by that length of time in which I am to have no existence, than with the narrow (but to me it seems too long) span of life, that still remains to me in this world.

I have left nothing untried, but am unable to find repose. For while I employed myself in that work which I formerly have mentioned to you, I soothed,

mark, that the building such temples, or consecrated places by parents, to the memory of their children, is justly accounted by the most ancient and venerable authors to be the great sources of superstition. The grief of a parent upon the death of a child, being the more intense, and consequently more extravagant than that of a child upon the loss of a parent. Our author even tells, that the word *superstition* came from those who all day sacrificed, and prayed, that their children might outlive themselves. *Quia tota die precabantur & immolabant ut sibi sui liberi superstites essent, superstitiosi sunt appellati.* Lib. 1. de Nat. Deorum.

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I soothed, as it were, my anguish, ; but now I loath every thing; nor can I find any better refuge than in solitude, which Philip, (as I was afraid he would) has not yet disturbed. For yesterday, as soon as he had paid me his compliments, he set out for Rome. I have, as you desired, sent you the letter which I have written to Brutus; you will take care that it be sent off with yours; meanwhile, I have sent you a copy, that if you are not pleased with the contents, you may keep back the original.

You write me word, that my domestic affairs are settling in due order; I pray you write me these particulars; for there are some I am impatient to know. Take care that Cocceius does not disappoint us. I think, from what Eros writes, that we may depend upon Libo's word. As to the capital, I confide in Sulpicius and Egnatius. I cannot imagine what your difficulties can be with regard to Apuleius, as it is so easy to obtain a dispensation. You write me, you intend to see me; I beg you will take care that it may put you to no inconvience. For the journey is a long one, and should you be obliged to leave me soon, our parting will give me infinite pain. But every thing shall be as you wish. For my part, do what you will, I shall always both think it right, and that you do it out of affection for me.

Yesterday, when I understood by letters from others,

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others, that Antony was arrived [1], I was surprised your letters mentioned nothing about him: but you, perhaps, wrote them the day before they were dated. Even those matters, however, give me no concern. But I am of opinion, that the purchase made by him was the cause which brought him back in such a hurry.

As to what you write me, Terentia says concerning

[1] He had set out for Spain, but came back in a hurry to Rome on the following account. He was in great favour with Cæsar, being one of the most proper instruments which that great man could employ in subverting the public virtue of his countrymen, and consequently, the constitution of his country; not, I believe, that Cæsar would have desired either, had not both of them been incompatible with his safety. Add to this, that Antony was a man of wit and parts; he lived at immense expence, and was in all respects, a soldier of fortune. This and his intimacy with Cæsar, made him presume upon that great man's friendship, and he had bought most of Pompey's effects at auction, in hopes that Cæsar would not call upon him for the payment. But Cæsar was of all mankind the greatest master of his own passions, excepting that for power. Like other great politicians, he encouraged his ministers in their extravagancies, that he might have the popularity of punishing them. The buying of the great Pompey's effects, had raised a terrible clamour at Rome against Antony, and Cæsar wisely availed himself of it. For Antony neglecting to make payment (the sum being very large), Cæsar ordered Lucius Plancus to seize all Antony's effects, and to sell them for discharge of the debt. The news of this order reached Antony's ears when he was on the road to Spain, and it was to prevent that sale that he returned in the hurry mentioned here.

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cerning the witnesses to my Will[1]; you are, in the first place, to believe, that I mind no such matters, nor can any thing give me the smallest concern or surprise. But after all, in what does my conduct resemble hers? She refused to call in those witnesses, whom she thought would inquire to know the contents of what they were to attest. But did I make any objection to that? Let her then do as I have done. I am ready to produce my Will to any one that is disposed to read it. She may satisfy herself, that I could not shew greater regard, than I have shewn for my grandson. As to my not inviting certain persons to witness its sealing up; in the first place, it did not come into my head; and for this reason, in the next place, it was of no importance. Perhaps you may yourself remember, that I spoke to you to bring some of your friends to witness it. For what occasion was there for a great many? It is true, I ordered my domestics to attend. You were of opinion that I should send for Silius; and that put it into my head to send

[1] Cicero was at this time thinking of marrying another wife, Pubilia, whom he aftewards married. This seems to have come to Terentia's ears, because Cicero had invited Pubilius, the lady's brother, to be witness to his testament, and had omitted to send for the relations of his own and her family. This furnished Terentia with matter of complaint, as if our author had done, or intended to do, something that was unhandsome towards his grandson, the son of Dolabella.

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send for Publius to be present; though there was no necessity for either. You will manage this point as you see proper.

EPISTLE XIX.

THIS, I own, is a very pleasant place[1]. It is embosomed in the very sea, and may be seen from Antium and Circe; but, as in a long revolution of ages, the succession of property[2] may be next to infinite, I am to take care, should the monument I think of continue to exist, that it shall have the same regard paid to it, as paid to consecrated places. I now give myself no trouble about revenues; I can be contented with little.

[1] Meaning Astura, lying between the promontory of Antium, and that of Circe.

[2] The ancients, as appears from the works of our author, and many others, were extremely delicate with regard to their burying places; and they commonly excepted them from the other parts of heritage, which could be disposed of by conveyance or succession, and, as it were, entailed them for ever upon the purposes to which they were originally designed. Cicero, therefore, in this passage, inclines to entail the spot, where this temple should be built, in the same manner, and nothing was wanting that laws or imprecations could effect to preserve such destinations for ever sacred and inviolable. Atticus seems to have advised Cicero to build his temple at Astura.

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little. I sometimes think of purchasing some country seat on the other side of the Tyber, and chiefly, because I know no place that has a greater resort to it[1]. But we will consult about what seat it shall be when we meet together, but still we must order matters so, that the temple may be finished this summer. Meanwhile, do you agree concerning the pillars with Apellas of Chios.

I approve of what you write concerning Cocceius and Libo, and chiefly with regard to my sitting as judge[2]. I should be glad to know, if you have received any farther information concerning that bail, and likewise, what the agents of Cornificius are saying; but yet I should be sorry to put you, who have so much business already, to any extraordinary trouble in that affair. Balbus and Oppius have likewise written to me concerning Antony, and that their writing was agreeable to you, for fear I should have been disturbed. I returned them thanks, but I would have you to know, as I have already written to you, that I am to be disturbed neither by that news, nor any other that can possibly happen. If, as you

[1] Because he intended there to build his temple, which he wanted to have as public as possible, to do honour to the memory of his daughter.

[2] He at this time declined all the public duties of a senator, particularly that of presiding in the courts of law, or upon trials or arbitrations.

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you mentioned, Pansa is set out this day, you will instantly begin to write me, how soon you look for the arrival of Brutus, that is, what day he is to be at Rome. If you know where he is at present, you can pretty accurately conjecture the period of his return.

As to what you write to Tyro concerning my wife, I beg, my dearest friend, that you will take the whole of that matter upon yourself. Nobody knows so well as you do, how far I am engaged in honour and duty, and as some think, in justice to my son. As to my own part, I am determined by nothing near so much as by the ties of virtue and honour, especially as I think all assurances of the other party[1], are neither sincere nor stable.

EPISTLE XX.

You seem not to be quite sensible, how very unconcerned I am about Antony, and every thing of that kind. With regard to Terentia, I informed you in the letter I wrote yesterday. You give me advice, and you say, you do it at the earnest request of my other friends, that I should conceal the excess of my grief. Is it possible

[1] Meaning Terentia.

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sible for me to do that better than by spending whole days in study? I do it, it is true, not to conceal my affliction, but to sooth, and to cure my mind; but though it may not have the effect I wish for upon myself, yet surely it conceals from the world the appearances of excessive grief. This letter is considerably shorter, because I wait for your answer to my letter of yesterday. I am chiefly impatient for your sentiments with regard to the temple, and I am somewhat curious to know about Terentia. I beg you will inform me by your next letter, whether Cnæus Cæpio, the father of Servila, the wife of Claudius, perished by sea in his father's lifetime, or after he was dead, or whether Rutilia died before or after the death of her son Caius Cotta? These questions relate to the treatise I have composed concerning the means of mitigating affliction.

EPISTLE XXI.

I HAVE read, and sent back to you, the letter of Brutus, which is by no means, a becoming answer to your request. But let him see to that[1], and

[1] I have, in several animadversions upon our author's works, thrown out some doubts with regard to the conspiracy of Catiline, especially as it has been represented by our author. I shal

and yet it is a reflection on him to be ignorant of that matter. He supposes that Cato first gave his vote for putting the conspirators to death. Now all the other magistrates, excepting Cæsar, had voted the same way before, and as the opinion of Cæsar, who then spoke only in his quality of prætor, was so severe, he thinks that the sentiments of the consulars, Catulus, Servilius, the Luculli, Curio, Torquatus, Lepidus, Gellius, Volcatius, Figulus, Cotta, Lucius Cæsar, Caius Piso, with Manius Glabrio, and Silanus, and Murena,

shall not here trouble my reader with my reasons for being of a very different opinion from the rest of the world upon that subject, and for believing that our author, impelled by his own fears, put the conspirators to death without any legal evidence of their guilt. I cannot, however, help observing, that the passage before us very strongly confirms my suspicion of Cicero's insincerity in his whole account of that matter. Notwithstanding that force of affliction for the loss of his daughter, which he so feelingly represents, we here see his vanity get so much the better of him, that he employs his friend Atticus to prevail with Brutus, who was the very soul of truth, to alter a narrative of that conspiracy which he had made in a panegyric upon his uncle Cato, and in which our author thought he was not mentioned in terms sufficiently for his advantage. In fact, Brutus begged to be excused, and admitted only of one circumstance, in which he was set right by Atticus. The reader is to observe, that Cæsar, as prætor, spoke before Cato, who was only tribune elect. As such, however, he spoke before all the private senators, so that the *omnes* here mentioned, is to be understood, not of the whole body of the senate, but of those who bore or had borne public employments.

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Murena, consuls elect, were more mild. Why then was the sentence drawn up according to Cato's opinion? The reason was, he spoke to the point more perspicuously and copiously than the others did. With regard to me, he praises me for reporting, not for discovering, the conspiracy, without mentioning the spirit I raised against the conspirators, and that the measure which followed was no more than what I resolved upon before the thing was debated in the senate. Cato extolled all this to the skies, and was of opinion that it ought to be inserted in the sentence, for which reason a majority divided for his motion. Brutus thinks he pays me a mighty compliment when he calls me an "excellent consul." But could an enemy speak of me in colder terms? With regard to the rest, in what manner has he spoken to you? All he desires of you is to correct the resolution of the senate. He could not have avoided doing this, had his mistake been pointed out to him by the most despicable of all our acquaintance[1]. But let him answer for that likewise.

As you approve of my design respecting a country-house[2], I beg you will take an active part in the

[1] *Orig.* Ranius, who was, it seems, a person of little or no consideration.

[2] *Orig.* Horti Gardens, which I have translated, a country house or seat, of which the gardens were the chief embellishment.

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the affair. You know my resources. Now if we can get any thing from[1] Faberius, I shall have little or no difficulty in making the purchase. The seat of Drusus certainly is to be purchased, and perhaps those of Lamia and Cassius. But we shall talk of these things when we meet. As to Terentia, I cannot write of her more handsomely than you do. Let us, in the first place, have regard to what virtue and duty requires. If I should be mistaken, I should choose to suffer, by being deceived by her rather than myself. A hundred thousand serteces must be paid to Ovia, the wife of Caius Lollius; Eros says, he cannot raise the money without me, I suppose on account of his giving some goods and effects to be appraised. I wish he had talked of the matter to you, for if, as he writes me, it be true that matters are in such readiness, the affair may be finished by you; I beg you will inqure into, and settle the whole business.

You invite me to resume my functions in the Forum, the place which I had declined before I was overtaken by affliction. What is the Forum to me? Where are its courts of justice? Where is the senate, while those whom I cannot behold with patience, are perpetually rushing upon my sight? You tell me, the public call upon me to come to Rome, that they will not dispense with my presence,

[1] He owed our author money.

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presence, and that I have been dispensed with hitherto only upon certain terms. But be it known to you, my friend, that for this long time, you singly have been more dear to me than all the republic, and I have not such a contemptible opinion of myself, as not to choose to follow my own sentiments, than that of all the others you mention, be who they will. And yet I do not exceed the bounds that are prescribed me by the most learned authors, whose writings I have thoroughly read over, and all that is upon the subject of consolation, because I thought it a mark of courage in a patient to search for his cure. Nay, I have transplanted their sentiments into my own works, which surely was no symptom of a desponding, abject, spirit. I beg therefore, that you will not call me from this regimen, into the bustle of life, lest I should relapse.

EPISTLE XXII.

It is not acting by me with your usual friendship, to load me with the whole affair of Terentia. For those are the very wounds which I cannot bear to have handled without the deepest anguish. Do therefore, all you can to sooth my affliction; I ask no more of you than you can do,

and

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and besides, you are the only person who can discover her true sentiments. As I perceive you are in some difficulty, with regard to Rutilia, I beg you to write to me as soon as you have ascertained the fact, and whether Clodia survived Decimus Brutus, the consular. You may know the first from Marcellus, or at least from Posthumia; and the second from Marcus Cotta, from Scyrus or Satyrus.

I beg leave again to put you in mind of the seat I am to purchase, for which I must employ, if my own means should be ineffectual, (which I hope will not be the case) the credit of my friends, who, I am sure, will not disappoint me. Besides, there are some effects which I can sell very conveniently. But if you will assist me, I need to sell nothing, but pay interest for a year and no longer for the sum I agree for, which is the method I would choose. The seat of Drusus is the most likely for my purpose, for he wants to sell it. Next to this, I think on that of Lamia, but he is not at Rome. Do you, however, examine this with all the diligence in your power. Silius makes use of no country seat, and he can live very well upon the interest I shall pay him. Consider the business as your own concern, without minding my domestic affairs, which I am very little anxious about; but you are to consider what I wish for, and my motives for wishing it.

EPISTLE

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EPISTLE XXIII.

You begin your letter to me in such a manner, that I expected some news from it. You tell me that though I did not mind what passed in Spain[1], yet that you still would inform me by writing. But I perceive that all you write is in answer to my letters, particularly concerning the Forum and the senate. But you tell me my house is a Forum. What occasion have I for a house itself, if I am debarred from the Forum? Long, long, my dearest friend, have I made it no secret, and I make it none now, that I lost all relish for life, after losing the only blessing that could make me love it. I therefore, court solitude; and yet, should any accident draw me to Rome, I will endeavour with all my power (and I know it to be in my power) that none besides myself shall perceive my anguish, nay, if possible, that even you should not perceive it. There is another cause for my not going to Rome. You remember the request which Aledius[2] made to you; if in this situation they pester

[1] Cæsar was then carrying on the war against Pompey's sons in Spain, of which Atticus had promised to give our author some account.

[2] He was a friend of Cæsar's, and he had informed Atticus how kindly Cæsar would take it, if our author would so far countenance his proceedings as to appear in the senate at Rome.

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pester me, what would they do should I go to Rome? You may manage with Terentia, in the manner you write me, and in so doing you extricate me from a load of affliction already insupportable.

But now to make you sensible that my sorrows, great as they are, have not bereft me of sense, I observe that you mention, in your annals, under what consuls Garneades[1] came at the head of that embassy to Rome. Now I want to know what the subject of that embassy was. If I mistake not, it was concerning the city of Oropus, but I am not sure. Taking that however for granted, I should be glad to know upon what subjects they disputed, and likewise who was the most distinguished amongst the Epicureans at Athens, and at that time presided in their gardens[2], and likewise who were the leading statesmen in that city. All this I believe you may learn from Apollodorus[3]. I am concerned about your

[1] This celebrated embassy came from Athens, with the philosopher Carneades at the head of it, in order to obtain a mitigation of a fine, imposed by the Romans, upon the Athenians for plundering the city Oropus.

[2] The disciples and followers of Epicurus held their schools and assemblies in his Gardens at Athens, in the same manner as the disciples of Plato did in the Academy, those of Aristotle in the Lyceum, and those of Zeno in the Portico.

[3] He was an Epicurean, and had written the life of his master, with the annals of the old philosophers.

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your daughter's illness, but, as it is slight, I hope she is in a fair way. I have not the least doubt with regard to Gamala's death; for why should Ligus be the only happy father? For my part, had I my choice of all I could desire in this life, I never could admit of comfort.

You write me how much the seat of Drusus is valued at: I heard of it before, and if I mistake not, I mentioned it in my letter to you of yesterday, but however dear, there is no paying too much for a thing which one must have. Whatever opinion you may entertain, yet I know enough of myself to be sensible that that purchase, if it does not abate my anguish, will at least acquit me of a debt of duty. I have written to Sica, because he is the friend of Lucius Cotta. If we can come to no agreement about the gardens beyond the Tiber, Cotta has, near to Ostia, a seat in a very frequented place. It is small indeed, but it is more than large enough for my purpose. I beg you would think of that, and do not be alarmed at the price of the other gardens. I have now no occasion for plate, for raiment, or for houses of pleasure. This seat is all I want. I know who can assist me in the purchase, but you will talk with Silius, for nothing could suit me better than this seat. I have given Sica a commission concerning this matter likewise, and he writes me in answer, that he has fixed

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fixed a day to treat with Silius. Therefore write me what he has done, and do as you judge proper.

EPISTLE XXIV.

It happens luckily that Silius has settled that matter, for I was not willing to disappoint him, and I was in some doubts about my own ability. You will finish that affair with Ovia, in the terms you promise me. I think now it is high time to dispose of my son. But let me know whether he can have credit upon Athens, for what money he may have occasion for, or whether he must carry it with him in specie? I beg you would consider the whole matter, how, in what manner, and when, he is to proceed. You may learn from Aledius, whether Publius[1] is to go to Africa, and at what time; and then I beg you will let me know by a letter. But to return to my own trifling amusements, I desire you will inform me whether Publius Crassus, the son of Venuleia, died in his father's lifetime, as I think he

[1] He probably was the same, who, after the death of Cæsar, embraced the cause of liberty, and was proscribed by the triumviri. He afterwards came into great favour with Augustus Cæsar, who valued him the more for having the courage to carry about with him a portrait of Brutus.

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he did, or afterwards. I have the same question to ask with regard to Regillus, who, if I remember rightly, died before his father Lepidus. You will finish the affair of Cispius, and likewise that of Præcius. I am extremely glad of Attica's recovery. Pray make my compliments to her, and to Pilia.

EPISTLE XXV.

SICA has written me a very particular account of his transaction with Silius, and he informs me, as you do, that he has laid the matter before you. I am pleased with my bargain and the terms, but I should choose to pay him in money, rather than give him any thing in exchange; for Silius will put no value upon a house of pleasure. Now, with regard to my land estate, I can live upon it, and that is as much as I can do. You will ask, how am I to procure the ready money? Press Hermogenes for the payment of the six thousand serteces, especially now that I am straitened for money; and I perceive I have as much in my house. As for the remainder of the sum, I either will pay interest for it to Silius, while my affair with Faberius is settling, or I will take a draft from Faberius for the sum, upon some of his debtors. I shall likewise receive somewhat from

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from another hand, but you must superintend the whole transaction. For my own part, I prefer his seat to that of Drusus, not indeed were they ever compared together. Take my word for it, I have but one motive for the purchase, in which, I acknowledge, I am too much actuated by vain glory, but I beg you will continue to humour me in this failing. As to what you tell me concerning the manner in which a patriot ought to spend his old age, every thing of that kind is over with me: I have other pursuits in view.

EPISTLE XXVI.

SICA writes to me, that though he has not closed with Aulus Silius, yet he himself would come hither the 22d. I am too sensible of the multiplicity of your affairs, not to excuse you. I am extremely sensible how willing, or rather, how anxious, and how earnest you are, that we should meet. With regard to Nicias[1], whom you mention, there is no man's company whom I could be more fond of than his, were I in a disposition to enjoy the charms of his conversation; but solitude and retirement are now my only enjoyments. I am most desirous of Sica's company, because he can bear solitude so well. Besides, you

[1] He was a famous grammarian.

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you are no stranger to the infirmity, the delicacy, and the habits of our friend Nicias. Why therefore should I give him pain, when he can give me no pleasure? His affectionate offer, however, is to me extremely obliging. Respecting the subject[1] you touch upon in your letter, I am determined to give you no answer. For I hoped to have prevailed with you to rid me of my burden. My compliments to your wife and daughter.

EPISTLE XXVI.

It is true, I am no stranger to the terms of that transaction with Silius, but, to-day, I suppose, I shall be instructed by Sica in all the particulars. You say that you know nothing about the seat of Cotta. It is, I assure you, a small, mean villa, situated beyond the seat of Silius, which I suppose you are no stranger to. It has no ground belonging to it, and it is large enough for no other purpose but that which I intend. I want a place that is greatly frequented. If any agreement is made, that is, if you make any, (for it all rests upon you), respecting Silius's mansion, there is no occasion for me to think any more concerning that of Cotta. I will follow your advice

[1] *Viz.* His difference with Terentia.

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advice with regard to my son. He shall be master of his own time, and you will take care to get him credit for his necessary expences. You will let me know, as you mention, when you have learned any thing from Aledius.

I observe, from your letters, as no doubt you do from mine, that neither of us have any subject for writing. It is still the same threadbare story over and over again every day, yet I cannot, for my life, refrain writing to you daily, that you may give me an answer. Send me word if you know any thing concerning Brutus[1], for I suppose, by this time, you know the place where he waits for Pansa. If, as is usual, he waits for him on the frontiers of his government, he may be at Rome towards the beginning of next month. I wish it was not so soon, because I have many reasons for being extremely averse to leave Rome. I am therefore in some doubts with myself, whether I ought not to feign some excuse for them, which I perceive would be no hard matter for me to do. But I shall have leisure enough to think of that matter. My compliments to your wife and daughter.

EPISTLE

[1] Brutus was then governor of Cisalpine Gaul, and he was to be succeeded by Pansa.

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EPISTLE XXVIII.

SICA had written so particularly concerning that affair with Silius, that I learned no more of it from talking with him than I had done from his letters. Therefore, should you meet with Silius, you will write to me, if you see occasion. As to the person, who you suppose has been sent by Terentia to me, I am quite in the dark whether any such person has been sent or not, at least no body has talked with me upon that head. You will therefore, proceed as you have begun, and if you can, in any respect, prevail upon her, which I think indeed is impossible, you may, if you please, introduce my son to her favour. It is of some consequence to him, that he should appear to have a regard for her. For my part, I take no other concern than that which you know of, and which indeed I am greatly anxious about.

You invite me to return to my old habits of life. It has long been my fate to weep over the calamities of my country. But my grief was the less excessive, because I still found a satisfaction in my own family. At present, I can neither relish the modes nor the pursuits of the world, nor do I think I ought to be much concerned in what light others take this matter. If my conscience acquits

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me, let all the world talk as it will. I have no reason to repent of those letters of consolation, which I addressed to myself. They have done me this service, that my mourning, though not my grief, is abated; for my grief is what I cannot diminish, nor would I, if I could[1].

You are right in your conjecture of my intentions with regard to Triarius[2]; you are, however, to take no steps but with the consent of his parents. I love the memory of the deceased; I am the guardian of his children, and I have an affection for the whole family. With regard to that affair of Castricius, if he is willing to take money for the slaves, and to be paid according to the present public terms of payment[3], nothing can be more equitable.

[1] *Orig. Mœrorem minui; dolorem nec potui, nec, si possem, vellem.*

[2] He is one of the speakers in our author's treatise upon the ends of things good and evil.

[3] *Orig. Si Castricius pro mancipiis pecuniam accipere volet, eamque ei solvi ut nunc solvitur.* This affair seems to have concerned Quintus Cicero, whose unworthy behaviour our author appears no longer to have resented. Quintus Cicero owed this Castricius some money, and he made over some slaves to him as a security. When the civil war was over, Quintus proposed to Castricius to redeem the slaves, in the terms of a law made by Cæsar, for the more easy payment of debts. For that great man, seeing the prodigious disorder into which the civil wars had thrown all matters of property at Rome, ordered a commission

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equitable. But, if the bargain has been so made, as that the slaves themselves may be taken away, I think, (since you will have me to write you my mind on that head) the other terms will not be fair. For I am unwilling that my brother Quintus should any way involve himself, and if I mistake not, you are of the same sentiments. I should think that Publius will go to Africa by sea, if (as you write me, on the authority of Aledius) he is to wait for the Equinox. Now, he told me, that he was to go by Sicily. I beg you will let me know, whether he continues in that resolution, and when he is to set out? I likewise entreat, that you will, at your leisure, visit my grandson

sion to be made out, to certain persons for valuing effects, which, according to the price they bore before the civil war, the creditors were obliged to take in payment. Our author in many parts of his Epistles, hints at this law, which was called the *Lex Julia*. But the law contained another clause, to which this passage solely relates. For we learn from Suetonius, that it cancelled all interest that was paid for money, during the continuance of the civil wars. That which had been paid, was deducted as a payment from the principal sum, and if none had been paid, none was to be accepted. Popma, therefore, and the other commentators, have absurdly applied the estimatory part of that law to this passage. The question with our author was, that Quintus Cicero should pay ready money for the slaves, with the deduction of the interest that had been paid. But at the same time, he was of opinion, that if the terms of the bargain were optional to Castricius, whether he should take the money or the slaves, it was putting a hardship upon Castricius to force him to take the money in the terms of the Julian law.

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grandson Lentulus[1], and let him have what slaves you think proper. My compliments to your wife and daughter.

EPISTLE XXIX.

You tell me you are to see Silius to-day. You will therefore, write to me to-morrow, or rather, in some leisure hour after you come to any agreement with him. I wish not to decline a visit from Brutus, though at the same time, I am far from expecting from him any alleviation of my anguish; but I have my reasons for not going to Rome at this time. Should these continue, as at present they are likely to do, I must find some expedient to excuse Brutus. I beg of you to be explicit about the gardens. You know the principal object I have for procuring them, and indeed, I have need of them myself. My first view in having it is, what you know of, and the next is, I have occasion for it myself. For, I neither can live in a hurry, nor can I be at such a distance from my friends. I can find no place so well suited for this purpose as that seat is, and I am extremely sensible what your design was in the management of that affair, and the rather, because I think you are of my opinion, that

[1] This was the sirname of the Cornelian family, and Dolabella was the second sirname of one of the branches of the same family.

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that I stand well with Oppius and Balbus. You will let them know how earnestly, and for what reason, I desired to have the estate, but my whole success depends upon my receiving payment from Faberius[1]. Put it to them, whether they will answer for my being paid; whether there will be any loss arising in paying down the money immediately, and how much that may amount to, for I despair of receiving the whole sum, in short, you are to learn, whether they are inclinable to serve me in what I proposed. If they are, it will be a great assistance to me; if not, we must endeavour to be assisted from other quarters. You are to look upon this purchase, as the spot in which I wish to spend the remainder of my life with dignity, and to die with composure.[2] I have

[1] We are told by Appian, that this gentleman was a kind of secretary to Cæsar. Some comentators are of opinion, that he owed money to our author, and that he gave him a draft upon Oppius and Balbus, who owed money to him. But I do not see any great occasion to suppose all this. Cæsar himself seems to have been originally our author's debtor, and to have given Faberius, who was then in Spain with Cæsar, a grant of some forfeited estates, upon the condition that he should out of them defray the debt due to Cicero. Oppius and Balbus, therefore, may be supposed to have been agents for Faberius, in selling his estates, and settling his other affairs, and this conjecture agrees very well with all that is said here.

[2] *Senectutis occupatio. Funeris ornamentum.* This alludes to a saying of Cato the censor, καλλιστον ἐπιγραμμα την πολιτειαν. That it was a most glorious thing to grow old in the service of one's country.

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have laid aside all thoughts of the house at Ostia. If I cannot get this seat, I must try to purchase that of Damasippus, for I believe, it is impossible to prevail with Lamia to part with his.

EPISTLE XXX.

I AM at a loss for materials to write to you. The same thoughts occupy my mind every day. I am extremely obliged to you for the visit you have paid to my grandson. You may allot him as many slaves as you think proper, and you may take your choice of them. You seem to be apprehensive, that Silius will not part with his seat, or that he will put an exorbitant price upon it. Sica is of another opinion, but I incline to be of yours; I have therefore, written to Egnatius in the terms proposed by Sica. As to Silius desiring you to speak with Clodius, it is very agreeable to me that you should, and much more convenient than for me to write to Clodius as Silius proposed. I think, that it would be very proper for Egnatius to finish the bargain for the slaves of Castricius, since you write me, that they are in a fair way of agreeing. I beg you will take care to

country. The ταφιον alludes to funeral ornaments. So that Cicero says, that all the glory and the ornament of his life and death, consisted in those gardens, and that country seat.

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to settle that affair with Ovia. As you tell me, your letter was written after it was dark last night, I am in hopes the one you write this day, will be more full.

EPISTLE XXXI.

SICA will be surprised, that Silius has changed his mind. Indeed, I am the more surprised, because, having attributed this change to his son, which I think is no unreasonable apology, (for he cannot desire to have a more dutiful child) you tell me, you are of opinion, if we should purchase another estate which he is desirous of selling, he will, if we buy this, also sell the one which we want. You desire to know of me the highest price I am willing to give, and how much I value it more than the seat of Drusus. I have never seen it. I know, that the seat of Coponius is both old and little. It has a fine wood; but I know the value of neither, and yet I think it were proper that I did. But I must value both of them, by the necessity I am under to have either, and not by their intrinsic worth. I beg that you would endeavour to know, whether I can purchase them or not. For if I should sell the Faberian estate[1], I should not doubt of being

[1] From this it appears, that Faberius, in the terms of the Julian law, had made over to our author for the payment of his debt, an estate, or effects of an adequate value.

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ing able to purchase the country-house of Silius with ready money, provided he can be prevailed upon to sell it. If it is not to be sold, I will endeavour to get that of Drusus, even though I should pay as much for it as Egnatius told you, Drusus was willing to take. Hermogenes likewise can be of great assistance to me in raising the ready money. Indulge me, my friend, in thinking on this occasion, as a man who is fond of the purchase he wants to make. And yet both that fondness and my grief shall be regulated by your pleasure. Egnatius has written to me; if he has communicated any thing to you, you will inform me by a letter, for he is the most proper agent we can employ in this affair, which, I think, ought by all means to be concluded. For I cannot see, that we can come to any conclusion with Silius. My compliments to your wife and daughter. This I write with my own hand. I beg you will advise me how I am to proceed.

EPISTLE XXXII.

PUBLILIA sends me a request, that her mother and brother, with whom she had consulted [1], may

[1] The original here is very much depraved. One copy reads it, *Cum Publilia loqui retur*. Another, *loqueretur*, another *loqui*, and another *locutam*; and in this last sense, I have translated

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may pay me a visit as they intend, and if I please, that she may come along with them. She begs me

translated it. There is something ridiculous enough in the circumstances mentioned in this letter. Our author had put away one wife, a woman of great spirit, virtue, and fortune, with whom he had lived upwards of thirty years, and who had borne all the reverses of his fortune with amazing magnanimity, and with unparalleled affection towards him and his family. It is true, no man can be a judge of another man's domestic sufferings or concerns; and therefore, it would be rash to conclude, that Cicero divorced this lady, merely through a peevishness contracted from the bad state of his affairs, and the reflection upon his own misconduct, with which she was, perhaps, too ready to upbraid him; for there is some reason to believe, that she by no means approved of the part he had acted. But at the same time, it is very extraordinary, that we find nothing in his Epistles to Atticus, (with whom he says, he could converse more freely than he could with his own heart,) that can give us a disadvantageous idea of this lady. He mentions indeed, somewhat about a remittance she had made him, which fell a few pounds short of what it ought to have been, and that some rascally domestics about him, endeavoured to give him a disadvantageous idea of her conduct, which he could not believe to be true. Be that as it will, it is certain this lady was divorced at a time of life, that leaves us little room to suspect her of too much gallantry, which our author no where seems to hint at; that she was afterwards married to two or three of the greatest and the noblest men of Rome, with whom she lived, as far as we can learn, without reproach, and that she died in the 103d year of her age, the wife of Vibius Rufus, who was consul in the reign of Tiberius, and who boasted, that he was possessed of two things which had belonged to two of the greatest men who ever lived, the wife of Cicero, and the chair in which Cæsar was killed.

Soon

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me in many and pathetic terms, that I would give her leave and that I would send her an answer. You may be sensible, how much trouble this affair gives me. My answer to her was, that my affliction was more intense than it was at the time when I told her, I wanted to be alone, and therefore, I desired she might forbear her visit at this time. I was of opinion, that unless I sent her an answer, she certainly would come along with her mother; I think, she will not so soon, for it is plain, that those letters were not dictated by herself. Now I want to avoid the attempt, which I am sure they will make, to pay me a visit, and there is no other way of avoiding them, but by giving them a direct refusal;

Soon after this divorce, our author married Publilia, a ward of his own, a woman of birth and quality, rich, young, and beautiful. Our author, in other parts of his works, apologizes for the inequality of the match, through the necessity he was under to repair his private affairs, which had gone to ruin through the fault of those, with whom he had entrusted them, but without fixing any particular or direct charge upon Terentia. It is remarkable, that he seems to have married this lady while he suffered all the bitterness of affliction for his daughter, or but a very little before her death; and from the course of life he afterwards used, we cannot suppose, that she enjoyed a great deal of his company. I think it is pretty plain, that both his marriage, and the death of his daughter, happened between the time of his writing the eleventh and the twelfth letter of this book, and in this letter we perceive him

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refusal; but necessity compels me to comply[1]. I beg you will learn to what precise day I can remain here, before they attempt to surprise me with this visit. Speak to them with delicacy, and to use your own words, with caution.

I beg you will propose to my son, if you think it reasonable, that the expences of his journey to Athens, and his continuance there, should not exceed the rents of my Argiletan and Aventine houses, which would have satisfied him, had he remained at Rome, and hired a house as he was once thinking of doing; and if you think proper to make him this proposal, I beg that you will order every thing so, that we may supply him with whatever is necessary from those rents, and I will answer for it; they will maintain him in as handsome a manner as Bibulus, or Acidenus, or Messala[2], who, I hear, are to be at Athens, can live in. I therefore beg you in the first place, to look out who are to rent those houses, and how much they will pay; and in the next place, that some person be appointed as his agent

him so much out of humour with her and her friends, that he ran away from his own house to avoid both her and them.

[1] Monsieur Mongault and I differ in our translation of this passage. I point it as follows, differently from all editions. *Nunc, non puto; apparebat enim illas literas non esse ipsius. Illud autem, (quod fore video) ipsum volo vitare, ne illæ ad me veniant; & est una vitatio, ut ego nollem! sed necesse est.*

[2] These were three young Roman noblemen of great distinction.

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agent to supply him with money for this journey, and his other expences. He can have no occasion for horses[1] at Athens. As to what horses he may want upon the road, you yourself observe, that I have at home more than can be sufficient for him.

EPISTLE XXXIII.

I WROTE to you yesterday, that I was of opinion, you should try what you could do with Damasippus, if Silius should behave in the manner you think he will, and if Drusus should not comply. He, if I mistake not, has parcelled out his estate upon the banks of the Tiber into a certain number of acres, so that every parcel has a set price which I am ignorant of. You will, therefore, let me know, upon what terms you proceed with him. I am much concerned for the indisposition of our dear Attica; but my apprehensions of any mismanagement with regard to her vanish, when I reflect upon the worth of her tutor, the sagacity of her physician, and that universal regularity and observance of every kind that prevail in every department of your family. You will, therefore, take care of her, for I can write no more.

EPISTLE

[1] Orig. *Jumento.*

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EPISTLE XXXIV.

CONSIDERING my misfortunes, I can enjoy myself very well here, even without Sica, for Tyro is better. But, as your letter desired me not to be surprised by a visit from my wife and her friends (by which I perceive, you are ignorant, on what day they will set out on their journey) I thought proper to come to this place, and, I perceive, you are of the same mind. To-morrow, therefore, I will come to Sica's seat near Rome, and after that, I think to take your advice of passing some days about Ficulea[1]. As I am to see you in person, we will discourse together concerning the matters you have mentioned in your letters to me. I cannot help acknowledging, that I am wonderfully charmed with the affection, the assiduity, and the wisdom you shew in managing my concerns, in the measures you pursue, and in the advices you give me in your letters.

EPISTLE XXXVI.

NOTWITHSTANDING what you write, I beg you will inform me how you proceed with Silius, the

[1] It lay in the country of the Sabines.

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the very day on which I am to visit Sica, and chiefly what place he intends to reserve for himself. You write, that it is towards the extremity of the estate, but I beg you will take care, that it is not the very spot which, you know, invited me to think at all of this purchase. I have sent to you the letter I lately received from Hirtius, which is most affectionately written. It did not come into my head before we parted, that the public has a right to appropriate as much money as exceeds the sum allowed by the law [1], (I knew not how much that is) to be expended upon a funeral monument. This would not give me great concern, were it not that I have taken a fancy, perhaps, unaccountable, that the monument I intend should have no other name than that of a temple; should I persevere in this, I am afraid that it cannot be executed upon the spot we propose. I beg you would consider what there is in this; for tho' my affliction is not so pungent, and though I have, in some measure, recollected myself, yet still I want your advice. I therefore again and again intreat you, in a manner more earnest

[1] This was a sumptuary law made by Cæsar, and amongst other extravagancies of living, it repressed the excessive expences which the Romans were beginning to lay out upon tombs. But though Cæsar was pretty exact in enforcing this law, it was eluded soon after his death by the Romans laying out vast sums upon those monuments, to the memory of their deceased friends, which did not go under the denomination of tombs.

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earnest than either require, or will suffer me to use towards you, that you will seriously think on this matter.

EPISTLE XXXVI.

I INTEND to erect a temple, nor can the intention be rooted out of my heart. I want to avoid all the appearance of a tomb, not so much on account of the penalty of the law, as that I may gain my end in consecrating the memory of my daughter, which I may do, should the temple be reared in my own gardens. But I have often told you how much I fear the fluctuations of property. Should I erect this temple in an open field, I think I may possibly induce posterity to regard it as a sacred monument[1]. I own, my friend, these are weaknesses, but they are weaknesses you must bear with. I can converse more freely with you than with any man in the world, nay more freely than I can with my own heart. If you are pleased with the thing itself, with the situation, and with the design, I beg you will read over the act, and send it to me, and I will follow any method you think of to elude it.

If

[1] *Orig. Ut maxime assequar αποθεωσιν*, literally, *that I may obtain her deification.*

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If you should write to Brutus, you may (unless you think it improper) reprove him for not coming to Cumæ, for the reason he mentioned to you. In my apprehension he has acted with great incivility towards me. If you are of opinion that I ought to continue to think of the temple, I beg that you would put Clautius in mind of it, and encourage him to proceed. For, though I should even think proper to build it upon another spot, yet I shall still stand in need of his assistance and advice. You will perhaps come to-morrow to your country seat.

EPISTLE XXXVII.

I YESTERDAY received from you two letters, dated the day before, one by Hilarus, the other by an express. That same day I understood by the freedman Ægypta, that your wife and daughter were in very good health, but that letter came to my hand thirteen days after its date. I am obliged to you for sending me the letter you received from Brutus. I have sent back the original to you with a copy of my answer annexed. I would comply with your reasons for preferring Tusculanum, unless indeed you can find another situation more eligible, which you would find, if you set upon me the value, which you profess to do.

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It is true you are very sagacious in contriving; yet unless you took great care in humouring the strong passion I feel, so happy an expedient never could have come into your mind. But, I know not how it is, I want a place that is greatly frequented. It is therefore requisite that you find me out a seat near town.

The seat of Scapula is very public. Besides it is so near Rome, that it will not take me a whole day to travel betwixt both places. I wish therefore, that before you come away, you could speak with Otho, if he is at Rome. If that proposal should not succeed, I must carry the humour I have beyond your usual patience with it, and put you in a passion. For I must again repeat it, that Drusus[1] certainly is willing to sell his seat. If no other can be had, it shall not be my fault, if I do not purchase that. I beg you will take care that I be not overreached in this bargain. Now there is one effectual way to provide against this, and that is, by endeavouring to purchase from Scapula, and I hope you will let me know, how long you intend to be at your country seat near Rome.

I have occasion to make use of the interest and weight which you have with Terentia, but you may do as you think proper; as I am sensible that

[1] Atticus was a great manager, and was very unwilling that our author should pay too dear for this whim.

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that when my interest is concerned, you are at greater pains than I am myself. I have a letter from Hirtius informing me, that Sextus Pompeius has left Cordua, and has retreated into the farther Spain[1], and that his brother Cnæus is fled, I know not, because I care not whither. We have nothing else that is new in Hirtius's letter, which is dated from Narbonne the 18th of April. You write to me concerning the shipwreck of Caninius[2], as if it were a matter of doubt with you. You will, therefore, write me when you are better informed. You desire me to shake off my melancholy. It would give me great relief, could you find me a spot for my temple. Many notions concerning the consecration of my daughter, crowd into my head, but we must first make ourselves sure of the spot. I therefore, beg that you would talk with Otho.

EPISTLE

[1] This was a part of Spain which was nearest the Gauls, and this passage shows this letter to have been written, after the last defeat of the Pompeian party in Spain. Sextius Pompeius was at Cordua, when that battle was fought against his brother Cnæus, who, after losing the battle, embarked on board his fleet, which was burnt by Didius, Cæsar's lieutenant, and Cnæus himself, after receiving several wounds, being abandoned by all his followers, was found concealed in a cavern, where his head was cut off and carried to Cæsar.

[2] This news was false.

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EPISTLE XXXVIII.

YOUR not writing to me, I take to be an infallible sign of your being very much busied. But my servant has acted contrary to my wishes in not waiting for your conveniency, that being the single purpose for which he was dispatched. At present, unless you have been detained by some extraordinary business, you probably, are at your country-seat, while I here spend whole days in writing, by which I gain some amusement to my mind, but no relief to my sorrows. Asinius Pollio has written to me concerning my unworthy kinsman [1], and he speaks very fully upon what the younger Balbus had sufficiently intimated, and Dolabella had but just sufficiently hinted at before. It would affect me sensibly, had I, indeed, any sensibility left for fresh affliction. But could there be any thing more dishonourable?—How is such a wretch to be avoided?—But for my own part at least—I will, however, restrain my indignation.—As, my friend, you have nothing material to write; even write me what and when you please, at your leisure.

You are of opinion that I ought now to prove the greatness of my resolution; and you tell me, that

[1] Meaning his nephew Quintus, who was at that time with Cæsar in Spain, and continued to rail against our author.

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that certain persons talk concerning me, in more severe terms than either you or Brutus, have informed me by your letters[1]. If some people in the

[1] This hints at a most villainous report, raised by our author's enemies, as if something criminal had passed between him and his daughter, whom he so passionately bewailed. This report was by no means discouraged in the court of Augustus, where our author seems to have been held in great contempt. The truth is, that prince had reason to be ashamed of his behaviour to Cicero, and might seek to justify himself by loading his memory, not only with weaknesses, which he really had, but with imputations that he did not deserve. It was generally thought, at that time, that Virgil alluded to our author in the following line,

Hic thalamum invasit natæ vetitosque hymenæos.

And it is certain, that he was more directly charged with the same crime by other writers, particularly by Sallust, or whoever was the author of the invective against him. But after all, the charge seems to have been false and malicious. Our author had great sensibility of distress, of friendship, and, above all, of affection. This carried him often into extravagancies which were extremely ridiculous; witness his excessive despondency during his exile. This concern for his daughter was of the same kind. But whoever will be at the pains to consult the human heart, cannot find in our author's behaviour, the smallest trace of an unnatural correspondence with his daughter. He was a man of sense and learning, and however passionately fond we can suppose such a man to be of a woman in a criminal way, sorrow for her death will never take such a turn as that of our author's did, by worshipping her, in a manner, with divine honours, and assigning her a place with the souls of the just and the virtuous in the other world. At the same time when

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the world look upon my spirit to be broken, and my senses impaired, let them be made acquainted with the number and the quality of my literary compositions. If they are rational beings, they will think me far from being blameable, since I am already so far recovered, as to bring my mind to such a composed state as to be able to write on difficult subjects. Or supposing that I have chosen, as an amusement for my grief, an exercise the most becoming of a gentleman, and a man of letters, they think that I am to be commended for it. But while I do every thing I can for my own relief, do you complete that point which, I perceive, you are as zealous about as I am myself. This I look upon as a debt I have contracted; nor can I admit of comfort till I have discharged it, or at least see myself in a condition

when we consider our author's natural disposition; the amiable character, and the fine qualifications of a daughter, who was the darling of his soul, and who answered the fondest wishes of a fond father; a daughter, whose company soothed all his other anguish, we cannot be surprised at the excess of his affliction for her loss. But there is one presumption not taken notice of by authors, which, I think, entirely destroys the vile imputation, and that is, that notwithstanding she had been two or three times divorced, we do not find the smallest taint upon her character as to chastity, though we cannot imagine if there had, that it would have been concealed either to, or by her husbands. Add to this, that her last husband Dolabella, even after his divorce, lived in as great friendship with our author as before, a circumstance utterly inconsistent with the nature of the charge in question.

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dition to discharge it, that is, by finding a spot suitable to my purpose.

If, as you write to me, Otho told you the heirs of Scapula think of dividing those gardens into four parts, and then peremptorily selling them to the best bidder amongst themselves[1], there will be no room for any other purchaser. But if the sale, as it possibly may, should be open, we shall then have our chance. For I had the refusal of that estate, which was advertised for sale[2], and which belonged to Trebonius and Cusinius, but you know upon what kind of a spot it is situated, and I can, by no means, approve of it. The gardens of Clodia would suit me extremely well, but I believe they are not to be sold. Notwithstanding you are so averse, as you write me, to purchasing the gardens of Drusus, yet I must be content with them, unless you can find me out some others. I am not alarmed at the house being what it is. For I will build nothing but what I would have built, had I not made that purchase. I am as much pleased with the fourth and fifth books of the work entitled Cyrus, composed

[1] *Orig. Heredes Scapulæ, sistos hortos, ut scribis tibi othonem dixisse, partibus quatuor factis, liceri cogitant: nihil est scilicet emptori loci.* The case must have been, as I have translated this passage, and indeed the word *liceri* implies it.

[2] There are a great number of readings here in the original. I read Publicatus after the most ancient editions.

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posed by Antisthenes[1], as I am with the other works of that author, who is a man of more acuteness than learning.

EPISTLE XXXIX.

WHEN my messenger returned to me without a letter from you, I thought the reason of your not writing, was, because you had written the day before upon the very business, to which I have sent you an answer in my last letter[2]. I was in hopes, however, of having something from you concerning the letter of Asinius Pollio; but I am too apt to form a judgment of your leisure by my own. I therefore indulge you in not thinking yourself under any necessity of writing to me, unless you have something very important to communicate, or unless you are very much at leisure. I would take your advice concerning the letter-carriers, had I any dispatches of importance, especially, as when the days were shorter, our expresses arrived daily at the appointed hour. Then

[1] They are mentioned in the catalogue given us by Diogenes Laertius of the works of this author, who was a Cynic philosopher.

[2] *Orig. Hac Epistola.* I should, from this expression, be inclined to think this letter to have been a kind of postscript to the foregoing, after the arrival of a messenger without any letters from Atticus.

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Then indeed, we had matter for dispatches; we wrote concerning Silius, Drusus, and other affairs, but now, unless Otho had been in being, we should have had nothing to write upon. Yet at present, even that affair is suspended by thus conversing with you in your absence. But still I am much relieved, and much more, when I peruse a letter from you. But as I suppose you are not now at Rome, and as we have nothing of importance to communicate, let us suspend writing till something new shall occur.

EPISTLE XL.

FROM a book sent me by Hirtius, in which he has collected the faults of Cato, but launches into excessive commendation of me, I can gather in what respects Cæsar will censure my panegyric upon Cato. I have therefore sent the book to Musca, that he might give it to your transcribers; for I want that it should be published, and I beg you to command your people, that it may be done with all possible dispatch. I have often attempted to address Cæsar a plan how to regulate the commonwealth[1]; but I cannot succeed to

[1] *Orig.* Συμβουλευτικον *Consilium de administranda rep.* This was a very noble design, and suggested to our author by Atticus, and it is to be lamented, that it never was executed by him.

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to my wishes, though I have before me, the discourses addressed by Aristotle and Theopompus to Alexander. But what parallel is there between our situations? What they wrote did honour to themselves, and gave pleasure to their patron. Do you discover any point in which the circumstances of the present are similar to those times; for my part, I can perceive no such resemblance.

You express your apprehension, that the indulgence of my melancholy will impair both my interest and my reputation. What men blame or require I know not. Shall I not grieve? How can I do otherwise? Shall I not be dejected? Was ever a man less so? While I had the relief of living in your house, was any man denied access to me! Or did any man whom I saw complain of his reception? From your house I went to Astura. Those capricious men, who find fault with me, cannot read so much as I have written in that place. How well, is not the question. But the subject was such, as no man in a dejected state of mind could well discuss. I afterwards spent thirty days at my seat near Rome, and where was the man, during all that time, who complained of any difficulty in either having access or conversation with me? At this very time, my application to reading and writing is such, and upon such subjects, that they who are about me, feel more perplexities from their leisure, than I from my labour. But some one may

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may ask, why am I not at Rome? I answer, because all other men of distinction have left it[1]. Then, why am I not upon some of my estates which suit with this season? I answer, because I cannot bear to see so much company. I am at a place where the man[2] who has the most agreeable retirement at Baiæ, used every year to spend the season. When I shall return to Rome, I will give no handle to find fault with me, either from my looks or my words. But never more can I resume that cheerfulness, with which we used to sweeten the bitterness of the times in which we live; yet, resolution and steadiness shall be wanting, neither in my soul nor in my expressions.

As to the gardens of Scapula, I think you and I may have interest enough to bring them to be put to sale. Unless we can do that, we shall be excluded from bidding. But should they come to an auction, my eagerness would go much farther than Otho's purse. As to what you write me concerning Lentulus, the matter does not rest there. If I can depend upon the Faberian estate, and if you continue your friendly efforts, I shall obtain what I wish for. You ask me how long I am to continue here. I answer, a few days; but the precise day when I shall leave this place, I know not; when I do, I shall inform you by

[1] *Orig.* *Qua discessus est.*

[2] Meaning probably Lucullus.

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by a letter. Oral and written accounts, respecting your wife and daughter, and agreeing with those which you write to me, are circulated in this place.

EPISTLE XLI.

I HAVE nothing material to write to you, but I want to know where you are. Let me, therefore, know if you are from Rome? or if you intend to leave it, when you are to return? You want to know when I leave this place. I think of being on the 14th at Lanuvium, and the day after that, to be at Tusculanum, or at Rome, you shall know which, on the very day I am determined. You know that sorrow is apt to be peevish; you have felt no such effects from mine. But still, I own my passion for this temple to be very strong; unless, I will not say, it should be effected, but, unless I shall see it effected, I will venture to say, and you will take it with your usual good nature, you will feel the effects of my grief. Not that they are justifiable, but you will bear with what I now write, as you bear, and have borne with, every thing that comes from me.

I desire that you would regard all the means you have of affording me consolation, as concentrated in obtaining for me the object which I passionately

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passionately desire. Endeavour, in the first place, to procure the seat of Scapula; next, that of Clodia; and lastly, if Silius should be unwilling, and Drusus unreasonable, that of Cusinius and Trebonius; I think that Terentius is its present owner; I know that Ribilus was. But, if you are in the same mind which you intimated in some of your letters to me, that I should build my temple at Tusculanum, I will agree to it. If you want to give me comfort, let this affair be completed. At present, you reproach me more severely than is consistent with your usual good-nature. But that, perhaps, has been abused through my weakness, and what you do is from excess of affection. But, in the meantime, if you want to comfort me, the building of this temple is the highest, nay, if you would know the truth, the only comfort I can admit of.

When you have read the letter to Hirtius, which to me appears to be a specimen of the invective written by Cæsar against Cato, let me know at your leisure, what you think of it. I now return to my temple. Unless it shall be finished this summer, which you see we have all before us, I shall think myself guilty of having violated a religious vow.

EPISTLE

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EPISTLE XLII.

I NEVER yet have been one day disappointed when I expected to hear from you; for I knew what you write to me, and I suspected, or rather I understood that you had nothing to write. Ever since the 10th of this month, I suppose you have been from Rome, and therefore, could expect nothing from you. Meanwhile, I send you a letter every day, for I had rather be impertinent than that you should be without an opportunity of writing to me, in case any thing should occur which you may think proper I should know. Thus, I received on the 10th a letter from you, which was of little or no consequence, and indeed, what could you say? And yet, the contents, such as they were, gave me pleasure. It gives me pleasure to hear from you, were it only to know that you have nothing to say. You wrote however, something concerning Clodia. Where is she, or when will she come to Rome? Her seat next to that of Otho accords the best with my purpose. But I do not suppose that she will be willing to sell it; for she has a fancy for it, and she is rich, and you are not insensible what difficulties attend the other bargain. But I conjure you, to contrive some expedient for obtaining what I so passionately desire.

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sire. I think of leaving this place to-morrow. But I will go either to Tusculanum, or to Rome, from whence I may, perhaps, set out for Arpinum. When I come to any resolution, I will let you know by a letter. I could not help instigating you to do the very thing that you are doing; for I thought that you could go through that affair more conveniently at your own house, when you are free from all interruption.

EPISTLE XLIII.

On the 14th, as I formerly wrote to you, I proposed to sleep at Lanuvium, from whence I set out either for Rome or Tusculanum. But I will let you know beforehand. You observe a judicious silence as to my receiving great relief from the temple I propose to build, since, take my word for it, it will be greater than you can possibly conceive. My very venturing to lay myself open to you, is a proof how passionately fond I am of the thing, but you must bear with this my infirmity; bear with it, did I say? Nay, you must encourage it. I am afraid I shall fail as to Otho, because, perhaps, I am so desirous of succeeding, besides, the purchase may cost more than I can afford, especially as my competitor is himself fond of the seat, a rich man, and one of the heirs.

Next

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Next to that seat, I have an eye to that of Clodia. But if it cannot be had, let me have some one or other. I think myself more sacredly bound than man ever was by the most solemn vow. You are likewise to inquire after the seat of the Trebonii, though the owners are not at Rome. But, as I wrote to you yesterday, you are to bestow some thoughts about Tusculanum; for we must by no means let the summer pass inactive.

EPISTLE XLIV.

It gives me satisfaction that Hirtius has so feelingly written to you concerning me. In this he acts with good nature; but I have still greater satisfaction in your having acted with so much greater good-nature, in not sending to me his letter, which might have renewed my grief[1]. I should be glad that your people would publish the treatise which he has sent to me concerning Cato; because all invectives from the opposite party does honour to the memory of that patriot. In your making use of Mustella, you have a very proper agent, and one who has had a great regard for me

[1] I have added these words as well as Monsieur Mongault has others, the better to explain this passage.

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me ever since the affair of Pontius. There is no other difficulty than to have the sale open. It may, therefore, be easy for you to come to some conclusion, as this may be effected by gaining over any one of the heirs. I think, Mustella can bring about this, if you ask it of him. You will thereby furnish me with a place proper for the purpose upon which I am bent, and likewise a suitable employment for my old age. As to the seats of Silius and Drusus, I think a man cannot spend his time and fortune in them with any grace; for who would be confined for whole days to such a villa? Therefore, I should, in the first place, choose the seat of Otho, and next, that of Clodia. If we can get neither, we must either use some management with Drusus, or I must build at Tusculanum.

You are in the right to shut yourself up at home. But I beg you will finish what you are about, that you may have some leisure hours to spare upon me. I am to set out, as I wrote to you before, from hence to Lanuvium on the 14th instant, and from thence to Tusculanum next day. For I have laboured to get the better of this despondency, and have, perhaps, succeeded, provided I can persevere; you shall, therefore, be informed perhaps, to-morrow or next day at farthest. But what, I beg of you, is the matter? Philotimus denies that Pompey is blockaded

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kaded within Carteia[1]; (now Oppius and Balbus sent me the copy of a letter written to Clodius Patavinus, expressly in the affirmative,) and he says, there is a great deal yet to go through before the war can be finished. Why, he is the very ape of Fulvius[2] in spreading false reports for Pompey. But I beg you will inform me, if you know any thing for certain. I likewise want to know, if there is any truth in Caninius being shipwrecked.

EPISTLE XLV.

I HAVE here finished two large treatises, for I have no other method of amusing my sorrows. I see you have nothing to write; but though you have not, yet still I would have you write me that you have nothing, only putting it in other words. I am glad of Attica's recovery. I am sorry at your being so low-spirited, though you write me, that there is nothing in it. It will be much more convenient for me to live at Tusculanum, both because I can more frequently correspond

[1] Some place this city in Bœtica, at the mouth of the river Bœtis; others think it stood where Gibraltar does now.

[2] *Orig. Fulviniaster.* Our author has, in a preceding letter, taken notice how apt this Philotimus was to exaggerate every thing in favour of Pompey's party; and this Fulvius probably was a person eminent for the same quality.

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respond with you, and sometimes enjoy your company. In other respects, things suited me better at Astura. Nor can the objects[1] here, that recal the ideas of my loss, increase my anguish; for I carry that about with me, go where I will. I mentioned Cæsar being your neighbour from the circumstances you wrote me in your letter. I am pleased that the temple[2] of Quirinus should be appropriated to him, rather than that of the goddess of health. Do not you, however, neglect to publish the writing of Hirtius. For, I think, as you write, that however the genius of our friend may be admired and approved of, yet still to attempt an invective against Cato, must be held ridiculous.

EPISTLE

[1] Tullia died in our author's house at Tusculanum, where he was when he wrote this letter.

[2] Συναος, properly speaking, is one of two gods, who had a temple dedicated to them in common, or were co-inhabitants of the same temple.—E.

[3] The reader is here to observe, that after Cæsar had entirely vanquished the party of Pompey, the senate carried their adulation of him so far as to erect a statue for him in the temple of Romulus, with the inscription *Deo invicto*. As the house of Atticus stood near the temple of Romulus, and that of the Dea Salus, or goddess of health likewise; our author expresses himself better pleased that Cæsar's statue should be placed in the first temple than in the latter, for Romulus was not made a god, nor had he the name of Quirinus till after his death, which our author alludes to in this passage.

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EPISTLE XLVI.

I BELIEVE I shall get the better of my despondency, and go from Lanuvium to Tusculanum. I either never must again enjoy myself at that seat (for my grief may be diminished, but never can it cease) or it is immaterial to me whether I go thither now, or ten years hence. For the remembrances I shall meet with there, cannot be more sensible than those which I am tortured with night and day. How then, say you, has study had no effect upon you in this affair? I am afraid none, but for the worse. Were it not for letters, I should, perhaps, be more insensible. A mind that is refined by cultivation has no sensations that are vulgar; it has no feelings, but what are exquisite.

EPISTLE XLVII.

WELL, you will come hither as you have proposed, provided you can do it without incommoding yourself. Even the smallest hint will be sufficient to me in that affair, nay, I would go to Rome in person, were it necessary. You may, therefore, manage as you see proper, and speak to Mustella, as you propose in your letter,

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letter, though it is a matter of great difficulty; for which reason I am the more inclined to treat with Clodia. In either case, however, I must call in the debt due to me from Faberius, and it will not be amiss, that you speak to Balbus concerning it, to let him know the plain truth of the matter, that I want to make that purchase, but cannot do it, unless I receive that money, and that I will not venture to conclude upon any thing, unless I am sure of receiving it. But as Clodia is at Rome, and as you are so much for that bargain, I have fixed my mind entirely on her seat. Not that I prefer it to the other, but it is very difficult and disagreeable to contend with an opponent, who, besides his having a fancy for it, is a rich man, and one of the heirs. It is true, I have as great a desire to purchase it, as any man can have, which is the only circumstance in which we are upon an equality. But we will talk of this when we meet. You will proceed to publish the writings of Hirtius. I am of your opinion with regard to Philotimus. Cæsar's neighbourhood, I foresee, will raise the value of your house. To-day I look for the return of my express, who will bring me an account of your wife and daughter.

EPISTLE

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EPISTLE XLVIII.

I MAKE no doubt of the satisfaction you feel in being at home. I should, however, be glad to know what progress you have made, or whether you have not yet finished. I look for you at Tusculanum, and the rather, because you had written to Tyro, that you were to set out without delay, adding, that you thought your immediate departure necessary. I am always sensible how serviceable you have been to me, while you are present; but I am much more sensible of it when you are gone. Therefore, as I wrote you before, I will either wholly come to you, or do you to me, as shall be most convenient.

EPISTLE XLIX.

YESTERDAY, soon after we parted, you must know that some people, who seemed to be men of fashion, brought me a message, and a letter from Caius Marius[1], whose father and grandfather were of the same name, conjuring me in the most earnest

[1] This person was an imposter, and wanted to pass for the son of the younger Marius, and consequently to be related to our author, whose grandfather had married the aunt of Marius. He must likewise, have been related to the family of Crassus, and to Cæsar himself.

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earnest terms, by the mutual relation between us, by the Marius whom I celebrated in my poem[1], and by the eloquence of his grandfather Lucius Crassus, that I would defend him; and, at the same time he instructed me in his cause. I wrote him in answer, that he had no occasion for any body to plead for him, because Cæsar his kinsman was absolute master of Rome, a man of the greatest worth, learning, and good breeding. I told him, however, that I would stand his friend.

Could I ever believe that I should live to see the time when Curtius would have the presumption to think of standing for the consulate. But enough of that; I am concerned about Tyro, but I will soon know how he does. I sent a person yesterday on purpose to see him, and likewise charged him with a letter for you. I have sent you my letter to Cæsar. I beg you would let me know by a letter the precise day, when the gardens are advertised for sale.

EPISTLE L.

YOUR departure from hence gave me as much pain, as your arrival here gave me pleasure. Therefore, as soon as you can, that is, as soon as you have attended Sextus's auction, you will let me see you again. Even one day of your company

[1] Some fragments of this poem still remain.

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pany would be of service. I shall not mention how kindly I would take it. I myself would come to Rome, that I might enjoy your conversation, were I sufficiently informed how to proceed in a certain affair.

EPISTLE LI.

TYRO is restored to me sooner than I apprehended. Nicias too is come, and I understand, that Valerius will be here to-day. Though this is a large number, yet I should be more solitary than I would be, had I nobody with me but yourself. But I look for you, as soon as you have dispatched the affair of Peduceus. You hint, however, somewhat as if you might be here before. Let that be as you can conveniently. You may deal with Virgilius as you propose. I should meanwhile, be glad to know when the sale is to commence. I perceive, that you are for my writing to Cæsar. Why to tell you the truth, I myself was strongly of the same opinion, and the rather, because there is nothing in the letter I have addressed to him, but what is suitable to the character of the best of citizens. I mean, the best in this sense, one who will suit himself to the times with that temper which is recommended by all writers upon government. You must know, however, I am of opinion, that Cæsar's

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Cæsar's friends should see it beforehand. You therefore, will manage that. But unless you are sure that they will be pleased with it, it ought by no means to be forwarded to Cæsar. Now you will be a judge of the nature of their approbation, whether it be feigned or real. If it should be feigned, it is the same thing to me as the rejection of it would be. But you have sagacity enough to ascertain this [1].

Tyro has communicated to me your sentiments with regard to Cærellia [2], that it is not consistent with my dignity to borrow money; that you are of opinion, I ought to give her a draft, and that, if the one should give me any uneasiness, the circumstance of being in her debt, ought to give me much more [3]. But we will talk of this and a great many other matters when we meet. Meanwhile,

[1] The term μηλη signified an instrument which surgeons used to explore wounds; and the verb μηλουν is here proverbially applied, to *sift* with art and sagacity.—E.

[2] This was the celebrated old lady, whom our author is said to have fallen in love with in his old age, though he was younger than she was.

[3] Orig. *Hoc metuere, alterum in metu non ponere.* This is a verse often made use of by our author, by way of proverb, but we know not from whom he had it. It answers, however, somewhat to the English proverb, To startle at molehills, and leap over mountains. The meaning here, is, that Atticus reproaches our author with preferring the greatest evil, that of being in debt, to the lesser evil, that of giving a draft for the money.

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Meanwhile, if you think proper, I must suspend the payment of that debt to Cærellia, till I know what I have to depend upon from Meto and Faberius.

EPISTLE LII.

You are acquainted with Lucius Tullius Montanus, who is gone to Athens with my son. I have received a letter from my sister's husband, informing me, that by his becoming bail for Flaninius, he owes Plancus twenty thousand serteces, and that Montanus had made some application to you on that head. Why, really I think my connection with Montanus, makes it my duty to beg that you will do him all the service you can, either by applying to Plancus in his behalf, or doing any thing else to assist him. If you know more of the matter than I do, or if you think proper that any application should be made to Plancus, I hope you will write to me, that I may know how the matter stands, and what it is we are to apply for. I am impatient to know what you have done with regard to that letter to Cæsar. I am not so anxious as I was concerning the seat of Silius; but you must, by all means, procure me either that of Scapula, or that of Clodia. You appear, however, to me somewhat

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what at a loss to know whether Clodia will come to Rome, and whether she will sell her gardens. But it is true that Spinther[1] hath divorced his wife. You must, say you, be extremely confident of the power and copiousness of the Latin language[2] to employ it on such subjects. All I do,

[1] He was the son of Lentulus, who was so active in recalling our author from his banishment. His wife's name was Metella, who was afterwards famous for her intrigue with the son of the comedian Æsopus. This Lentulus had the nickname of Spinther, from the great resemblance between him and a slave of that name. There is a pun here which is not decent to explain.

[2] I have elsewhere observed, that our author, as he himself often intimates, was the first who, as it were, moulded the Latin language to philosophical terms, which Atticus, who was a professed champion of the Greek tongue, had thought to be impracticable. It is in this sense that I, as well as Monsieur Mongault, have translated this passage, but I am not sure whether there is not a farther allusion in the words. The original is, *De lingua Latina securi es animi, dices, qui talia conscribis; ἀπογραφα (exempla) sunt.* The younger Gronovius very rightly observes, that the *Animus securus* here may imply his mind being free from the excessive melancholy, which our author had long entertained for the loss of his daughter, and which was now so far abated, that he could apply himself to write philosophically in Latin. But I must observe farther, that this passage is applicable to the sneer he had just before past upon Spinther, whose name in Latin was Ἀπογραφος, that is, transcribed from the Greek, by which our author brings forth this piece of low wit, without having recourse to a Greek word, and which he supposes Atticus would be jealous of; neither Monsieur Mongault, nor any of the commentators seems to have attended to this.

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do, is to copy the sentiments of others. There is no great difficulty in that. All I have to do, is to furnish words, and of them I have plenty.

EPISTLE LIII.

I WRITE to you, even though I have nothing to say, because I have a pleasure in supposing myself to be conversing with you. To-day I look for your morning letters, and perhaps I shall have a packet in the afternoon, unless you are prevented by your dispatches from Epirus, which I do not choose to interfere with. I have sent you a letter to Marcianus, and another to Montanus. Unless you have already delivered them, I beg that you would make them up in one packet.

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CICERO'S EPISTLES

TO

ATTICUS.

BOOK XIII.

EPISTLE I.

NOTHING could be more weighty, and at the same time more engaging, than your letter to my son[1] was. You said neither more nor less than what I most earnestly desired you should say. You have likewise written, in a very proper strain, to the two Tullii. Either your letters must have a due effect, or I must take another course. As to the money, I see that you are exerting yourself, or rather you have exerted yourself most indefatigably; should you succeed, I shall look upon the gardens as your present. There is no kind

[1] He had been guilty of some little irregularities at Athens.

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kind of purchase I would prefer to this, especially considering the use to which it is to be appropriated; neither am I now so much in a hurry as I was before, because you promise, or rather you undertake, that the building shall be completed before the end of summer. Let me tell you likewise, that I know of no place, where I could more comfortably pass my old age, or wear away my sorrows. These considerations make me so passionately fond of this purpose, that I am sometimes upon the point of pressing you; but then I check myself as having no manner of doubt, that in a matter in which you know me to be very earnest, you are more earnest than I am myself. Therefore be persuaded, that this is the only consideration that keeps me from teazing you.

I am impatient to know what the sentiments of these gentlemen were with regard to my letter to Cæsar. Nicias has a due respect for you, and it gives him vast pleasure to know that you remember him. For my own part, I have a great affection for our friend Peduceus. I feel for him all the affection I had for his father[1]; I love him equally on his own account, and therefore he is doubly dear to me: and you most of all, because it is owing to your recommendation that we live on these friendly terms. After you have

[1] Orig. *Nam ecquanti patrem feci, totum in hunc: ipsum per se æque amo, atque illum amavi.*

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looked upon the gardens, and told me your sentiments of them in writing, you will then furnish me with some subject of a letter to you. I will write, however, at all events, for I never am without some subject or other.

EPISTLE II.

YOUR speed in communicating to me is far more agreeable than the subject communicated. Was there ever a greater insult offered to a man? But I am now become insensible, having lost all the feelings of human nature[1]. This day I looked for your letter, not that I expect any fresh intelligence from them.—For what more can be said? —Well, let that pass—You will order these letters to be delivered to Oppius and Balbus, and talk, when you have an opportunity, to Piso, about the gold. Should Faberius give a draft, you will take care that it be for the whole sum he owes me. You will learn from Eros how much it is. Ariarathes[2], the son of Ariobarzanes, is at

[1] We are perhaps at no great loss in not knowing the particular hardship which Cicero alludes to here; whether it related to Terentia, or which I think, more probably, to the infamous reports which had been raised against him of his too great intimacy with Tullia.

[2] His father Ariobarzanes was elected king of Cappadocia, upon the failure of the old line of the Cappadocian royal family.

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at Rome. It is my opinion that he intends to purchase some kingdom or other from Cæsar; for, in his present situation, he has not one foot of ground to call his own. Our friend Sextius, who is master of the ceremonies in ordinary[1], has wholly engrossed him. To this I have no objection. But as I was greatly obliged to his brothers, and very intimate with them, I have sent him a letter of invitation to the use of my house. When I sent off Alexander express for this purpose, I charged him with this letter. To-morrow, it seems, is appointed for the sale of Peduceus. You will then be more at liberty to set out for this place, unless you should be detained by settling matters with Faberius. But take your own time. Our acquaintance, Dionysius, complains bitterly, and not without justice of his long absence from his pupils[2]. He has written very fully

mily. As his elder brother had no children, Ariarathes was the presumptive heir of that crown, which gave Cæsar some jealousy of him, and therefore he had no territories assigned him in the general settlement, which Cæsar was now making of the empire. He afterwards succeeded his brother, who was put to death by Cassius, but Antony stript him of his crown and gave it to Archelaus.

[1] Orig. *Noster Parochus publicus*. The business of the Parochi was to furnish foreign princes and ambassadors with the money and provisions allotted them by the public. They likewise furnished the masters and governors of provinces on the road with their perquisites of salt, wood, hay, and the like.

[2] Meaning himself and Atticus, for he cannot mean his son, and his nephew, to whom Dionysius had formerly been tutor.

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fully to me, and I suppose, to you, likewise. He is in a fair way to be much longer absent from them, which I am sorry for, because I am uneasy for the man's company.

EPISTLE III.

I AM so impatient for a letter from you, that I wonder none has yet come, though I write this in the morning. With regard to the assignments, I am so well assured of the credit of the parties, that nothing alarms me, but your seeming apprehension. I own I think it no good sign when you leave the matter to me, for had I been my own agent in this affair, I should not have taken one step, but by your advice. Meanwhile, I am persuaded that your doubt arises from your own usual scrupulous exactness in business, rather than from any real doubts you have as to the parties[1]. For you do not approve of my transaction with Cœlius[2], and you are against my

[1] Gronovius is in some doubt whether the scruple mentioned here, does not relate to that which Atticus supposed the heirs of Scapula would have, with regard to the assignments which Cicero was to give for payment.

[2] The reader may remember, that our author proposed to convert his effects into ready money, which he was to receive from his banker, and that he was in some doubt as to the goodness of the gold in which the payment was to be made.

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my selling off any more off my effects. I think you are in the right as to both. There is, therefore, a necessity for my making use of this assignment, or otherwise, you must, once in your life, and in this very bargain, become a surety[1]. But now the whole rests upon myself[2]. The day when I am to be paid, indeed, is at some distance, but let there be no obstacle in that. For if I can but purchase the gardens, I believe the auctioneer will give me as long a time for paying them. This indulgence the heirs will certainly grant me. You must speak to Crispus and Mustella, and I want to know what shares they have in this succession. Ægypta, the freedman of Brutus, has brought

[1] I have been at some pains, and I hope I have succeeded in translating this difficult Epistle. I have, in the course of these notes, observed, more than once, that notwithstanding the celebrated friendship between our author and Atticus, the latter dealt with the former with great exactness, not to say rigour, in all money matters; and the author of his Life gives us, in his commendation, a circumstance which really turns to his reproach; that he laid it down as a rule to be bail for no man. Cicero was no stranger to this, and what he writes here is in a vein of pleasantry, because he will not seem to suppose that any such resolution could be consistent with the friendship between them. The reason therefore, why Atticus was in some doubts about the validity of the assignments was, lest Cicero might have called upon him to have answered for them to the sellers, or their agents.

[2] *Viz.* Because the assignments were so good, that he did not doubt but that the sellers would take his own personal security for making them good.

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brought me a letter from his master with the news of his arrival. I have sent the letter to you, because it is written with a complaisance unusual to him.

EPISTLE IV.

I HAVE, through your labour, the list of the ten deputies [1], which indeed has put me upon examining. For the younger Tuditanus was not so much as quæstor, till the year after Mummius had been consul, so it must be the elder, who is mentioned in the list of deputies. You are frequently teazing me to know, whether I am satisfied with that assignment, and I have as often told you that I am. If you can finish any thing with Piso do it. As to Avius, I make no doubt of his acting as he ought. I wish you could be here before Brutus; if you cannot, let us at least meet altogether at Tusculanum. It is of great importance for me to see you. If you will order one of your slaves to make inquiry, you may learn on what day Brutus is to be here.

EPISTLE

[1] After Mummius had conquered Achaia, the senate, as usual, sent ten deputies, to regulate the civil government of the conquered countries, and our author intended to have made them interlocutors in a political treatise he was about to compose. The original here is dark, but I have supplied it from other parts of our author's writings.

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EPISTLE V.

I TOOK it that Spurius Mummius was one of the ten deputies, but, now I think of it, he served probably as lieutenant to his brother, for it is certain that he was then at Corinth. I have sent you my Torquatus[1]. I beg you will talk, as you propose, with Silius, and urge him. He refused to defer the payment so long as May, but he agreed to every thing else[2]. But I beg you would transact this with the prudence which you usually discover in other things. After you have spoken to Crispus and Mustella, let me know what you have concluded with them. Now that you have promised me to be here when Brutus shall arrive, I am quite satisfied; and the more

[1] *Viz.* The first book of his conferences *de finibus*, in which Torquatus explains, and defends the Epicurean system.

[2] Manutius is of opinion, that this passage ought to be read, *Illam diem negabat esse mense maio, istam non negabat;* and Monsieur Mongault lets the whole pass without any note. Manutius thinks farther, that the matter, alluded to here, was, that Silius was willing to delay the payment for his gardens, till the month of May, but that the heirs of Scapula refused to lie so long out of their money for their payment. But if this could be the sense, I cannot see with what propriety Silius could be the nominative to *negabat*.

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more so, as I suppose you will spend the intermediate time in finishing the affair which I have much at heart.

EPISTLE VI.

You have done quite right as to the aqueduct. Take care that the columns [1] do not exceed the limits of the sumptuary law! Though I think I have heard from Camillus that the law in this respect is altered. What answer more proper can we return to Piso, than that the younger Cato is here all alone?

[1] *Orig. Columnarium, vide, ne nullum debeamus.* This alludes to part of the sumptuary law enacted by Cæsar. Some of the commentators imagine, that the *Columnarium*, here mentioned in the original, was a tax upon columns, as *Ostiarium*, was upon doors, which Cæsar exacted of the citizens of Rome, upon buildings already raised. But this is not very probable, because, in his third book, of the civil wars, we find him blaming Scipio for exacting that very tax. It is more probable, that his sumptuary law laid a tax upon all new columns employed in building. There is however an obscurity in the original which leaves it uncertain, whether our author does not mean to desire Atticus to take care that he should not be loaded with that tax; in which case, for *nullum*, we must read *ullum*. The columns, here spoken of, were perhaps those which were to be employed in building the temple, in memory of his daughter.

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alone[1]? and this answer will serve not only the coheirs of Hirennius, but, as you know, (for you was concerned in the same affair with me) for the younger Lucullus. For it is material to know, that his guardian took up that money in Achaia. But Piso acts like a man of honour, for, he says, he will do nothing that can disoblige us. Therefore, as you write to me, we will, when we meet, consult how to settle this matter. You have done well in having a meeting of the other coheirs.

As to your wanting to see my letter to Brutus, I have no copy of it. Tyro says, that you certainly have one, and I remember that, at the time I sent you his uncivil letter, I sent you a copy of my answer. You will take care that I am not troubled with any judicial matters. I was utterly ignorant of that Tuditanus, the great grandfather of Hortensius, and I took him to have been his son, who was the deputy, which was impossible. I am quite certain that Mummius was at Corinth, for the late Spurius often read over to me his letters full of quaint verses, which he wrote from Corinth to his friends. But I make no doubt of his having been lieutenant to his brother

[1] *Orig. Solitudinem Catonis.* The reader is to understand that our author was guardian to young Lucullus and probably to the younger Cato likewise, whose estate was in arrears to Piso, and the coheirs of Hirennius.

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ther, and not one of the ten deputies. I have likewise learned, that our ancestors never named any relations of a general amongst the ten deputies, who were to controul him, though later times have been so ignorant, or rather so neglectful, of this most salutary maxim, as to send Marcus Lucullus, and Lucius Murena, and other of his nearest relations, to Lucius Lucullus, as his deputies. It is likewise natural to suppose, that his brother would prefer him before any other, to be his lieutenant. What work do I cut out for you! who thus both read for me, and negotiate for me, and that too with more attention to my concerns than you give to your own.

EPISTLE VII.

SESTIUS and also Theopompus[1] were with me the day before. The former tells me, that he received a letter from Cæsar, informing him, that he was determined to remain at Rome[2], and that he gives the very reason, mentioned in my letter, lest, in his absence, his laws should be neglected, as his sumptuary law has been. This is very probable, and is no more than what occurred to myself

[1] He was a native of Cnidos, and a favourite with Cæsar.

[2] This seems to contradict a report which has obtained in history, as if Cæsar intended, upon his being peaceable possessor of the empire, to undertake an expedition in person against the Parthians.

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myself before. But those gentlemen must be humoured, unless I should think proper to resume what I at first proposed. It is certain then that Lentulus has divorced Metella; but you know all these things better than I do; write me therefore somewhat in answer. It matters not what, provided you do write. For, at present, nothing occurs to me that you can write, unless you think proper to write somewhat concerning Mustella or Silius. Brutus came to Tusculanum yesterday about five in the evening. To-day therefore he will visit me, and I wish that you were present when he does. For I ordered him to be told, that you waited as long as you could for his arrival; that you would return if you heard of it, and that I would instantly inform you, as I do by this letter.

EPISTLE VIII.

I REALLY have nothing to write to you, for you had no sooner left me than you sent me back a letter of three pages[1] in answer to mine. I hope you will take care to convey this packet to Vestorius, and employ some one or other to inquire

[1] *Orig. Triplices remiseras.* In matters of small moment, the ancients used to send their tablets, or pocket-books, to one another with their business written in them, and an answer was returned on the same tablets. The business mentioned here took up, it seems, three pages of those tablets.

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quire whether Quintus Faberius has any estate that is to be sold in the territory of Pompeii, or in that of Nola. I beg you would send me Cælius's annals abridged by Brutus [1], and get for me, from Philoxemus, the treatise of Panætius [2] concerning providence. I hope to see you on the 13th, with your family.

EPISTLE IX.

You were but just gone yesterday when Trebatius and, soon after, Curtius arrived here. The latter came only to pay me his compliments, but he stayed here upon my invitation, and I have Trebatius with me likewise. Dolabella arrived this morning. We conversed together for a long time; and indeed nothing could be more open, nothing more affectionate, than what he said to me. Meanwhile we fell upon the subject of my nephew, of whom he told me many things that are not to be expressed, and ought not to be related. One circumstance, however, was of such a nature, that, unless the whole army knew it, I should not venture to dictate it to Tiro, nay, not to

[1] They were composed by Lucius Cœlius Antipater. Brutus was a great epitomiser of works of that kind.

[2] He was a stoic philosopher, and wrote in defence of an immediate providence.

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to write it with my own hand. But I shall find time enough for this. While Dolabella was with me, Torquatus arrived very seasonably, and Dolabella very handsomely told him in what terms I had expressed myself concerning him, for I luckily had talked with him in the most earnest manner, which seemed to Torquatus sensible pleasure.

I expect to hear from you if you know any thing of Brutus. Nicias thinks the marriage is finished, but he says that his divorce, from his first wife, is generally disapproved. I therefore, as well as you, am earnest, that the affair should be finished. For if he has given any offence, this step will remedy it[1]. I must go to Arpinum; for I must settle the affairs of that little farm, and I am afraid I shall not be at liberty to leave Rome after Cæsar's arrival, of which Dolabella's opinion is conformable to the conjecture you had formed from Messala's letter. When I shall arrive at Arpinum, and see what business I have there, I will specify to you the precise day of my return.

EPISTLE

[1] We see, by this passage, that Plutarch was mistaken in saying, that Brutus was married to Porcia in the lifetime of her father Cato. Our author here means, that Brutus, by marrying the excellent daughter of the great Cato, would be a sufficient vindication for his divorcing Clodia, who had given him no cause of disgust.

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EPISTLE X.

I AM not at all surprised at your being sensibly affected by the death of Marcellus, and at your being apprehensive in many other respects. For how can we be on our guard against an accident, which never had any precedent, and which seemed to be inconsistent with nature to permit[1]. We therefore have every thing to fear. But how can you, who are so exact in these matters, be so much mistaken as to say, that I am the only surviving consular[2]? Make you then no account of Servius? But this is of no kind of importance, especially with me, who think that those who are dead are as happy as we are. For what are we, or what can we do? Of what importance are we at home or abroad? Had I not taken it in my head to amuse myself with writing such trifles as these, I should not have known how to have borne my own existence.

I am

[1] We have a curious account of the death of this great man, in a letter from Sulpicius to our author. After Cæsar, at the universal request of the senate, had pardoned him, he was stabbed to death in his return home by this Magius, who was his intimate friend and client.

[2] There were many consulars besides our author, and Servius alive at this time, but they behaved so, as they had nothing to fear from Cæsar.

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I am of the same opinion with you concerning Dolabella. A treatise of a popular or a political nature would suit him best. In short, something must be done for him, for he is very anxious about it. You will take care to acquaint me, if you know any thing of Brutus. The sooner, if he is determined upon it, that he finishes his marriage, the better; for he will thereby put an end to, or at least, moderate the public talk about him. Some people have talked of him, even to myself. But Brutus knows best what measures to take, especially if he consults with you. I think of setting out on the 22nd, for I have no business either here or there, or indeed any where. Yet I had some little matters to settle there.

This day I look for Spinther, from what Brutus wrote to me. In the same letter, he clears Cæsar from having any hand in the death of young Marcellus, nor indeed, had he been killed by treachery in the dark, and by an unknown hand, could any suspicion have been fixed on him. But now, that Magius is known to be the assassin, does not his frenzy explain the whole affair? I am entirely ignorant what his motive could be; you will therefore, let me know, though I have no grounds for doubt excepting the cause of his vengeance. At Sunium Marcellus engaged for a friend to pay Magius a sum of money. His being unable to make good the engagement was probably

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probably the cause of Magius's fury. I suppose he asked Marcellus for the money, and that Marcellus replied, as was usual with him, in harsh terms.

EPISTLE XI.

THERE is no judging of things at a distance[1]—I believed I could have easily lived without you, but I find it quite the reverse now that we are separated. But I was obliged to go to Arpinum, both that I might settle the concerns of my small estate there, and lest I should make our friend Brutus tired of his waiting upon me; for we can hereafter enjoy one another's company with greater pleasure at Tusculanum. But at this time, while he wanted every day to see me, and I could not possibly go to him, he was deprived of all the pleasure of his seat at Tusculanum. Do you, therefore, inform me by a letter, whether Servilia is come to Rome, whether Brutus has made any advances, or whether he proposes any thing, and when he is to meet the great man; in short, let me know every thing that may be proper for me to know

[1] *Orig.* ου ταυτον. This is part of a verse of Euripides, and the meaning is, that things do not exhibit the same appearances, when near, as they do when viewed at a distance. In the common editions, these words conclude the preceding, but as Causabon has pointed out, they ought to begin this letter.—E.

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know. I beg you will, if possible, talk with Piso. You are sensible, it is now high time, but let that be as your conveniency can admit of.

EPISTLE XII.

YOUR letters concerning our darling Attica gave me great concern, but they gave me comfort at the same time. For, I thought I had sufficient grounds for moderating my affliction, as you yourself take comfort in the same letter. You have disposed of my orations for Ligarius to great advantage; you shall be my publisher, for whatever I shall write hereafter. As to what you write concerning Varro, you know, that till lately, I composed nothing but orations, or some such serious works, into which I could not introduce Varro with any propriety. Afterwards, when I undertook a work of more general erudition, Varro acquainted me, that he intended to address to me a work of great extent and importance. Two years passed over, without his advancing one inch, though he is a very rapid writer.[1] Now, all this while, I was making preparations for returning his compliment in the same coin

[1] *Ille* Καλλιπίδης, *he is swift-footed*, or this might be the name of a man remarkable for his swiftness—*he is a Callipides*.—E.

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coin [1], and with interest, "if I could," for Hesiod in such cases, recommends the clause "If you can." At present, I have addressed to Brutus, as you desired me to do, my treatise "concerning the ends of things good and evil," of which I own I am fond; and you signified to me, that such an address would not displease him. I will, therefore, introduce Varro into my academical discourses, where the speakers are men of eminence indeed, but by no means proper to handle philosophical distinctions and niceties. Besides, those discourses proceed upon the principles of Antiochus [2], which he greatly approves of. I will in other places introduce Catulus and Lucullus, provided, however, that you approve of my plan; and I expect you will write to me concerning it.

I have received a letter from Vestorius, concerning the sale of the effects of Brinnius. He says, there was not the least opposition in fixing it at my house (for they supposed I should be at Rome or Tusculanum) on the 24th of June. You will, therefore, desire your friend and my coheir S. Vettius, or my friend Ladeo, to put off the sale for a short time, for I shall be at Tusculanum about

[1] Varro afterwards addressed his book upon the Latin tongue to our author.

[2] *Orig.* Αντιοχια. *Antiochia.* He was a disciple of Carneades. Both Cicero and Atticus had studied under him at Athens, and Lucullus had afterwards brought him to Rome.

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about the 7th of July. Eros is at Rome with Piso. Let us bestow all our thoughts upon the gardens of Scapula; the day of sale approaches.

EPISTLE XIII.

THE letter you wrote me concerning Varro, had the effect of making me transfer my academical treatise from those men of great quality to our companion, and instead of two books, I have made four. Though many things are suppressed in them, yet they are much larger than the others were; you will write me, however, what his real sentiments are. I feel very desirous to know who the person is, you think he is jealous of; whether he is not Brutus? The knowledge of that would finally determine me; but I want to be sure of the fact. As to the books themselves (unless an author's fondness for his own works deceive me), I have finished them in such a manner, that even Greece itself can produce nothing of that kind. I hope, you will patiently put up with the expence, of having my academics transcribed in the form I sent them to you. In their present form they are a much more perspicuous, succinct and agreeable.

But, I am now at a loss what to do; I want to gratify Dolabella, who passionately desires I should address somewhat to him. I can find nothing

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thing; I am afraid people talk already; if I should find any thing that would be suitable, how could I escape censure[1]? I must, therefore, drop that design, or justify it by some expedient. But why should such trifles employ me? I beg you will let me know, how my darling Attica does: I am greatly concerned about her. But after often examining your letters, I am more at ease. Yet I look for fresh accounts.

EPISTLE XIV.

THE freedman of Brinnius, and one of his coheirs with me, has written to me, that he and Sabinus Albius the third coheir, would, if it was agreeable to me, wait upon me. To this I absolutely object. For the legacy is not worth the while. And yet, they might easily advertise the day of sale (for it is to be on the 11th) if they came to me at Tusculanum on the morning of the 6th. If they want, however, to protract the time, they may do it two or three days as they think proper,

[1] *Orig.* μεμψιν *accusation.* It was indeed, very extraordinary, that our author should live in such intimacy with Dolabella, who had but just repudiated his beloved daughter. But Cicero might likewise be afraid, lest he should be censured, as if his courtship of Dolabella was in order to keep himself with Cæsar.

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per, for such a delay will be of no consequence. You will then stop those persons, if they are not set out before this comes to your hand. Let me know, if you hear any thing of Brutus, or of Cæsar, or any other news. I again beg of you to take it into your consideration, whether it may be proper to send my work to Varro. And indeed, this matter somewhat concerns yourself. For be it known unto you, that I have made you and him two speakers in the conference. I, therefore, think it is high time for us to come to a resolution. For though the names are inserted, yet still they may be erased, and others put in.

EPISTLE XV.

How, I pray you, does our darling Attica do, for I have heard nothing from you for these three days? How should I? Since we had nobody to convey our letters, and perhaps, you had no more to communicate, than I had. I am this day, when I give this letter to Valerius, in expectation of some of my people. Should any one come with letters from you, I shall then have subject matter for writing.

EPISTLE

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EPISTLE XVI.

Such heavy and such incessant rains have fallen here, that I have not as yet been able to stir without doors, though all I now court are rivers and retirement for the abatement of grief. I have inserted Varro as a speaker through the whole of my academical treatise. At first, I had made Catulus, Lucullus, and Hortensius, the interlocutors; reflecting afterwards, that there was some impropiety in this, because the public knew, that though those persons were not illiterate yet, that they were not conversant in those matters, as soon as I came to my country-seat, I put their parts into the mouths of Cato and Brutus. This produced your letter concerning Varro, and I thought no body more proper than he was for defending the doctrine of Antiochus. Still, I hope you will write to me in the first place, whether it may be proper for me to address any thing to him; and, in the next place, if it is, whether I should address this work? What is Servilia? Is she arrived? How does Brutus go on? Is the day fixed yet? What do you hear of Cæsar? I remain here, as I told you, till the 7th. Endeavour to come to some terms with Piso.

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EPISTLE XVII.

About the 27th, I expect to hear somewhat from Rome, not that I ordered any of my people to come to me. I, therefore, expect to learn by yours, what I have so often written about to you, what Brutus designs to do? whether he has concluded upon any thing? and whether any news is come from Cæsar? But how can those matters concern me? I want to know how your sweet daughter does. Though your letters bid me hope for the best, yet they are of too old a date. Meanwhile, I expect more fresh intelligence.

EPISTLE XVIII.

You see the benefit of our being neighbours. For my part, I am determined to purchase that seat near Rome. While I was at Tusculanum, our correspondence by letters was so frequent, that I imagined myself to be talking with you in person. Now I shall have the same benefit as you advise me. I have completed the treatises which I addressed to Varro. They will appear, I fear, too subtle and refined. I, however, am impatient till you write to me, and let me know, in the first

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first place, how you came to be informed that a man, who, like Varro, has written so much, without addressing any thing to me, should desire me to pay him that compliment? In the next place, who the person is of whom he is jealous, whether he be not Brutus? If he is not jealous of him, he can be far less so of Hortensius, or any of the speakers in my treatise concerning government. I would have you to be express with me upon the two following points; whether you are still of opinion, that I ought to send my work to Varro, or do you think I have no occasion to do it? But we will talk of these matters when we meet.

EPISTLE XIX.

My amanuensis Hilarus was but just gone from hence on the 27th, at which time I gave him a letter for you, when your letter-carrier came with your letters dated the day before, in which I read with the greatest pleasure, that your daughter desired you not to be concerned, and you tell me she is out of danger. The good opinion you had of my oration for Ligarius has, I perceive, set it off to great advantage. For Balbus and Oppius write to me that they are wonderfully pleased with it, and cannot help sending it, short as it is, to Cæsar. This is no more

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more than what you yourself wrote to me some time before.

As to Varro, I pay no regard to the public suspicion, that I court him, as the means of extending my own fame; (for I had laid it down as a resolution to introduce no living characters as speakers in any dialogue of mine), but because you write me, that Varro is desirous of having such an address, and that he would be very proud of it. I have, therefore, finished the dialogues. I have in four books comprehended the whole academic system. How well it is executed, I shall not pretend to say. But it is impossible for me to finish any thing more highly. I have put into Varro's mouth all the arguments which were so accurately collected by Antiochus against those who maintain that no certainty is attainable in human knowledge. These I have answered myself, and you are the third party in our conversation. Had I brought in Cotta and Varro disputing together as you advised me to do in your last letters, I must then have appeared a silent character. Persons venerable for their age or learning, when introduced as speakers, have often a fine effect: and this artifice has been successfully practised by Heraclides[1] in several of his dialogues: and also by myself, in my six books concerning government. I am likewise proud

[1] He was a native of Pontus, and a disciple of Plato and Aristotle, but none of his works are now remaining.

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proud of my three books upon the character of an orator, where I have done the same thing, and where the speakers are such as necessarily rendered me silent. They are Crassus, Antonius, the elder Catulus, Caius Julius the brother of Catulus, Cotta and Sulpicius. I was but a boy when this conference is supposed to have happened, so that, properly, I could have no share in it. But as to my later compositions, they are in the manner of Aristotle, and the speeches of the other speakers are so disposed, that I make the principal figure myself. Thus, in my work concerning the Ends of Things, good and evil, I have assigned the defence of the Epicurean doctrine to Lucius Torquatus, that of the Stoics to Marcus Cato, and that of the Peripatetics to Marcus Piso. All whom I answer[1]. This I thought I could do without giving any offence, because all of them are deceased.

You know, that I introduced Catulus, Lucullus, and Hortensius disputing in this academical treatise; but that was with no kind of propriety. For they were made to discuss the subtleties which they could not be supposed so much as to have dreamed of. Therefore, as soon as I read your hint concerning Varro, I laid eager hold of it as an unexpected prize. Nothing can be better

[1] I have, after Monsieur Mongault, inserted these words for the better understanding our author's meaning in the original.

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ter suited than his part is to that kind of philosophy which he has chiefly adopted, and his arguments are urged with such force, that I do not think, I make myself a greater figure than he does, in the debate. I have been at pains to give the doctrines of Antiochus, all the strong air of truth which he is master of. They have all the energy of his reasoning, clothed in the beauty of my language, provided you allow it to have any beauty. But I beg you will take some pains to know whether it is proper I should address these treatises to Varro? Several things occurred to me on that head; but of that when we meet.

EPISTLE XX.

I HAVE received letters of condolence from Cæsar, dated from Hispalis the last of April. I do not understand the news about enlarging the city; I wish I did. I am glad that my endeavours to oblige Torquatus have been agreeable to him. I will continue to increase them. I can neither add any thing to my oration concerning Tubero's[1] wife and his stepdaughter, (for it is already

[1] He was a prosecutor of Ligarius, but was so ashamed of the prosecution upon Ligarius being acquitted, that he wanted to lay all the fault upon his own wife and stepdaughter.

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ready published) nor do I much incline to make any apology for Tubero, for he is a very troublesome person. You must have had very excellent diversion in the scene you mention. Though I enjoy myself with great satisfaction in this place, yet I earnestly desire to see you. I will, therefore, return as I purposed. I suppose you have met with my brother, for which reason I should be glad to know what passed between you.

I am quite unconcerned with regard to the public report respecting me, notwithstanding the foolish things I formerly wrote to you. For it is below my concern. All that man has to do is, through the whole course of his life, not to deviate in the least from the dictates of a good conscience. Do not you see how philosophical I am grown? Do you now think that I have perused these scientific treatises to no purpose? What I mentioned[1] was of no consequence. Therefore, I would not have you to be uneasy. For now I return to my former purpose. Do you imagine, that I had any other view all along, than not to be wanting to my friend? You may say, that I do it, that I may once more assert my superiority at the bar of justice But even that has no influence with me. I wish that I could be as much superior to all domestic troubles as I am to

[1] Meaning the railing of his nephew against him.

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to these idle rumours. What! do you imagine that I aspire at any thing[1] which I have not yet effected? Well then, may not a man change his way of thinking? And yet I cannot but approve of what I have done already. At the same time, I can with great consistency lay aside, as I do, all thoughts of doing so any more. But enough of trifles.

EPISTLE XXI.

I SENT you a pretty long letter by Hirtius, which I had written but a little before at Tusculanum. I shall at another time answer yours of the same date; but at present, I choose to answer your other letters. How should I do any thing with regard to Torquatus, without hearing somewhat from Dolabella? A soon as I do, you shall know. I look for the return of my express from him to-day, or to-morrow, at farthest. As soon as the dispatches arrive, I will forward them to you. I expect to hear from my brother, for you know I sent an express when I left Tusculanum upon the 24th.

But now to my purpose. The term *inhibere* which you suggested, and which at first pleased me, does not now meet my approbation. It is quite

[1] To be at the head of Roman eloquence.

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quite a sea term; I knew that before, but still I thought, that when it was made use of as a word of direction to rowers, they then rested upon their oars. But I was undeceived in this notion yesterday, while a vessel was plying near my villa; for when that was the word, they did not rest upon their oars, but they rowed in another manner than before. Now this is quite a different sense from the term Epoché. You will, therefore, insert *sustinere* in your copy; and apprise Varro likewise, unless he has changed it already. No better word can be used than *sustinere* in the sense Lucullus[1] uses it.

Sustineat currum ut bonus sæpe agitator equosque.

Carneades always expresses by Epoché the posture of a boxer taking aim at his antagonist, or a charioteer holding in his steeds before he starts. But *inhibitio* implies motion, and a strong motion too; for it signifies a ship going backwards[2].

You

[1] I cannot easily believe that the verse here quoted was written by Lucullus. It was more probably put into his mouth by our author in the first edition of his academics, in which that great man is made an interlocutor.

[2] The criticism which Cicero here makes on the word ἐποχὴ, *inhibera*, shews that he was much less accurately acquainted with the Greek language than his friend Atticus. To express that suspense of the judgment, which the academy recommended

You see how much more I am concerned about this matter than I am about the talk you mention, or about the news concerning Pollio[1]. Let me know if the news from Pansa[2] be true; for I suppose

mended, before it proceeded to pronounce upon the subject of deliberation, Atticus proposed the use of the term ἐποχὴ or *inhibitio*, as very appropriate for the purpose. This, at first, pleased Cicero, but as it was applied to a ship whose motion was not suspended, but changed, he rejects it for another. But Atticus must have replied to this, that ἐποχὴ, as its etymology suggests, signifies not merely the act of the mind in *restraining* its impulse from passing on, as it were, to assent or dissent, but in *dwelling upon* and *retracing* its progress, so as to have a new and a more accurate view of the subject of its deliberation. In this respect, its conductis analogous to the reverted motion of a ship, or of a chariot, as mentioned by Cicero; and these analogous ideas might with perfect propriety be expressed by the same term. On the other hand, the word *sustinere* is not proper, because it does not follow, that when the oars are suspended or stopped, the ship also is immediately stopped. Cicero is more egregiously mistaken, when he says, *semperque Carneades* προβολὴν *pugilis, et retentionem aurigæ, similem facit* ἐποχὴν. The προβολὴ of the pugilist is when he *puts forth* his arm against his antagonist: while ἐποχὴ expresses his *clinging to him* or *dwelling upon him*, when brought to the ground, and both of them different in this instance from the *retentionem aurigæ*, or the backward motion of a chariot. It might appear presumptuous in a modern critic thus to call in question the judgment of Cicero, but he is supported by the more accurate authority of Atticus.—E.

[1] He was left by Cæsar in Spain to watch the motions of Sextus Pompeius.

[2] He was then governor of the Gauls.

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suppose, by this time it is public; whether you hear any thing of Critonius; or have any certain account concerning Metellus and Balbinus? But let me ask you, Do you think it proper my works should be published without my orders? Hermodorus himself[1], who published the works of Plato, from whence came the proverb, *Hermodorus trafficks in the works of other men*, never did so by Plato. Tell me again, is it proper they should be public to any body before Brutus sees them, as I have addressed them to him by your advice? Now Balbus has written me word, that by your leave, he has transcribed the fifth book of my treatise "concerning the Ends of Things." I have not, indeed, made many alterations in it, but some I have made. You will please, therefore, to reserve the other books, lest Balbus should have what is incorrect, and Brutus what is not new. But I say no more on this head, lest I should seem to make much ado about nothing. But indeed, at this time, these are to me matters of importance, for what have I to think of besides?

As to what I have, at your request, addressed to Varro, I make such dispatch to send it to him, that I have sent it already to Rome to be transcribed. You may have that work when you please, for I wrote to the transcribers, that if you desire it, your transcribers should have leave to

[1] He was the cotemporary and disciple of Plato.

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to copy it out. You will not, however, make it public before I see you; and I know you are very observant when I put you upon your guard. I forgot to tell you, that Cærelia, who is passionately fond of the study of philosophy, is writing over my works from your copies; and she has already my treatise "concerning the Ends of Things." Now I give you my word for it (though all mankind is liable to mistake) that she did not transcribe them from my copy, for I never suffered it to go out of my sight, and my transcribers were so far from making two copies, that they have scarcely completed one. I would not, however, have you imagine, that your transcribers are any way in fault, for I neglected to tell them, that I did not choose my work should be published so soon. How long I dwell upon trifles! Indeed, I have no business of importance upon which to write. I agree with you in respect to Dolabella. The co-heirs, as you advise, will come to Tusculanum. Balbus has sent me word, that he does not believe Cæsar will come to Rome before the 1st of August. It gives me pleasure to hear that your daughter is better, and more tranquil and cheerful.

You solicit my opinion on an affair, which is as near to my heart as to your own[1]. Hitherto, I approve

[1] This probably was a marriage proposed between a female relation of Atticus, perhaps his daughter, (though she seems to

I approve greatly of the match, so far as I have any knowledge of him, I mean his rank, his family, and his estate. With respect to his personal character, which is the principal thing, I am indeed ignorant; but I hear an exceeding good character of him from Scrofa. He is likewise to be my neighbour [1], if that can be of any service; and I know he can boast of nobler blood than his father [2]. But when we meet, I will talk to you, and that in a manner which shall convince you how much I am for the match. For, I suppose, you know, that I love, and have had reason for a long time to love, his father, not only more than you love him, but more than he himself knows of.

EPISTLE

to have been rather too young for marriage at this time), and some Roman nobleman of distinction.

[1] *Orig. Proxime accedit.* Monsieur Mongault has followed the sense of Bosius and Manutius, in translating this passage, *Il loge aupres de vous*, and he owns, that he is far from being satisfied that it is Cicero's meaning, but that he cannot find any better in the words. I cannot, however, help thinking, that it is more natural to apply them to the neighbourhood of our author, than of Atticus, because of the following expression, *Si quid hoc ad rem*, as if, he would make it his business to be acquainted with the young nobleman if that would do Atticus any service.

[2] Meaning that his mother was more noble than the father.

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EPISTLE XXII.

It is not without reason I am so importunate that you will let me know your mind with regard to Varro. Certain things have occurred to myself; but of these when we meet. As for you, it is with the greatest pleasure that I have introduced you into my works, and hereafter I will take every opportunity to do the same. For by your last letters, I knew, (for the first time,) that it would not be disagreeable to you. Cassius had already written to me concerning Marcellus, and I had a very particular account from Sulpicius. What a lamentable event! But to return to my writings, I never can wish them to be better deposited than in your hands. But let us agree that they never shall become public, but when both of us think proper; and yet I intimated that the case was otherwise when I wrote you, that Cærelia had got some of them in her hands, which she could not have got but through you. I perceive that you was determined to oblige Balbus, but I was unwilling that the work should lose the grace of novelty before it came into the hands of Brutus, or that it should be imperfect when it came into those of Balbus. If you think it proper, I will send my work, as soon as I have seen you, to its Patron Varro, and

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and when we meet, I will impart to you the difficulties I have hinted at.

I think you have done extremely right[1] in serving those, who have given me drafts, with notice of payment. I am sorry that you have so much trouble concerning the estate which belonged to your Grandmother. What you say concerning Brutus must be very mortifying to him, though such rubs are common in life. With regard to the ladies, it is unnatural in them to be at such variance with one another, while they agree in every other point of duty[2].

You had no occasion to serve Tullius, my secretary, with notice, for if he had received the money of me, I would have desired you to call upon him for it. But there is no part of that which was designed for building the temple in his hands. He has however some money of mine, which I am now determined to apply to that purpose. I therefore was in the right to tell you that I had money there, and he was in the right to deny that I lodged it there with that view. But let us forthwith set about the work itself. I do not think a grove to be a proper situation

[1] *Orig. Attributos quod appellas, valde probo.*

[2] This relates to some differences between Servilia, the mother of Brutus, and Porcia his new married wife. There is a great elegance in the original here, *Cum utraque officio pareat.*

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situation for a building, the object of which is to perpetuate the memory of human beings[1], because of its being but little frequented. It is however convenient. But in this, as in all things, your opinion will be decisive with me.

I shall be at Tusculanum as I appointed, and I wish you could be there the same day. But should any thing happen, as many things may, let it be next day, when the coheirs are to meet me, and it would be spiteful in you to suffer them to surprise me alone. In your two last letters, you mention nothing concerning your daughter, but this gives me hopes that she is quite recovered. In one respect I am displeased, not with you, but with her, for not sending me her compliments. But I desire you will make a thousand on my part, both to her and to your wife, without the least hint that I take any thing amiss. I have sent you Cæsar's letter, in case you had not read it.

EPISTLE

[1] *Orig. Lucum hominibus non sane probo.* I think I have hit upon the meaning of this expression, though the learned Manutius is of opinion, that Cicero disapproves of the situation of a grove, because he intended to make his dwelling-house, and the temple he designed to build, as it were, under the same roof. Therefore such a situation was not fit *hominibus* for living people.

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EPISTLE XXIII.

I ANSWERED without delay your letters of yesterday morning; I now reply to those of the evening. I should have chosen that Brutus had invited me to come to Rome. As he was speedily, and on a sudden, to set out upon a long journey, there was the more reason for me to have waited upon him, and, indeed, we are both of us now in such a state of mind, as to have little relish for one another's company; for you know in what consists the principle of social harmony, and therefore I should prefer to see him at Rome, rather than at Tusculanum. The books, I have addressed to Varro, could not detain me in this place. For they were transcribed, as you saw them, and they are now correcting the typographical errors. You know my difficulties with regard to this work; but I leave all to you. My transcribers are likewise at work upon the treatise I have addressed to Brutus.

I beg that you would finish the commission with which I charged you in the manner you mention; though Trebatius says, that all my debtors have taken the advantage of that deduc-

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tion[1]. What is your opinion of them?—You know the house which I am offered at the appraisement; let us therefore upon the best terms conclude the transaction. You cannot believe how little I trouble myself about these matters.

I affirm to you, by all that is sacred, and I hope you will believe me, that any little estate I have, gives me more pain than pleasure; I mean, that I am more afflicted at not having my daughter to share in it, than I am pleased with having what serves my necessary expences[2]. Trebatius informed me, that he told you the same thing as he did me, about that transaction. But you perhaps was afraid lest I should not have cared to hear it. This was indeed a good-natured consideration in you, but, believe me, these are matters, which, at present, I do not mind. Let your interview with him occupy your whole mind; use a language that shall pierce and

[1] This probably related to a debt, which had been owing to our Author before the civil wars broke out, and during which so much had been paid for interest, which, by Cæsar's law, was to be now deducted from the principal. By the same law Cicero seems to have been obliged to receive the house here mentioned as part of payment, at the appraisement which it bore before the civil war.

[2] *Orig. Me non habere cui tradam, quam habere qui utar.* If our Author had not had a son, and a grandson, or no issue of his own body, there could have been no difficulty in this passage. The meaning of it must have been as I have translated it.

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and mortify him; excite, flatter, and speak, and yet do not forget that you are speaking to Scæva[1]. You are not however to think, that they, who used to command other people's properties, will relinquish their own. You are only to endeavour to fix the day of payment, and even that must be delicately handled.

EPISTLE

Is it true, as Hermogenes Clodius told me, that Andromenes had seen my son at Corcyra? I suppose, if it was so, you must have heard it.—No letters then from him?—Or is the information false?—Pray let me come to a certainty. What shall I answer you with regard to Varro? You are in possession of the four books. I will approve of whatever you do, without fear of the public talk. For why should I? I was more apprehensive as to the manner in which Varro would receive this compliment. But now that you have undertaken for him, I can sleep with composure.

EPISTLE

[1] He was a great partizan for Cæsar, and our author gives Atticus this hint, lest he might exasperate him by some unseasonable warmth or tenaciousness.

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EPISTLE XXV.

I HAVE replied to your accurately written letters concerning the deduction. You will therefore finish the affair, and that too without any hesitation or exception. This is proper, nay necessary, to be done. I thought, as you write, that my information about Andromenes was false. For you must have known, had the thing been as was reported, and you would have told me of it. Your letter speaks so much of Brutus, that you have said nothing of yourself. But when do you think he will come to Tusculanum? For I go to Rome on the 14th. I meant to tell Brutus in my letter (but, as you tell me you have read it, I have perhaps been a little obscure) that I understood by your letters, that he was against my coming to Rome at this time, for no other reason, as it were, than to pay my compliments to him. But, as I am now about to set out, I beg you will so order matters, that the business, of the 15th, may not prevent his coming to Tusculanum at his own leisure. For I shall have no occasion for his presence at the sale. You are sufficient to manage any affair of that kind. But I wanted him to witness my will,

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will[1], though I can put that off to another time. Lest I should seem to come to Rome on that account, I have for this reason written to Brutus, that I shall have no occasion for him as I thought I should upon the 15th. I therefore beg you will manage this whole affair, so as not to occasion Brutus any inconvenience.

But why, my friend, are you so much alarmed at my making you answerable for the reception of my books with Varro? If you have even now any difficulties, let me know them. Sure nothing can be more elegant[2], than they are; I have addressed them to Varro, chiefly because he desired that compliment; but, as you know,

He is so severe a man, that he would
Discover faults in what from fault is free—[3].

I very

[1] He had probably, in consideration of Terentia, his former wife, upon whom his son and grandson had a dependence, made his testament a-new, and had it witnessed by more creditable and disinterested people than before.

[2] I question whether Monsieur Mongault has not mistaken the sense of this passage. The orignal is, *Nihil est enim illis elegantius.* He translates it, *Il n'est rien de mieux écrit que ce livres.* I am not positive whether this may not be the true sense; I only should be glad if our author has not been guilty of such gross vanity, and if he only jokes here upon the elegance of the binding, the writing and the like, of the dedication book which he hints at, more seriously a few lines after. I have therefore translated his words literally, and the reader may make what application of them he pleases.

[3] Orig. Δεινος ανηρ. ταχα κεν και αναιτιον αιτιωτο.

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I very often think I see him complaining, perhaps that my part, in those treatises, is more fully defended than his. But I solemnly appeal to yourself that it is not; and you shall be judge when you have leisure to read the books at Epirus; for at present the dispatches between you and Alexion[1] must engross all your attention.

Meanwhile, I really cannot be of opinion, that Varro will dislike the compliment I have paid him, and as I have been at the expence of large paper for the dedicated copy, which, I should be obliged to you, if you would present to him. But I tell you again and again, that you must be answerable for the success of its reception. If therefore you have any scruple, instead of Varro, let us fix upon Brutus, for he too is a follower of Antiochus. How much do my academic disquisitions resemble the academy itself, never regulated by fixed principles, but fluttering from one object to another[2]. But let me ask you, are you not greatly pleased with my dedication to Varro? Let me perish if ever I was

[1] He was steward and agent for Atticus, upon his estates in Epirus.

[2] The original is, *O! Academiam volaticam, et sui similem, modo huc modo illuc.* His meaning is, that the names of the speakers, in his Dialogues, are as often changed, as the scholars of the academy changed their sentiments. The epithet *volaticam*, which is here beautifully applied, carries an allusion to the grove of Plato, where the birds sung and fluttered from one branch to another.—E.

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was at so much pains about any thing; I did not even dictate it to Tyro, who can take in whole periods, but to Spintherus word by word.

EPISTLE XXVI.

I APPROVE greatly of what you propose concerning Virgilius[1], you will therefore put it in execution. Let that seat be our first consideration; and Clodia's the next. If I can get neither, I am afraid I shall be weak enough to buy that of Drusus at any price. You are no stranger to this affair, and to the immoderate passion I have to see it finished. I therefore sometimes resume the thoughts of building at Tusculanum, for I will do any thing rather than it shall not be finished this Summer.

In my present circumstances, I can enjoy myself no where better than at Astura. But the company that are with me (I suppose because they cannot put up with my melancholy disposition) are making haste to Rome. I am determined,

[1] He was one of the co-heirs of Scapula; I have not altered the order in which this Letter is placed in the common editions, but it is easy to prove that, together with many of the following letters of this book, it was written about the time of the writing the 40th, 43rd, 45th of the preceding book.

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mined, as I wrote you, to leave this place, lest I should seem to be quite forlorn, though I could like very well to live here. But whither shall I go? To Lanuvium? I should love to go to Tusculanum.—But it shall not be long before you know my determination. Do you proceed in writing. You cannot believe how much I write all day, nay all night, for I am a stranger to sleep. Yesterday I finished the letter to Cæsar, which you advised me to write, and it was right I should compose it, in case you should judge it might be necessary to send it. As matters are now circumstanced, I can see no such necessity, but that shall be as you think proper; I shall however send you a copy of it from Lanuvium, if I do not go to Rome. But you shall know farther to-morrow.

EPISTLE XXVII.

With regard to myself, I always thought it extremely proper that Cæsar's friends should see the letter I sent him before it came to his hands; I should have acted disrespectfully towards them had I done otherwise, and dangerously for myself had I given him any offence. As to them, they have acted very openly. It gives me pleasure that they speak their sentiments so frankly as they have done, but I am better pleased that they

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they want so many alterations, that I must write the letter a-new, which they cannot expect. Yet after all, why should I hint at any thing concerning the Parthian war, but what I knew would be to his liking; for what is the whole design of my letter, but to keep him in good humour? Should I have been at a loss for expression, had my intention been to have spoken to him in what I think ought to be the language of a good patriot? We must therefore let the letter, remain where it is. For in a case where no great good could arise from success, and where the consequences may be vexatious from the smallest miscarriage, why should we run any risk? especially when we consider that, as I had written nothing to him before, he might conclude that I never would have addressed any thing to him, unless the war had been entirely finished. I likewise am apprehensive, lest he should think that I design this letter to be a sort of apology for my panegyric upon Cato. In short I greatly regret the event; and nothing, in the whole, gives me so much pleasure as that my complaisance has been disapproved of; not to mention my exposing myself to the ridicule of his party, and of your nephew among the rest.

But now as to the gardens.—Unless it is in every respect agreeable to you, I would not have you to go to them. For there is no hurry. But whatever happens, let us do all we can to get payment

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ment from Faberius. Meanwhile, inform me, if you know any thing of the day of sale. I instantly dispatched to you the messenger who came from Cumæ, with the news of your daughter's perfect recovery, and of his having letters for you.

EPISTLE XXVIII.

As you was to see those gardens to-day, I suppose I shall know to-morrow what you think of them. In regard to Faberius, we will talk of him when he arrives.

With respect to my letter to Cæsar, believe me when I swear to you, that I can do nothing in it. It is not the dread of disgrace, (though that ought to have a powerful influence with me) that deters me. For is it not scandalous to flatter the man, under whom one ought to be ashamed even to live? But as I was saying, it is not the dread of shame that deters me; I wish it were, for I should then act more consistently with what ought to be my own character. But nothing occurs to me. You are no stranger to the nature of those persuasive addresses which were made to Alexander, by men of eloquence and learning. They addressed a young prince fired with the love of the truest glory, and

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and panting for those counsels which lead to the paths of unperishable fame. Eloquence is not wanting, when it is inspired by a subject truly glorious. This in Cæsar I do not possess. Nevertheless, from the untowardly materials of the oak, I have carved, if not the image of true glory, yet something that bears the resemblance of it; and because some strokes in it were better than those which we have seen, and daily see, they are blamed, at which I am by no means sorry, as, believe me, I should have been, had that letter been forwarded to Cæsar.

Reflect, my friend, how sublime was the genius, how amiable was the modesty of that pupil of Aristotle; but, after being hailed king of the East, he grew haughty, extravagant, and cruel. How then can you imagine that the man, whose statues are carried in procession with those of the gods, and stands under the same roof with that of the father of Rome, can have any agreeable relish for than plain, that modest, letter of mine? Let him blame me for not writing, rather than condemn what I write. In short, he may do as he thinks proper; I am no longer troubled with the doubts and difficulties which I imparted to you. Indeed the desire, which I now feel for the event, whatever it may prove, exceeds the fear which I previously entertained of it.

I should be glad to see you here, unless somewhat of consequence should detain you. Nicias

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cias is earnestly called upon by Dolabella, (for I saw the letter) I was sorry for it, but yet I advised him to go. This I write with my own hand.

EPISTLE XXIX.

WHILE I was asking some indifferent questions of Nicias, concerning men of learning, our conversation fell upon Talna. Nicias said not much in commendation of his talents, but he said that he was a modest, industrious man. There was one thing, however, I did not like. Nicias said that he knew Talna had lately courted Cornificia, the daughter of Quintus Cornificius, an old woman, and one who had been several times married, but that she, and her female relations, did not approve of the match, because they found that his estate did not exceed eight thousand serteces. I thought proper you should know this.

I have received information about the gardens, from your letter, and from Chrysippus. I was no stranger to the inelegance of the house, and I perceive it has received few or no alterations. Chrysippus however praises the large baths, and he says that winter baths may be made of the smaller ones; I must therefore add a small covered

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vered gallery, and though I should make it as large as that I have built at Tusculanum, yet this seat will cost me little more than half of what the other did. As to my design of erecting a temple, nothing can be more proper than the grove which I remember; but when I knew it, it was an unfrequented place, though now I hear it is greatly frequented.

I conjure you, however vain, to indulge me in this passion. Let me but once be paid by Faberius, and never mind the price. I would have you outbid Otho, whom I know too well to believe that he will bid extravagantly; I hear he has suffered so much, that he will be no formidable competitor. Had he money, would he ever bear with what he has borne? But what am I talking? If you get in the debt of Faberius, let us buy them at any rate; if you do not, I shall not be able to buy them at a low rate. We must in that case, apply to Clodia, with whom I am in some hopes to agree, both, because her gardens are far less valuable, and the time of Dolabella's payment is so near, that I can promise her ready money. So much for the gardens. To-morrow I expect yourself, or your excuse. Perhaps you may be employed by Faberius. But come if possible.

EPISTLE

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EPISTLE XXX.

I HAVE sent you back our nephew's letter. How hardened must you be if you do not tremble at the dangers he has incurred. At the same time he blames me in a letter which I would have sent you, had you not sent me yours; for every thing else that regards the campaign is, I believe, the same in both letters. To-day I have dispatched an express to Cumæ, and charged him with your letter to Vestorius, which you delivered to Pharnaces. Just as I had sent Demea to you, Eros arrived here. But there is no other news in the letter he brought, but that the sale will be in two days. After it is over, do you then come as you promise me: I wish you could first finish my transaction with Faberianus. Eros says, that he is not arrived at Rome to-day, but he thinks that he will to-morrow morning. You must pay your court to him; for there can be no guilt in any complaisance of that kind. I hope to see you the day after to-morrow.

I wish you could recover the names of the ten deputies who were sent to Mummius. They are not mentioned by Polybius, I remember Albinus the consular, and Spurius Mummius were

two

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two of them. If I mistake not, Hortensius told me Tutitanus was another. But I perceive, from the Annals of Libo, that Tutitanus was not made Prætor till fourteen years after the consulship of Mummius. This does not tally. I design to compose a discourse held in an assembly of patriot statesmen at Olympia, or some other proper place in the manner of your friend Dicæarchus.

EPISTLE XXXI.

On the morning of the 27th, I received a letter from Demea, dated the day before, by which I ought to expect you to-day or to-morrow; but I believe, though I wish for your coming so soon, I shall be the very person who will prevent it. For though that transaction with Fabrianus is in great forwardness, yet it is not so forward as not to occasion some delay to your setting out. As therefore you have staid so long, you may come at your leisure. I beg you would send me the Treatises of Dicæarchus, which you mention. You may likewise add that upon the Descent.

I have laid aside all farther thoughts of the

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letter[1] I addressed to Cæsar; and yet in it I advised him to the very measure which his friends say he declared in writing, that he would undertake nothing against the Parthians, until he had settled all the affairs of the Roman government. But, at the same time, I left it to himself what course to take. Now you must know that he waits for my opinion, nor will he do any thing till he knows it. Let us, my friend, decline all considerations of that kind; let us be, at least, half free, which we can be only by silence and retirement.

But you will, as you write me, negociate with Otho. My dearest friend, finish that affair. For I can

[1] It is pity that this letter has not come to our hands; for, in the manner our author talks of it, it must have done great honour to his memory. Meanwhile I cannot help thinking there is a great deal of grimace in his apprehensions from Cæsar, who was too great a man, and had too great a superiority of genius to take any thing amiss, that our author could say. Cicero however had great management to observe towards Cæsar's friends and ministers, and so had Atticus, which was the true reason why they durst not send that letter to Cæsar, without their participation. There might be many things in it which Cæsar might be fond of, (and indeed I believe our author knew, and thought so) and yet be extremely distasteful to the great men who acted under Cæsar. Meanwhile, if the orations, which our author, about this time, pronounced before Cæsar, are the very same with those which have come to our hands, we have full proofs of the noble indulgence which Cæsar gave to his eloquence, and that it was not Cæsar, but his ministers whom Cicero dreaded.

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I can find no other place where I can keep myself retired from the public, and, at the same time, enjoy your company. Now my scheme, as to the payment for that seat, is as follows. Caius Albanius, has bought of Marcus Pilius, a certain number[1] of acres, for which he is to pay him one hundred and fifteen thousand serteces, to the best of my remembrance; though, you know, that the price of every thing is now greatly fallen. But I have a strong desire for the place, nor do I think, I shall have any body to bid against me for it, excepting Otho. But, perhaps, you may be able to make some impression upon him, especially if you can get Canus to second you. What a stupid cormorant he is! He is a disgrace to his family[2]. But write me an answer when you think proper.

EPISTLE

[1] The reading here is very uncertain in the original. I have, therefore, as the matter is of little consequence, kept an indefinite number of acres.

[2] *Orig. Putet me patris.* The reader must perceive how extremely uncertain Cicero's meaning is here. I have given it the most probable turn I could. He probably either meant to say, Does he think, that my passion as a father, for having this temple erected, will carry me so far as to gratify Otho at any rate, or to bid extravagantly for the estate; or does he think, that my passion as a father, for my son who has run into extravagant expences at Athens, has disabled me from buying it?

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EPISTLE XXXII.

THIS day I have received from you a second letter. I am unwilling, therefore, to send you in return only one. Do you deal with Faberius, as you mention in yours. All my hopes depend upon that transaction, and (believe me in this as in every thing else) it never otherwise would have entered into my head. Continue, therefore, your earnestness, which I know, cannot be exceeded. Press him by all possible means to come to a conclusion. I beg you will send me the two Treatises of Dicæarchus concerning the soul, and that upon the descent into the cave of Trophonius. His dissertation under the title of *Tripoliticon*[1] I cannot find; nor am I able to meet with the letter which he addressed to Aristoxenes[2]. I should be extremely glad to have those three books at present, because they suit well with my intention. My Torquatus is at Rome, and I have ordered it to be delivered to you. If I mistake not, I sent you before my Catulus.

[1] *Orig.* Τριπολιτικον. This treatise is quoted by Athenæus, and I suppose, received its name from his treating of three states, *viz.* those of Athens, Corinth, and Pellene.

[2] He was a very voluminous author, and a disciple of Aristotle, whom he followed in not believing the soul to be immortal.

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Catulus and Lucullus. I have prefaced them a-new, with a panegyric upon these two great men. These prefaces, with other additions, I have ordered to be delivered to you.

I perceive you misapprehend what I wrote to you concerning the ten deputies, because, perhaps, I wrote it in characters[1]. My inquiry was concerning Caius Tuditanus, who, as I was told by Hortensius, was among the ten deputies. Now, I perceive by the annals of Libo, that he was prætor under the consulate of Publius Popilius, and Publius Rupilius. My difficulty is, whether he could have been a deputy fourteen years before he was prætor, unless, which I cannot suppose, that he was very old when he was made questor[2]. For, I perceive that he readily obtained the curule magistacies in the years appointed by law. As to Postumius, whose statue you say, you remember in the Isthmus of Corinth, I know he was one of the ten deputies. He is the same who was consul with Lucullus, whom you proposed as a proper person to take a part

[1] *Orig.* Δια σημειων. *Per notas* From this, and many other passages of antiquity, it appears, that the practice of writing in short-hand was common in the days of our author; and under the Emperors it was brought to great perfection.

[2] Our author cannot imagine, that this Tuditanus should be an old man when he first was made questor, which was the lowest of all public offices, as he went through all the higher offices with such dispatch and regularity.

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a part in my dialogues. Find out some others if possible, that the respectability of the speakers may contribute to the credit of the work.

EPISTLE XXXIII.

WHAT amazing negligence! Can you imagine that Balbus and Faberius did not often tell me, that the declaration had been made[1]? I even sent one at their request (for they said it was proper) to make it, and it was made by our freedman Philotimus. If I mistake not, you are acquainted with the clerk. Whether you are or not, write to him, and let him forthwith engross the deed. I have written to Faberius, in the terms you desire. I suppose that you have concluded upon something with Balbus to-day in the capitol. I am under no restraint with regard to Virgilius[2]. Surely I am far from being under

[1] *Orig. Professionem relatam.* This refers to a declaration which every Roman was obliged to get before the prætor, of the increase of his estate, since the last general Census or survey of the people, at which time he was obliged to make a declaration of all he was worth.

[2] Our author seems to have been sometimes very pliable in his principles of patriotism. Nothing was more common for him than to exclaim in the most bitter manner against those who bought estates confiscated by a conqueror, and yet, he could buy this estate of Virgilius, which was confiscated for his adherence

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under any obligations to him, and should I buy his share of the gardens, how can he be at any oss[1]? But let us take care, that he does not act the part of a Cælius in Africa[2]. You will talk concerning that debt with Cispius; but if Plancus has an eye upon the effects, the transaction will be attended with difficulties. I am as impatient as you are for your coming hither. But that affair must be by no means neglected. You tell me, that it is possible to prevail with Otho, which gives me great satisfaction. When we begin to treat, we shall then think of the valuation[3], though he wrote nothing to me, but concerning the quality of the land he wanted. Endeavour to come to a conclusion with Piso if possible. I have

adherence to his country's interest, without any scruple. By this purchase he stood in the place of Virgilius, who was one of the coheirs of Scapula, and he was thereby at liberty to bid for the gardens. It is true, this Virgilius was governor of Sicily during our author's banishment, and was far from being complaisant to him at that time. But still, one should think, that the principles of patriotism might have got the better of any private resentment or affection.

[1] Because, if he obtained his pardon, he would have a title to the purchase-money, which, however, was generally far below the value of the purchase.

[2] This is the Cælius whom our author mentions in the twelfth letters of the tenth book, who made a stand in the Marian interest, and obtained his terms.

[3] Probably Otho was willing to give over thoughts of the purchase, provided our author, would sell him part of his estate, which was to be valued.

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I have received the treatise of Dicæarchus, and I look for his descent into the cave of Trophonius.

If you employ a proper hand, he will find what I want to know in the register of the senate's resolutions, under the consulate of Cnæus Cornelius and Lucius Mummius. With regard to Tuditanus, your opinion is very plausible[1]. Hortensius would not without good grounds, have affirmed, that he was at Corinth, and if so, he must have then been a questor, or a military tribune. You may come at the truth by Antiochus. Inform yourself likewise, in what year he was a questor, or a military tribune. If neither of those answers with the year, whether he did not serve amongst the prefects, or amongst the volunteers, provided he served at all in that war.

As I was going to speak of Varro, he comes in like the wolf in the fable. He is just arrived here, and at an hour that required my keeping him all night. But my entreaties to make him stay, were not so pressing as to tear his robe. For I remember your manner; besides, he had a great deal of company along with him, and I was not prepared for their entertainment. But this is immaterial. Soon after, Caius Capito arrived

[1] *Orig. Contubernalibus.* They were young gentlemen of fortune and family, who served under generals of reputation, and were treated pretty much upon the same footing as our volunteers of distinction.

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rived with Titus Carrinas, and I but just touched their garment, when they consented to stay, which happened luckily enough. But by accident Capito talked about the project of enlarging the city; he said, that the Tiber was to be turned from the Milvian bridge, and to run by the foot of the Vatican mountain; that the Campus Martius was to be enclosed and built upon within the walls, and that the Vatican field was to supply its place. What, said I, is your opinion? Am I safe to buy the gardens of Scapula? Take care, answered he, what you do in that, the law will certainly pass, for Cæsar is much for it. I was glad to receive this intelligence, but should be sorry were the thing carried into execution. But what is your opinion? But why should I ask that? For you know, that Capito does not yield even to Camillus himself, in hunting after news.

Upon the whole, you will make me certain as to the transaction of the 15th, for it is that which carries me to Rome. It is true, I have other business, but I could easily put that off for a day or two. Meantime, I would not have you fatigue yourself by the journey, and I excuse Dionysius likewise. As to what you write concerning Brutus, I have left him entirely at liberty in regard to me, for I wrote to him yesterday, being the 15th of May, that I should have no occasion for his attendance.

EPISTLE

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EPISTLE XXXIV.

I RESTED for three hours at Lanuvium, to avoid the excessive heat, so that I did not come to Astura till the 23d. If it is not too much trouble to you, I beg you would so contrive, as not to render it necessary for me to come to Rome before the 7th of next month. You may bring this about by the means of Egnatius Maximus. I beg of you above all things, to finish the affair with Publilius[1] before my arrival, and write me what the world say concerning it; since it is become a subject of public notice. This indeed I did not expect: for it is now an old story. Alas! in what I write, I only mean to fill up this page. Why should I say any more? For I am to see you in person, unless you give me a farther leave of absence. It was with that view, that I have written to you concerning the sale of the gardens.

EPISTLE

[1] He was brother to his last wife, and this probably related to our author's divorce.

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EPISTLE XXXV.

How scandalous is it, that your countryman[1] is upon enlarging the walls of Rome, though he saw it for the first time but two years ago. Does he then think it too little, when it is large enough to contain even him. I therefore, expect a letter from you upon the subject. You write me, that you will give my books to Varro, as soon as he shall arrive. If so, they are delivered by this time, and now you cannot retract. Alas! you know not to what danger you have exposed yourself. But, perhaps, my letter on that head has kept you back; though, when you wrote your last, you had not received it. I therefore, am impatient to know how that affair will turn out.

EPISTLE XXXVI.

When you tell me of the affection Brutus has for me, and of your conversation together, you tell me nothing that is new. I have heard the same thing often, but the oftener I hear it, I hear it

[1] *Orig. Gentilis tuus.* He probably was a Greek; for our author often jokes Atticus with being a Greek from his great affection to that country.

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it with the greater pleasure, and that too is augmented by the satisfaction which it gives you; and I am the more sure not to be mistaken, since I have my information from yourself.

EPISTLE XXXVII.

THIS is my second letter to-day. With regard to the debt due to you by Xeno, and the forty thousand serteces, which lie for you in Epirus, nothing can happen more conveniently and fitly than what you write. The younger Balbus mentioned the thing to me in the very same manner you do. I have no news whatever but that Hirtius is a strenuous champion for me against my nephew Quintus, who rails against me on all occcasions, and especially at entertainments. When he is tired of abusing me, he then falls upon his father; but he says nothing so specious as that both of us are irreconcileable to Cæsar, who, he says, ought not to trust us, and that he ought to be on his guard especially against me (this might have dreadful consequences with regard to me, did I not know that the tyrant thinks I have no spirit left) and that I act cruelly to my son.—But let him talk as he pleases.—

I am glad that I gave to Lepta my panegyric upon

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upon Porcia[1] before I received your letter. If you love me, you will take care, if it is sent at all to Brutus and Domitius, that it be the very same as it goes out of my hands. I beg you will daily inform me concerning the gladiators, and other subjects of public conversation. If you think proper, I wish you would talk to Balbus and Offilius, about advertising that sale. I have myself spoken to Balbus, and he has consented to it. I suppose, Offilius has a catalogue of all the effects, as well as Balbus. But Balbus was for having the sale to be within a day or two, and at Rome. If Cæsar should not come so soon, it may be put off for some time. But it is probable that he will arrive immediately. You will therefore think of all this. Vestorius is of the same opinion with me.

EPISTLE XXXVIII.

I SCRIBBLED I know not what to you before daybreak by the same lamp, and with the same pen with

[1] She was the sister of Cato, and the mother of Domitius Ænobarbus. Those panegyrics upon old ladies, which were common in Rome, answered pretty much to our funeral sermons. That mentioned here never was pronounced, and is now lost.

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with which I was writing against the Epicureans[1], and I sent it off before it was light. Afterwards, falling asleep again, and waking with the sun, I received a letter from your nephew, which I have sent to you. The beginning of it, is highly insulting, though perhaps he intended no insult. For he says, "I do not approve, that any thing unhandsome should be said of you," meaning, that though a great many unhandsome things may be said of me, yet, that he was against their being said. Can any thing be more unbecoming[2] than this? But I have sent for the letter, that you might read the whole of it. You may perceive[3], that he was moved by the daily and repeated encomiums which Brutus made upon me, and of which many people have given me information, and this made him write to me, as I suppose he has to you. If he has, you will let me know what it is. I know not what he has written to his father, but you shall hear how respectfully he writes to

[1] He was then composing his Tusculan questions.

[2] Perhaps the reader may think with me, that our author is a little too sore upon this occasion; for indeed, I can see nothing in the passage here quoted, that ought to give him so much offence.

[3] I read the whole of this passage as follows, *Jam cætera leges, misi enim ad te; judicabisque, Bruti nostri quotidianis assiduisque laudibus, quas ab eo de nobis haberi permulti mihi renuntiaverunt, commotum istum aliquando, scripsisse aliquid ad me: credo et ad te.*

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to his mother. "I wanted, says he, that you should hire me a house, that I might be the oftener with you, and I wrote you so much, but you took no notice of it; we therefore can have very little of one another's company; for I cannot bear that house of yours, you know for what reason. Now my brother says, that the reason he hints at here is his hatred to his mother.

Now, my dearest friend, assist me with your advice; whether I ought to attack this fellow *from the high and open walls of justice*, or meet him in the crooked paths of disguise. For to use the words of Pindar. "I am divided whether or not to express the real truth[1]. The former is most agreeable to my inclination, but the latter, perhaps, is better suited to my circumstances. You may depend upon my agreeing with your advice be it what it will. I am extremely afraid lest he should surprise me at Tusculanum. Were I at Rome, I could manage better. Then ought not I to go to Astura? But what if Cæsar should arrive suddenly. I beg you will assist me with your counsel. I will do whatever you shall think proper.

EPISTLE

[1] The passage in Pindar, to which Cicero alludes is lost. But it appears to be the same with that quoted by Plato de Repub. Lib. ii. though in a different sense. ποτερον δικας τειχος υψιον η σκολιας ιαπατας διχα μοι νοος ατρεκειαν ειπειν.

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EPISTLE XXXIX.

WHAT an arrogant fellow your nephew is! He writes to his father in very dutiful terms, that he must leave his house on account of his mother. The old man gives way, and says, that his son has reason to hate his mother. But I will follow your advice. For I see you are for temporizing measures. I will as you advise me, come to Rome, but even, that will be against my inclination, for I am extremely busy in writing. You will say, that I shall see Brutus at the same time. But that would be no motive for me, were it not for another reason. I do not like the quarter from whence he has come[1]. He has not been long away, nor has he written to me any letter. I am, however impatient to know what success he has had, upon the whole in his journey. I beg that you will send me the books which I wrote for to you before, and especially the remarks upon Plato's Phædrus, and the lives of the illustrious men of Greece[2].

EPISTLE

[1] Meaning from Cæsar.

[2] *Orig.* Φαιδρε περισσων, ϗ Ελλαδος. This I have translated upon conjecture, for the original is corrupted.

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EPISTLE XI.

DOES Brutus then say, that Cæsar brings good news for our patriots? but where can he find them unless he hangs himself, and follows them into the other world? for his power is too well established in this. Where, where is now your fine device which I saw hanging in your cabinet[1] I mean, an Ahala and a Brutus in one piece. But what can he do? It happens luckily, that even the author of all the scandalous things our nephew has done, has no good opinion of him. I was afraid, lest Brutus himself should have fallen in love with him, for he intimated so much in the letters he wrote in answer to mine. I should have been glad to have heard something of their conversation. But as you write to me, we will talk of this at meeting. But what will you advise me to? Am I to go instantly to Rome, or am I to stay here? I am, indeed, extremely fond of my studies

[1] *Orig. Parthenon.* This probably signifies a maiden apartment, and perhaps was so called by Atticus, because only a very few choice relations or friends got admittance into it. The Servilius Ahala, here mentioned was an ancestor of Brutus by the mother's side, and was famous for killing Spurius Melius. By the hint which our author gives us in this passage, it is plain, that the greatest men of Rome looked upon Brutus, as the deliverer of his country.

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dies, and I am unwilling to receive that fellow here. I hear his father meets him to-day at the Acronoman stones. You cannot conceive in what a passion he went. It is true, I reproved him for it. I myself am in suspense; I must therefore take time to consider. Meanwhile, do you consult with yourself, and let me know your opinion about my going to Rome; and if you can have any insight of the other matters by to-morrow, let me know early next day.

EPISTLE XLI.

I HAVE actually sent off to my brother, the letter addressed to your sister, upon his complaining of the variance between his wife and son, which he said would oblige him to leave his own house to the latter. I have acquainted him, that he has written a civil letter to his mother, but none to you. My brother seemed to be surprised at the first part of this intelligence, but with regard to his omitting to write to you, he took that blame upon himself, because he had often in his letters to his son, complained bitterly of your having treated him ill. When he intimated, that his resentment was now cooled (and after reading your letter[1] advising to temporize) I told him, that

[1] Monsieur Mongault has certainly misunderstood this passage,

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that I should show as little resentment as he. We then talked of Cana, and should that marriage be adviseable, it must necessarily be brought about by lenient measures. But as you advise, we must still have regard to our own characters and importance, and we ought to act entirely in concert together; though indeed, his treatment of me has been more disrespectful, and is doubtless more notorious. If Brutus, however, brings us any new light, there can be no manner of doubt of our following those measures. But we shall talk farther at meeting, for the affair is weighty and delicate. I therefore, unless you can for some time longer dispense with my absence, will set out to-morrow.

EPISTLE

sage, by its not being properly pointed in the printed editions. The original according to my pointing is, *Ego ei, tuis litteris lectis, σχολιας απατας, (versatæ fraudis) significavi me non fore.* And he translates it, *Je lui ai dit que depuis que j'ai recu la lattre ou vous me conseillez de menager notre neveu, je ne serois pas plus en colere que lui.* But this never can be Cicero's meaning; for it is plain, from the tenor of all the former letters between him and Atticus upon this head, and even from the letter before us, that there was no good understanding between Quintus and Atticus, and that our author did not make his brother his confident in what passed between Atticus and himself. It is plain, that they looked upon Quintus to have great weaknesses, with regard to his son, and that he was a worthless young fellow. But at the same time, as he was so much in favour with Cæsar, and as they had a great match in view for him, they thought it proper to humour him.

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EPISTLE XLII.

THE young man our nephew, has been with me in great dejection. Why so grave, said I? Need you to ask that, answered he, since I am immediately to set out, and that too for a campaign [1] as dangerous as it must be disgraceful to me.

[1] Monsieur Mongault for some plausible reasons, thinks the campaign here mentioned to have been that against Pompey's sons in Spain, and not as is commonly thought, the intended war against the Parthians. He observes, that it must have been written towards the latter end of December, in the year of Rome 707, at which time of the year, Cæsar actually set out upon the campaign against Pompey's sons, whereas the Parthian expedition was not to take place before the months of April or May in the year 709. In the next place, that Cicero speaks here of the differences betweeen the mother and the son, as being a new matter; whereas, it had made a great noise after the Spanish war was finished. Lastly, he observes, that if the war mentioned here is that against Pompey's children, the expression of the younger Cicero is entirely conformable to the sentiments of Cicero and all his family, who thought it disgraceful to serve against Pompey and the Republicans. For those reasons, he concludes that this letter ought to stand before almost all the letters of the twelfth and thirteenth books. But after all I cannot easily be of this learned gentleman's opinion. For in the first place, this letter might very well be written in the end of December 708, because, though Cæsar did not himself purpose to set out to the Parthian war, till the beginning of April following; yet three months was a time short

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me. And pray, said I, are you under any necessity to do this? Yes, replied he, I am in debt, and I have not money to defray my journey to the camp. On this occasion I borrowed a little of your eloquence by holding my tongue. But, continued he, my uncle gives me the greatest

short enough for the other officers to put themselves in readiness for their march from Rome to the place of rendezvous. This is confirmed by a passage in Appian, lib. ii. de Bel. Civ. who tells us, that Cæsar in the winter of the year of Rome 708, or rather in the beginning of the year 709, sent across the Adriatic sea, sixteen legions of foot, and ten thousand horse for the Parthian war. Supposing therefore, as we may reasonably do, that the younger Cicero was ordered to this service, there can be no absurdity in his holding the conversation repeated here with his uncle in the end of December 708, especially as in all probability he was not within less than three or four weeks of his departure, since we perceive, he purposed to celebrate his marriage before he went abroad. As to Monsieur Mongault's second reason, I think, the fact is against him; for I can perceive nothing in this letter that supposes the differences between the son and the mother, to have been of a late standing, but rather the contrary; besides, in fact, the younger Cicero cannot well be supposed before the campaign in Spain, to have contracted so much debt as he is represented to have done here; for he was not, even at this time, above two and twenty years of age at most. As to his last conjecture of the conformity of the younger Cicero's sentiments with those of his family, our author does not give us the least intimation that the young gentleman had any scruple on that account. Nay, he was so far from having any, that he was very forward in embracing Cæsar's cause, and even outstript his father in his zeal. Upon the whole, I have not ventured to alter the place of this letter.

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est pain.—How so, said I?—Because, replies he, he is angry with me—Then why do you suffer him to be so? for I choose to talk to him in that strain, rather than say, "Why do you give him cause?" I will not suffer him, answered he, for I will take from him all ground of resentment. In that, said I, you will do quite right. But, if it is not disagreeable to you, I should be glad to know what those grounds are?—Because, replies he, when I hesitated concerning my marriage, I disobliged my mother, and, of course, my uncle. At present, every thing of that kind, is indifferent to me, and I will do as they would have me. I wish you, continued I, all happiness in the match, and I think you are very much in the right to comply. But when is it to be?—Why, said he, as I am determined upon the match, all times are alike to me. Then, I suppose, concluded I, you will finish it before you set out, and you will thereby give satisfaction to your father likewise. With all my heart, replied he. And here our conversation ended.

But!—I had almost forgotten—Do you know, that the 3rd of January is my birth-day, I therefore, expect your company. As I am writing this, behold I receive a message from Lepidus, entreating me to come to Rome. I suppose, they have not a sufficient number of augurs for the

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the consecration of the temple[1], I shall then have the pleasure of meeting with you.

EPISTLE XLIII.

I WILL take the liberty of deferring my absence one day longer, and you have been very obliging in intimating the same to me, at a time when I did not look for it, for your letter seems to have been written just after the plays were over. It is true, I have some necessary business at Rome; but it may be done two days hence.

EPISTLE

[1] Monsieur Mongault looks upon the Greek expression that follows here to be irrecoverable to any sense, and in this I agree with him. But he seems to suppose that the temple, here mentioned, the dedication of which, required a certain number of augurs, at least three, to be present, to have been either the temple of Mars, or of Venus, both which were built by Cæsar. But I must observe that Plutarch, in the life of Cæsar and Appian, de Bel. Civ. lib. ii. inform us, that there was a temple built, at this time, by the public, dedicated to Clemency, in which the statues of Cæsar and Clemency were erected as joining hands together. As this temple was built by a decree of the senate, after the Spanish war was finished, it confirms my conjecture in the preceding note.

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EPISTLE XLIV.

YOUR letter gave me pleasure, but the procession grieved me. My grief however was alleviated by some circumstances, such as that of Cotta [1]. As to the people, they acted nobly in giving no applause even to victory herself, while she was coupled to such a companion. Brutus has been with me, and he is earnest that I should address somewhat

[1] We are in the dark as to this circumstance. Monsieur Mongault, upon the supposition that this letter was written before Cæsar's return from Spain, thinks that this passage cannot relate to Cotta (who was one of the commissaries for keeping the Sibylline books) intending to make a motion in the senate, for declaring Cæsar king, because the Sibylline oracles had declared the Parthians could not be subdued but by a king; "for, says that translator, the report of making Cæsar a king did not rise till long after this letter was written." Notwithstanding this gentleman's opinion, it is certain that the Parthian expedition was talked of even before Cæsar set out for the Spanish war, and his creatures, for some months before his death, had been hinting at the expediency of making him king. But they were always discouraged by the people. Appian, de Bel. Civ. lib. ii. tells us that immediately upon his return from Spain, "some people were for making him king;" nor can I find either by Plutarch or Appian, or the best authorities, that the extravagant honours, mentioned in this letter, were paid to Cæsar, till after the battle of Cordova, when the republican party was entirely destroyed.

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somewhat to Cæsar. I promised to do it, but let him look upon his arrogance[1].

Meanwhile, have you ventured to present my work to Varro?—I long to know his sentiments of it.—But he must first read it—and when will that be? I approve of your indulgence to Attica. The very exhibition itself, as well as the ideas of religion and reverence which it raises, gratifies the imagination; and so far it is right. I beg that you will send me the works of Cotta. I have those of Libo here, and I had Casca's book before[2]. Brutus has informed me, from Titus Ligarius, that I was mistaken in making mention of Lucius Curfidius in my oration for Ligarius, but this was no more than a slip of the memory. I knew that Curfidius was intimate with the Ligarian family, but I perceive that he was dead before I spoke that oration. You will therefore take care that the transcribers Pharnaces, Anteus and Salvius, erase his name out of all their copies.

EPISTLE

[1] Meaning that all the compliments he could pay, must be insipid after the extravagant flatteries of the senate.

[2] These three gentlemen had composed books which bore their several names.

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EPISTLE XLV.

LAMIA was with me after your departure, and shewed me a letter that Cæsar had sent him. It was indeed of an older date than that which Cæsar wrote by Diochares[1], but it positively intimated that he would be at Rome before the celebration of the Roman plays. Towards the close of his letters, he orders him[2] to take care that every thing be in readiness for the exhibition of the plays, and he charges him to take care that he might not be disappointed after the dispatch he had made to come to Rome. In short, from those letters, there can, I think, be no manner of doubt of his being at Rome before that time, and Lamia told me that when Balbus read that letter, he was of the same opinion.

I see I have got a farther leave of absence for a few days. Pray let me know for how many? You can know it from Bæbius, and from your other neighbour Egnatius. You advise me to employ those days in my philosophical compositions. This I would most cheerfully do[3], but you

[1] He was a favourite freedman belonging to Cæsar.

[2] Lamia was one of the Ædiles to whom the charge of those exhibitions were committed. They began the 4th of September, and continued for nine days, and they were celebrated in honour of Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva.

[3] *Orig. Currentem tu quidem.*

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you perceive that I must spend them with Dolabella. And yet unless I had been employed in the business of Torquatus, that interval would be sufficient for making an excursion to Puteoli, and returning to the time. Lamia, it seems, was informed by Balbus, that there was, in the house[1], a large sum of money, which must immediately be divided; that there was likewise a great quantity of plate, besides lands, all which must be sold off at auction by the first opportunity. Let me know your opinion upon this matter. For my own part, were I to look through all mankind, I think I could not pitch upon a more active, faithful, and affectionate agent, than Vestorius is. I have written to him in a very exact manner, and I suppose you have done the same. This I take to be sufficient, but what is your opinion? For there is one thing only that gives me concern, which is, lest I should be thought to neglect my own interest. I therefore look for letters from you.

EPISTLE

[1] Monsieur Mongault takes no notice of this passage, though it is a pretty obscure one. From comparing it with other passages, it appears, that Brennius had left his estate to our author, and others, and that upon taking an inventory of his effects, the particulars here mentioned were discovered.

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EPISTLE XLVI.

POLLEX, according to his promise to return by the 13th of August, came to me at Lanuvium upon the 12th. But this same Pollex is no conjurer[1]. You may therefore inform yourself from him. I have talked with Balbus, for Lepta, who is extremly anxious about his wine affair[2], carried me to him. He was in that house at Lanuvium, which he made over to Lepidus. He first accosted me thus: "I have just received a letter in which Cæsar is very positive, that he will be at Rome before the Roman plays begin." The letter I read. He says a great deal in it concerning my Cato; particularly, that by frequently reading it, he has enriched his own stile; but that when he read the Cato of Brutus, he thought himself eloquent[3].

From

[1] *Orig. Sed Pollex plane non index.* He is a thumb, not a forefinger. It is impossible to preserve this pun in English. It is sufficient to inform the reader, that the forefinger was termed Index from its being made use of in demonstrating mathematical and other propositions.

[2] The plays and entertainments which Cæsar exhibited about this time, are very famous in history; and the affair mentioned here, probably related to a commission which he was soliciting from Cæsar to become one of his wine purveyors for the feast he gave to the people.

[3] *Orig. Multa de meo Catone, quo sæpissime legendo se dicit copiosiorem*

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From him I first understood (how negligent was it in Vestorius not to inform me!) that the administration to the will of Cluvius, might be done by an attorney in presence of witnesses, and any time within the sixty days. I am afraid that Vestorius will have difficulties in administering.

copiosiorem factum: Bruti Catone lecto se sibi visum disertum. Monsieur Mongault, I am afraid, has not sufficiently attended to this passage. He translates it, *Il dit qu'en le lisant souvent son style en devient plus riche; et que lors qu'il avoit lu le Caton de Brutus, il s'étoit trové éloquent.* It is true, this translation, in the main, is the same with mine. But he does not observe the sarcastic turn of the passage. Brutus was, at that time, a young man of great parts and spirit, and the republican party had conceived the highest expectations from his virtues. Being a professed Stoic, he thought it did not become him to disguise his sentiments either of men or things; and we see, in the course of these Epistles, a certain secret malevolence which our author all along bears him for the freedom with which he spoke and wrote. It is true, they came afterwards to have great connexions together; but that was because Cicero could not longer help perceiving the exalted character of Brutus, and the world would think the worse of him, if Brutus was not his friend. But even this consideration was not sufficient for him to suffer Brutus to come in competition with him, for the palm of eloquence or composition. Both of them had written upon the same subject, viz. in praise of Cato, and Cæsar, who was one of the greatest judges in the world, had read both. But our author would not have reported his opinion to Atticus, in the manner he does, had he not thought that it contained a real compliment to himself at the expence of Brutus; as if Cæsar had said, The stile of Cicero enriches my own; but when I read the work of Brutus, I think myself an eloquent man, viz. in comparison of Brutus.

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tering[1]. I am now to send off an express for him to administer for me, and Pollex returns to him for that purpose. Balbus was very obliging when I talked to him concerning the gardens of Cluvius, for he said he would instantly write to Cæsar[2]. He told me likewise, that Cluvius had burthened the share of Titus Hordonius, with a legacy of fifty thousand serteces, to Terentia, a tomb, and many other particulars, but that he had not burthened mine with a farthing; I beg that you will charge Vestorius with this neglect. How can he be excused? Never to inform me, though my domestics were always going between us, of a matter which Balbus learned distinctly from the slaves of the perfumer Plotius, a long time ago. I am sorry for the loss of Cossinius: I loved the man. I will assign the remainder of the money to Quintus, if there should be any remaining after my debts and purchases are paid. When I have done that, it is my opinion, that I must

[1] *Orig. Metuebam ne ille arcendus esset.* This may either relate to the time for accepting the administration being almost expired, or to some scruples which Vestorius might have as to the value of the effects, and that part of the estate which was devised to him; or it may be translated, "I am afraid that I must press Vestorius to accept of the administration." If we read with some old manuscripts *Ne arcessendus,* it signifies, that he must send to talk with him.

[2] Who was one of the coheirs in the succession to Cluvius, and Balbus was his agent.

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must borrow money myself. I know nothing concerning the house at Arpinum—But hold.—

Vestorius is not to blame. For after this letter was sealed up, my express arrived from him in the night time with very full letters from him on the subject, and with a copy of the will.

EPISTLE XLVII.

After Agamemnon[1] hinted to me on your part, not that I should come to Rome, as I would have done, had it not been for the affair of Torquatus, but that I should write to you, I instantly dropped all other business I was about, that I might execute your commands. I beg that you will receive from Pollex an account of the disbursements I have made; for it would be dishonourable to suffer my son, whatever may have been his behaviour, to be in want for this first year. Afterwards I will manage more frugally. Pollex must be dispatched back to Puteoli, that Vestorius may administer for me. For my own part, it is impossible for me to go thither, both for the reasons I have mentioned to you, and because Cæsar is in the neighbourhood.

Dolabella writes me word, that he will be with me by the 14th. The master of the horse, (and

[1] He was a slave or freedman of Atticus.

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(and a troublesome master he is to me) last night wrote to me from Antium[1], where he is in the house I sold to him. He is very earnest that I should assist in the senate the first of next month, and he says, that both Cæsar and he would take it as the greatest favour. I suppose, had there been any thing to do, Oppius, as Balbus is indisposed, would have mentioned it to you. But I shall choose to lose the trouble of my journey, rather than be absent, if there should be occasion for my presence, the consequences of

[1] The whole of this passage runs thus in the original, *Dolabella scribit se ad me postridie idus, O magistrum molestum! Lepidus ad me heri vesperi litteras misit Antio.* Monsieur Mongault has chosen to refer the expression, *O magistrum molestum* to Dolabella, because Cicero in another Epistle says that he taught Hirtius and Dolabella to speak, and they taught him to eat; but I have chosen rather to refer it to Lepidus, who was then master of the horse to Cæsar. Monsieur Mongault might have produced another passage more to his purpose, viz. in Epistle 7. Lib. 9. Fam. Epist. where speaking of Dolabella he calls him *magister*, or instructor, as to the manner in which he was to behave to Cæsar. But as the word *magister* is thus indifferently applied, I cannot easily believe, that in this place it means Dolabella. Besides, it would have been highly improper for our author to have applied that expression to him, without previously acquainting, or hinting to, Atticus the reason for his calling him so, which we do not find he does in any of the preceding letters. But with regard to Lepidus, the reason is obvious, viz. because we find him perpetually teasing Cicero to leave his beloved retirement, and come to Rome, not to mention the patness of the pun in this place, and on such an occasion.

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of which might be disagreeable to me hereafter. To-day, therefore, I set out from Antium, so as to reach Rome to-morrow in the forenoon. I expect a visit from you and Pilia, if you are not already engaged by the last of this month. I hope you have finished the affair with Publilius. For my own part, after the first of next month, I will hasten back to Tusculanum; for I choose that all business with those people should be settled in my absence. I have sent you my brother's letter, which is not a very civil answer to mine, but, his apology may, I suppose, appear to you satisfactory. You are the best judge.

EPISTLE XLVIII.

It was yesterday rumoured that you talked of coming to Tusculanum. I heartily wish, my friend, that you would, could it be consistent with your engagements. Lepta begs me to hasten to him, if he should have occasion for my assistance, now that Babullius is dead, who, if I mistake not, has left Cæsar his heir for a twelfth. That, however, is not so certain, as that he has left Lepta his heir for a third. He fears, though there is no ground for his apprehension, that he will not be allowed to appropriate the inheritance. Should he require me, I will hasten to support him, otherwise I will not stir before there

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is occasion. Dispatch Pollex back to me as soon as possible. I have sent you a corrected copy of my panegyric upon Portia, which I have been the more expeditious in finishing, that it may be the copy that shall be sent if any is sent, either to her son Domitius, or to Brutus. I earnestly beg, if it is not too much trouble, that you will take care of this affair, and that you will send me the panegyrics of Marcus Varro, and of Lollius[1], (but by all means, that of Lollius, for I have read the other) upon the same subject. I am inclined however, to reperuse that of Varro, for I read it so cursorily, that many things may have escaped me.

EPISTLE XLIX.

My compliments in the first place to Attica, who, I suppose, is in the country, and likewise my compliments to Pilia. Let me know if you have heard any thing lately concerning Tigellius[2]. For, as Gallus Fabius writes to me, he charges

[1] This was the noble Roman to whom Horace has addressed two of his Epistles.

[2] He was the famous musician mentioned by Horace, and though a worthless whimsical fellow, yet he had ingratiated himself so with Cæsar and his court, that he was looked upon as a man of some importance.

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charges me with having betrayed Phameas[1], after I had undertaken to plead his cause. It is true, I was far from being fond of undertaking it against the sons of Cnæus Octavius[2], and at the same time, I was under obligations to Phameas; for if you remember, when I stood for the consulship, he made me by you, a tender of his services. It is true, I had no occasion for them, but I look upon the obligation to be the same as if I had.

Now Phameas came to tell me, that by the appointment of the judges, his affair came on that very day, when by the Pompeian law, the cause of our friend Sestius was necessarily to be tried, and you know, that the rules for days by that law are not to be altered. My answer was, that he was no stranger to my obligations to Sestius, but let him pitch upon any other day he pleased, I would serve him; upon which, he went away in a passion, as, I believe, I told you when we were together. I cannot say that this gave me any great pain, nor did I think, that I had the least reason to be concerned at the groundless resentment of a man to whom I was almost a stranger. I acquainted Gallus, however, next time I came to Rome, with what I had heard, but

[1] He was grandfather to Tigellius.

[2] He was consul in the year of Rome 677, but he was of a different family from Octavius the father of Augustus Cæsar.

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but without naming the younger Balbus. Gallus, according to his letters, executed the commission I gave him, and he tells me, that Tigellius said, I suspected him, because my conscience told me, I had betrayed Phameas.

All that I have now to recommend to you is, if possible, to elicit his opinion of my nephew, and not to betray any anxiety about me. There are some, of whom it is no less pleasant to express one's hatred without restraint, than it is to be free from obligation to all others. And yet, as you well observe, those fellows are more respectful to me, if indeed attention be a mark of respect, than I to them.

EPISTLE L.

You having advised me in several of your letters, to write in a fuller manner to Cæsar, and Balbus having lately acquainted me at Lanuvium of a letter sent by him and Oppius to Cæsar, informing him, that I had read his book against Cato, and greatly admired it; I have written to Cæsar a letter upon the same subject, which I sent to Dolabella under cover to Oppius and Balbus, with a copy of the same, desiring them not to send the original to Dolabella, unless they approved of the copy. Their answer to this was, that they never read any thing that pleased them

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them better, and that they had forwarded the original to Dolabella.

Vestorius has written to me, that I should send him by his slave, a power of attorney for my part of the succession, to authorize him to sell one of the farms of Brinnius to one Heterius, so that he may transact the affair while he is at Puteoli. As that slave comes hither by the way of Rome, and as Vestorius, I suppose, has written by him to you, I beg that you would dispatch him to me. The accounts given me by Balbus and Oppius concerning Cæsar's journey agree with yours. I am surprised that I have heard nothing of what has passed between you and Tigellius.—Were it no more than how he received my apology.—But it does not signify a rush to me.—And yet, I should be glad to know. You ask me where I intend to meet Cæsar. Do not you think it sufficient, if I meet him at Alsium[1]. For this purpose, I have written to Murena to procure me lodgings, but he, I suppose, is gone with Matius. I therefore, must try what can be done with Sallust. Just as I am writing this Eros tells me, that Murena has sent him back with a more obliging answer to my request. I, therefore, will lodge with him, for the

[1] This was a town of Tuscany, about twenty miles from Rome, situated near the sea upon the river Arno.

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the house of Silius is without bedding, and that of Dida will be so full, that I suppose, he will be obliged to turn out of it himself.

EPISTLE LI.

It escaped my memory to send you a copy of my letter to Cæsar, nor did that omission proceed from the cause you suspect, lest I should appear to you abject[1] and servile. So far from this, I wrote to him in that style of manly independence, which a mind, conscious of equality, naturally dictated. Nay, you know, I told you when we were together, that I really had a good opinion of his Anti-Cato. I therefore wrote to him in a strain of freedom indeed, but such, I believe, as he will read with the highest satisfaction. My heart is at last at ease, with regard to Attica. I therefore send her and you my compliments upon her recovery. Give me the whole of your Conversation with Tigellius, and that too as soon as possible, for I cannot be easy till I have it. You must know, that to-morrow our nephew comes to Rome, but whether he is to lodge with you or with me, I know not. He wrote me

[1] Francis Odin has the credit of having here deciphered the true meaning of the original: *Nec id fuit, quod suspicaris, ut me puderet tui, ne ridicule Micillus, i. e.* κικκυδλος, *little, mean.*—E.

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me word, that he would be at Rome by the 23d, but I sent him an invitation to my house, and I am now going to Rome, lest he should get thither before me.

EPISTLE LII.

WELL, this formidable visit at last is over, without my having reason to repent of my guest, who seemed to enjoy every thing he met with. You must know then, that on the evening before, being the 18th, when he came to the house of Philip, it was so crowded with soldiers, to the number of two thousand, that there was scarcely a room empty for Cæsar himself to sup in. This I own to you, gave me apprehensions as to my own case next day, but I was delivered from them by Barba Cassius[1], who appointed me a guard. Thus the soldiers encamped in the fields, and my house was kept clear. He passed the 19th at Philip's house till noon, without suffering any person to be admitted to him, being busied, I suppose, in settling accounts with Balbus. From thence, he walked to my house by the shore[2]; after two, he went into the Bath. He then heard the verses upon Mamurra

[1] He probably was a Tribune in Cæsar's army.

[2] It appears, there was scarcely the distance of a mile between the house of Cicero and that of Philippus.

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Mamurra[1], without changing his countenance. After this he was anointed, and sat down to supper, when he eat heartily, and drank freely, for you must know, he had taken an emetic[2], and indeed, every thing was well dressed, and the best of the kind.

But of our pleasures, that was but the last,
For wit and humour season'd our repast[3].

Besides, Cæsar's table, his retinue was plentifully served in three other dining-rooms; and nothing was wanting in the entertainment of his freedmen of the second rank, and his slaves, for his freedmen of the better sort, were elegantly treated. In short, I came off like myself, though let me tell you, he is a guest to whom one would not say, "Pray do me the honour to call here as you return." No, no, one visit is enough. We talked nothing of business, but a great

[1] They were written by Catullus, and are still extant. This Mamurra was a Roman knight, and general of the artillery to Cæsar, but noted for extravagancy and luxury in living. The verses in question, lashed Cæsar as well as Mamurra.

[2] It appears from many passages, that the ancients thought vomitting to be a great preservative of health, and a great preventor of surfeits in eating or drinking. Monsieur Mongault is of opinion, that Cæsar took this vomit before he came abroad in the morning; but I think, from the words of our author, there is no necessity to suppose that.

[3] This is a verse from Lucilius, and is mentioned elsewhere by our author.

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great deal about learning. To conclude, he was free, easy, and happy. He told me, that he would pass one day at Peutoli, and another at Baiæ. Thus I have given you an account of my entertainment, or rather of the manner of my entertainment of this great man, which put me to some inconveniency, but to no trouble. I will stay here a little, and then remove to Tusculanum. When Cæsar passed by Dolabella's house, all his troops marched close to his horse upon the right and left, which they did no where else[1]. This I learned from Nicia.

CICERO'S

[1] Monsieur Mongault is of opinion, that this must have been done by way of honour to Dolabella. But the learned gentleman ought to have reflected, that Cæsar's not paying Dolabella a visit, considering the great posts that Dolabella held under him, and that he passed by his house, was no great mark of confidence; but though there should be nothing in this remark; yet it is certain, that there was at this time a variance between Dolabella and Antony, who had Cæsar's ear, and had accused Dolabella to Cæsar, which proceeded to open war in the senate. This therefore was the true reason of Cæsar's caution.

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CICERO'S EPISTLES

TO

ATTICUS.

BOOK XIV.

EPISTLE I.

I HAVE called upon the person[1] we talked of in the morning.—According to him all is desperate, and irreconcileable. For, if a genius like that of Cæsar failed in expedients for unanimity, who can hope now to succeed? In short, he said, (though I am not sure it is so) that all was undone; but he assured me, at the same time, with great joy, that the Gauls would invade

[1] All the letters of this and the following books, were written after Cæsar was killed in the senate, which happened on the 15th of March, in the year of Rome 709. The person here spoken of was Matius.

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vade our empire [1] in less than twenty days.—That he has had no conversation with any of that party

[1] *Orig. Gallicum tumultum.* There was a difference between the *Gallicum bellum*, and the *Gallicus tumultus*. The former served to express the war when it was confined beyond the Alps, to Gaul itself. The latter was very dreadful to the Romans, ever since the invasion under Brennus, when Rome itself was burnt; and when such an invasion was threatened, the apprehensions of the Romans were so great, that very extraordinary precautions were taken to defend Italy, for at that time, as in the time of a civil war, the censors exempted no person from carrying arms.

The reader may readily ask, why Matius should be in such raptures, upon telling Cicero this disagreeable piece of news? To which I answer (though I think it has been taken notice of by no commentator or translator) as follows. Cæsar, notwithstanding his prodigious successes, and the extraordinary means he had made use of to endear himself to his countrymen, found that their minds were still irreconcileable to slavery; and as the most glorious of his victories had been obtained over the best and the greatest of the Romans themselves, he was sensible, that something of horror and grief mingled in all their acclamations. According to all accounts, he had a secret passion to be created king; but the visible joy of the people upon his faintly rejecting that title, took from him all hopes of succeeding until he had done something that might raise his power as well as his glory beyond all possibility of an attack. It was upon this principle that he projected the scheme of the Parthian war, and all those mighty designs which could have been formed only by his genius, and executed by his power. In short, if we compare his conduct with what happened afterwards, it is plain, that he did not think peace was as yet compatible with his safety. An unconstitutional power, like his, was not to be upheld by the practice of the most amiable

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party, excepting with Lepidus, ever since the 15th of March; and upon the whole, that things would

amiable virtues, or the exercises of the most commanding genius. All the mighty things he had done to reconcile the heads of the republican party to his interest, the amazing proofs he had given of clemency, moderation, and magnanimity, were ineffectual for removing in the minds of the people the defects of his title to be the master of Rome. Every day gave him new proofs, that empire acquired by arms, must be supported by arms. His veteran army, it is true, (by their long absence in the Gallic, and other, wars, and by their being so long accustomed to the military modes of Life,) he was sure would serve him faithfully; because, they had almost forgot they had a country, and they knew no other authority but his. But his frequent wars, and length of time, had greatly reduced the number of those veterans he could depend on, and his other troops were commanded by generals who were jealous of one another, and many of them secretly disliked his service. But he knew, that all of them would unite against a common enemy in a foreign war, and that a short time, if he commanded them in person, would easily reconcile them to his views and principles, while the keeping them employed in the remote parts of the empire, secured his government at home from all attempts. But he was cut off in the midst of those mighty designs, without leaving a successor capable of carrying them into execution. His friends and followers, however, were no strangers both to the maxims, and to the necessities of his government; they knew that they possessed the sword; but they knew they must always hold it drawn, otherwise it must be wrested from their hands, and that too in a very short time, or else they must live upon free quarters, there being no person now powerful enough to bring the senate and people to consent to their proceedings. An invasion from the Gauls therefore, the most dreadful terror that could be spread

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would take another turn[1]. How wisely does Oppius act, who, though he bewails the death of Cæsar, yet drops nothing that can give any offence to the patriot-party? But enough upon this subject.

I beg you will not think it too much to write me all the news, for I expect a great deal—Let me know whether the accounts concerning Sextus

spread through Rome, was the only expedient that could reconcile their country to their service; and though this news was false, yet we find that Matius, one of Cæsar's strongest partizans could not help mentioning it with raptures.

[1] *Orig. Ad summam non posse istæc sic abire.* Upon the death of Cæsar, on the Ides of March, in the consulship of Marcus Antonius, and Cornelius Dolabella, to whom Cæsar had resigned the consulship upon his undertaking his Parthian expedition, the conspirators proclaimed peace and liberty to the people; but finding them in two great a consternation and ferment to bear to be spoken to immediately, they retired to the capitol; and Brutus in a speech to the people whom he had summoned thither, justified the act of Cæsar's death, and pathetically exhorted them to protect that liberty which he and his friends had purchased for them. His speech was seconded by our author, while Antony throwing off his consular habits, shut himself up at home, and by a very masterly conduct he bade fair to succeed to all the power of Cæsar. For Lepidus, who was a vain irresolute man, being at the head of a fine army, with which he was to have marched to the government of Spain, which had been conferred on him by Cæsar, had some thoughts of seizing the government, and of destroying the conspirators, which he might easily have done, had he not been artfully diverted from the thoughts of both by Antony, who thereby gained some credit with the conspirators. Meanwhile,

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tus Pompeius [1] are confirmed; but, above all things, inform me as to our friend Brutus. The person I have been with, told me, that Cæsar used to say of Brutus, "It is of great importance what he is earnest in; for when he is in earnest, he is in great earnest," and that Cæsar made that observation upon him when he spoke at Nicea [2], in favour of king Dejotarus, for whom, he said, he spoke with amazing force and freedom. The same person told me farther, (for I love to write to you whatever comes in my mind) the last time I was with him at the desire of Sestius, and sat down, waiting till I should be called in, that Cæsar said, "Can I now doubt my being greatly hated, when Marcus Cicero waits without, and cannot, when he pleases, have access to me, though, if to any man I am easy of access, it is to him; and yet, I am sure, he hates me?" A great deal of such conversation passed between us.—But, as I was saying,

Meanwhile, both parties seemed disposed by our author's advice, to pass an act of amnesty, by which, both parties were mutually to forgive, and forget all injuries, and Antony and Lepidus interchanged visits with Brutus and Cassius. It was easy for Matius to foresee, that things could not continue long in this situation.

[1] He was a son of Pompey the Great, and was then at the head of an army in Spain.

[2] This was not the capital of Bithynia as the Jesuits Catrou and Rouille imagine in their Roman History, but the present city of Nice lying upon the Ligurian coast in Italy.

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saying, write to me about trifles, as well as things of importance. For my part, I will omit no occurrence.

EPISTLE II.

YESTERDAY I received two letters from you. The first informed me of the theatrical news, and the satirical strokes of the actor Publius[1]. The plaudits of the people are unequivocal proofs that they are pleased with the death of the usurper. As to the applause Cassius met with, I think there is somewhat in it that is humourous. In your other letter you mention Matius; you rightly imagine, that we cannot fix in his bald head[2] the anchor of public tranquility. With him I made little stay, but proceeded, though

[1] We have already seen in the preceding epistles, some specimens of the liberties which the Roman actors took with their great men; and as their theatre contained audiences infinitely more numerous than any of ours can, the applause which those strokes of satire or panegyric met with, was looked upon to be the sense of the people.

[2] There is a pun here arising from the Greek word, which signifies the bald prominence of a rock, and the baldness of Matius's head, which I have endeavoured to preserve in the translation, but it is of very little consequence to explain it, because, if there is any wit in it, the reader will easily perceive it.

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though not with the expedition I wished. I was also retarded too long in conversing with him; of which conversation I sent you perhaps an obscure account, but it was to this effect; he told me, that when I went to see Cæsar at the entreaty of Sextius, and was waiting till I should have access to him, Cæsar said to him, "I am so simple as to believe, that this man, condescending as he is, is my friend, since he waits so long, till I please to see him." Depend upon it, that this baldpated man is very hostile to the public tranquillity, and therefore no friend of Brutus. To-day, I go to Tusculanum; to-morrow to Lanuvium, from whence I designed to go to Astura. My house is prepared to receive Pilia; I wish your daughter was to come along with her; but I forgive your fondness, and send my compliments to both.

EPISTLE III.

According to your letter, all things are quiet; long may they continue so! for Matius is positive that they cannot. Meanwhile, my workmen, who had gone to Rome for corn, returned without any, and told us, a report prevailed there, that Antony had carried all the corn to his own house. Surely, had there been any foundation

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for such a report, you would have let me know. I have heard as yet nothing of Cornufius the freedman of Balbus, and yet, I am no stranger to his name, for they say, he is an able architect. There may be reasons, why some people should be fond of calling upon you to witness their testaments[1] in my favour; they would have me too, to believe them in earnest, and I know no reason why they are not. But what is that to me? I would have you however explore the intentions of Antony. For my part I believe him to be so occupied in feasting as to have no time for dangerous designs. If you have any thing of consequence, pray let me know it. If not, write to me what the dispositions of the people appear to be, and the sarcasms of the theatre. My compliments to your wife and daughter.

EPISTLE IV.

You surely do not suppose that I can write you any news from Lanuvium. But that is not your case at Rome, from whence I every day look for some

[1] Because our author was now likely to become of great importance, on account of his credit with both parties, and it was usual for the Romans to court the friendship of a great man, by giving him to understand, that they had put him into their testament.

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some revolution[1]; matters are now ripening to a crisis. If the dispositions of Matius are as I acquainted you, what must that of others be? I speak it with grief, never was it known before, that a people recovered their constitution and not their liberty. The talk, the menaces, of the party are dreadful. I am in pain about an invasion from Gaul, and what is become of Sextus Pompeius. But whatever may be the event, I will rejoice in the remembrance of the ides of March. As to the authors, all that they could perform, they performed with the most heroic grandeur. Their remaining measures require troops and money, in which we are entirely unprovided. I write this to engage you to send me an immediate account of whatever shall happen, for I look every day for some news; and, should there be none, yet still let us keep up our uninterrupted correspondence by writing; which shall not fail on my part.

EPISTLE V.

I HOPE you are now recovered, because I know that abstinence[2] usually cures you of these slight disorders;

[1] I point this passage as follows, very different from the other editions I have seen. *Nunc quid putas me Lanuvii? At ego te. Istic quotidie aliquid novi suspicor.*

[2] This puts me in mind that the author of the Life of Atticus

disorders; I should, however be glad to know how you are. It appears favourable, that Matius is uneasy at his being suspected by Brutus; but it will have a bad appearance if those legions should, with a warlike aspect [1], march out of Gaul [2] for Rome. Do not you think the legions that were in Spain will insist upon the same terms? As will those which are marched under the command of Annius, pardon me—I mean Canninius [3]. The gamester [4] raises a dreadful disturbance; for were the designs of Antony justifiable, the tumult, made by Cæsar's freedman [5], might have been easily quashed.

My

ticus tells us, that, towards his latter end, he took a resolution of neither eating nor drinking, which had a very good effect upon his disease, which was a fever; but he persisted so obstinately in this abstinence, that he could never be persuaded to eat nor drink, and he accordingly starved himself to death.

[1] The reader, no doubt, will be offended at the jingle that is here, but as a faithful translator, I do not think myself at liberty to omit following my author, even in his play of words, when it can be done with tolerable propriety in our language. The original runs, *signa bella, quod Calvena moleste fert, se suspectum esse Bruto. Illa signa non bona, si cum signis legiones veniunt e Gallia.*

[2] It was talked, that they intended to demand the rewards which had been promised them by Cæsar.

[3] There is an obscurity here in the original, but I believe I have hit upon our author's meaning, which was to ridicule the irresolution of Antony and that party, by frequently changing the officers under them.

[4] Meaning Antony.

[5] *Viz.* When his funerals were celebrated.

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My diffidence was misplaced, when I refused a legation [1] before the senate broke up, lest I should seem to abandon my country, now that her affairs are drawing to a crisis. could I assist her, it would be my duty to attend.—But you see what kind of magistrates, if they can deserve that name, we have chosen. You see the body-guards of the tyrant are possest of provincial governments; you see an army of his veterans at our doors, and that all is in fluctuation. Meanwhile the men, whose safety, nay whose glory, merits the attendance of a grateful world, are so far from being rewarded with the praises and affections of mankind, that they are forced to conceal themselves for protection [2]. But whatever may be their fate, they must be happy, it is our country that is miserable. I should be glad to know whether the arrival of Octavius [3] has made any alteration; whether the people

[1] We have already seen that those legations exempted the persons on whom they were conferred from being present in the senate. Vide Vol. i, p. 107. Note 1.

[2] This happened through the artful speech which Antony made when he produced Cæsar's dead body before the people, and which is so inimitably well imagined by Shakespear. That speech made such an impression upon the people, that Brutus, and his friends, thought proper to retire from Rome.

[3] This extraordinary young man was, at this time, but about nineteen years of age, and was at Appolonia, in order to attend his uncle Cæsar in his Parthian expedition, when he heard of his death, and that he had appointed him to be his heir.

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people rally round him? And whether he will be able to produce a revolution in his favour? I do not think that he will, but I would gladly know the truth. I write this on the 11th of April, as I am leaving Astura.

EPISTLE VI.

UPON the 12th I received your letter at Fundi, while I was at supper. In the first place, I am glad that you enjoy better health, and that you tell me better news; for that of the march of the legions for Rome was very disagreeable. As to Octavius, I give myself no trouble about him. I long to hear what Marius[1] is doing, I thought Cæsar had sent him out of the world. The interview, between our heroes and Antony proved very serviceable, as it happened; though hitherto nothing but the ides of March has given me pleasure.

For now that I am at Fundi with our friend Ligus, I am pained to see that wretch Curtilius in possession of the estate of Sextilius. What I say of him is to be understood of all the rest. For what can be more deplorable than for us to give

[1] We have already taken notice of this impostor, who pretended to be descended of the great Marius.

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give a sanction to those very measures[1], for which we hated Cæsar. Have we not confirmed the nomination of his consuls and tribunes for two years? I can, by no means, see how I can take any concern in public matters; for a greater absurdity cannot be imagined than to extol to heaven the slayers of the tyrant, and yet sanction the tyrant's acts. But look upon our consuls; look upon our magistrates, if they can be called magistrates; look upon the despondency of our patriots. As to the municipal towns they exult with joy. Their transports are inexpressible, how they flock about me! how eager they are to hear my account of that action; and yet, all this while, no decree passes the senate. Our timidity is such, that we are afraid of those we have vanquished. Thus far I had dictated when the second course was served in; I will write more fully, and more to the purpose hereafter. Let me know what you are doing, and what is passing abroad.

EPISTLE

[1] At the conferences already mentioned between both parties, when the amnesty was agreed upon, it was resolved to take from the army all pretexts of fear that Cæsar's death should make any alteration in the distribution of the lands, and the other favours he had conferred upon the rest of his veterans. An act therefore past confirming all he had done, and particularly his arbitrary nomination of the consuls and tribunes, which was looked upon as one of the most unjustifiable stretches of his power.

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EPISTLE VII.

UPON the 14th, I saw Paulus at Gaetta, and he gave me an account of Marius, and some other very bad news of public affairs. All this, while not a line from you; for none of my domestics are come from Rome. But I hear that our friend Brutus has been seen near Lanuvium. Where will he fix at last? This is one of the many things which I earnestly desire to be informed of: I write this on the 16th in setting out from Formia, so as to be next day at Puteoli.

I have received from my son, a letter in an elegant style, and of a reasonable length. I am not so certain as to the other particulars I hear of him, but by the manner of his writing, I am sure he has improved in learning. I therefore now earnestly repeat what I mentioned to you lately, that you will take care he wants for nothing; for I cannot otherwise do justice to my duty, my character, and my dignity, and, if I am not mistaken, you are of the same opinion. Therefore, if our funds answer, I think of going to Greece next July, where I will put every thing upon a better footing. But as the times are such, that I cannot as yet determine what measures are most becoming my character, what is within my power, or what is most conducive

to

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to my interest; I beg you will take care that my son be provided for in the most genteel, liberal manner. You will pay your usual attention to this, and all my other concerns, and though you should have nothing material to write to me, I beg you will write whatever your tongue may dictate.

EPISTLE VIII.

WHEN you wrote your last, you imagined that I was in the neighbourhood of the sea[1] but I was in the inn at Sinuesca on the 16th, when I received your letter. I am glad of what has happened to Marius, but I am sorry if he was the grandson of Lucius Crassus. Nor could I have heard better news, than that our friend Brutus approves of Antony's conduct[2]. You write me, that Junia[3] had brought him a letter expressed in

[1] *In actis esse nostris—on our shores.* Cicero from the frequency of his quoting Greek terms, sometimes writes them in Roman characters. This is the case here. Ακτη is a sea or river bank. But it has been conjectured that the true reading is *agris*; and surely it is much more congruous to say, *in agris nostris*, than *in actis nostris*.—E.

[2] Brutus and his most intimate friends, were the more readily deceived by Antony, because he had put his fictitious Marius to death, and because they knew that he had entered into some designs against Cæsar, before he was killed in the senate.

[3] She was the sister of Brutus, and the wife of Lepidus.

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in terms of moderation and friendship, but Paulus put into my hands a letter from his brother Lepidus, the close of which intimated, that a plot had been laid against his life, and that he had discovered it by undeniable evidences. This information was disagreeable to me, but much more so to Paulus. I am not at all sorry for the flight of the Egyptian queen [1]. But I beg you will write to me in what manner Clodia has proceeded. I beg you will take care of the Byzantines, and my other concerns; and send for Pelops [2]. I will obey you in informing you of every thing that passes at Baiæ, and of that assembly which you are so curious to know of, as soon as I have seen it, so that you shall be ignorant of nothing.

I am extremely impatient for news from Gaul, from Spain, and from Sextus Pompeius. Give me every information with your usual exactness. I am glad that you had indulged yourself on account of your disorder in your stomach, in a little respite from business, of which I was sensible when I read over your letter. Fail not to write to me every thing concerning Brutus, where he is, and what he intends to do. I am in hopes, that

[1] She was the famous Cleopatra, who had been for some time at Rome, and was in great favour with Cæsar, but left Rome abruptly upon his death.

[2] He was a Byzantine, and appears to have been a man of some consideration in learning.

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that at this very time, he may walk securely all over Rome without guards. But yet he ought not to be too confident.

EPISTLE IX.

YOUR letters, of which I received several at one time from the freedman of Vestorius, gave me much information respecting the affairs of the public. As to what you desire to know, I will answer you in a few words. In the first place, I am much gratified by the estate left me by Cluvius. You ask me why I sent for Chrysippus? The reason was, that two tenements of mine are fallen to the ground, and I have others in such a shattered condition, that not only the inhabitants, but the very rats[1] have left them. This would give many people pain, but it does not give me so much as a thought. O Socrates[2], and ye disciples of Socrates, never can I express what I owe you. Immortal gods, with what unconcern do I regard sublunary things! Meanwhile I have, by the advice, and upon the plan, of Vestorius, set about rebuilding them in such a manner, as to turn the loss to my advantage.

We

[1] We see here the vulgar notion prevailed even in Cicero's time, that the rats always left a falling house.

[2] If the rant in this passage is not ironical, as I am apt to think it is, it shows our author in a very ridiculous light.

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We have a great deal of company here, and, by what I understand, we shall have more. Amongst others, are our two pretended consuls elect. Good God! Tyranny is alive, while the tyrant is dead. We rejoice at his death, while we adopt his measures. How cutting, and yet how just, is the accusation which Marcus Curtius alleges against us! Well may we be ashamed to live. For would not a thousand deaths be preferable to what we suffer, and to what we must suffer, heaven knows how long? Balbus is here, and we spend a great deal of time together. Vetus has sent him a letter the last of December, informing him, that when he had surrounded Cæcilius[1] and had him in his power; Pacorus, the Parthian, came with a great army and rescued him, and that Vetus had lost a great many men, the blame of which he lays upon Volcatius. Thus I think war is unavoidable in that quarter. Dolabella and Nicias[2] should look to this. Balbus has other letters from Gaul written one and twenty days ago, with better news than we had reason to look for; that the Germans, and the other nations there, having heard of Cæsar's death, had sent deputies to Aurelius, who is lieutenant to Hirtius in those parts, with assurances

[1] He was surnamed Bassus, and escaping from the battle of Pharsalia he made head against Cæsar's party in Syria.

[2] He was a great friend of Dolabella.

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assurances of entire submission on their parts. In short, every thing is calm there, which is very different from the accounts I had from our bald-pated friend.

EPISTLE X.

Is it really so? Has all that has been done by our common Brutus, come to this, that he should live at Lanuvium, and Trebonius[1] repair by devious marches to his government! That all the actions, writings, words, promises, and purposes, of Cæsar, should carry with them more force than they would have done, had he been alive[2]? You may remember what loud remonstrances I made the very first day we met in the capitol, that the senate should be summoned thither by the

[1] He was the only consular who was engaged in the conspiracy against Cæsar, who gave him the government of the lesser Asia.

[2] The case was this. Antony having obtained under the specious pretence of keeping the veteran troops quiet, that Cæsar's acts should be confirmed, made a very bad use of this decree of the senate; for Cæsar kept a register, in which he entered all his grants, promises, and other public deeds, and which Antony brought the senate, or at least the majority of them, to look upon as a kind of record, which was to serve them as a direction for making those acts good. Meanwhile he made himself master of this register, and at the same time, gained over Faberius, Cæsar's secretary, by whose hands all his acts were entered;

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the prætors[1]. Immortal gods! What might we not have then carried amidst the universal joy of our patriots, and even our half patriots, and the general rout of those robbers. You disapprove of what was done on the 18th of March, but what could be done? We were undone before that day. Do not you remember you called out that our cause was ruined, if Cæsar had a public funeral[2]? But a funeral he had, and that too in the Forum, and graced with pathetic encomiums, which encouraged slaves and beggars, with flaming torches in their hands, to burn our houses. What followed? Were they not insolent enough to say, "Cæsar issued the command and you must obey?" I cannot bear these and other things, I therefore think of retiring, and leaving behind me country after country: and even your

entered: so that it was easy to forge whatever he had a mind. By those practices, and by seizing the treasure laid up by Cæsar, he amassed upwards of six millions sterling, and had his application to business been equal to his parts and abilities, he might easily have succeeded to all Cæsar's power.

[1] The prætors were Brutus and Cassius. This was truly a very patriot advice of Cicero, and had it been taken, must have certainly had great consequences in favour of public liberty; because it was, in effect, disowning the power of the consuls, that had been nominated by Cæsar, and whose business it was to summon together the senate; but upon a failure of the consuls, it belonged to the prætors to issue the summons.

[2] Atticus was in the right to oppose this funeral, for it was the first thing that disconcerted the measures of the conspirators for the causes there mentioned.

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your favourite Greece is too much exposed to the political storm to continue in it[1].

Meanwhile, has your complaint quite left you? For I have some reason to believe, by your manner of writing, that it has. But I return to the Thebassi, the Scayce, and the Frangones[2]. Do you imagine that they will think themselves secure in their possessions, whilewe stand our ground, and experience has taught them, that we have not in us the courage which they imagined. Are we to look upon those to be the friends of peace, who have been the fomenters of rebellion? What I wrote to you concerning Curtilius, and the estates of Sestilius, I apply to Censorinus, Messala, Plancus, Posthumius, and the whole clan. It would have been better to perish with the slain, than to have lived to witness things like these[3]. Octavius came to Naples about the 16th, where

[1] I have here adopted the ingenious interpretation of Ernesti. ἀπηνιος is an epithet of γη proceeding, and not to be connected with the subsequent *nausea*. The whole passage should be thus punctuated. *Itaque γην περ γας cogito: tua tamen ἀπηνιος. Nausea jamne plane abiit?*—E.

[2] These were all subalterns and creatures of Cæsar, as were the others mentioned in this paragraph.

[3] I think, in the common reading, there is here some deficiency, or rather, contradiction, in the sense. Monsieur Mongault reads this passage, *Melius fuit periisse illo interfecto, quod numquam accidesset, quam hæc videre*, and he translates it accordingly. But I like the reading of Gronovius better, *Quod utinam*

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where Balbus waited upon him next morning, and from thence he came to me at Cumæ, the same day, where he acquainted me, that he would accept of the succession to his uncle's estate. But this as you observe, may be the source of a warm dispute between him and Antony.

I shall bestow all due attention and pains upon your affair at Burthrotum. You ask me whether the legacy left me by Cluvius, will amount to a hundred thousand serteces a year. It will amount pretty near it, but this first year I have laid out eighty thousand upon repairs. My brother complains greatly of his son, who, he says, is now excessively complaisant to his mother, though he hated her, at a time, when she deserved his respects. He has sent me flaming letters against him. If you have not yet left Rome, and if you know what he is doing, I beg you will inform me by a letter, as indeed, you must do of every thing else, for your letters give me the greatest pleasure.

EPISTLE XI.

THE day before yesterday I sent you a long letter, and I now set down to answer your last. I feel

nam accidisset, I am not, however, positive on either side, and have translated it in a manner not inconsistent with either reading.

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feel the most earnest desire that Brutus would come to Astura. You complain of the extravagance of Cæsar's partisans; but can that surprise you? For my part, I wonder they are not more extravagant than they are. I ought, indeed, to laugh at such things, and yet I lose all patience in reading the speech[1] in which he is stiled *so great a man, and so eminent a citizen.* But mark what I say; a taste for these panegyrics is thus cherished among the people, to the destruction of our friends, who ought rather to be deemed gods than heroes, and whose glory, though eternal, must still be accompanied with envy, nay with danger. But they enjoy a noble consolation, the consciousness of having performed a great and a glorious action. But what have we to comfort us, since the tyrant is dead, without our recovering our liberty? But let fortune determine all, since reason has no authority.

What you write concerning my son gives me great satisfaction; I hope it will continue. As to your care in supplying him plentifully with the means of subsisting and appearing genteelly, I am extremely obliged to you for it, and I beg you

[1] The speech here mentioned, was either that of Octavius or Antony, or some of their followers, who now took all opportunities of displaying the virtues and amiable qualities of Cæsar; and the harangues produced the effects here mentioned.

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you will continue it. You are in the right, as to your measures about the affair of Buthrotum, to which I shall give a particular attention. I shall even undertake for the success, as I perceive it to be daily more and more practicable. As to the estste I received from Cluvius, (because I see you are more solicitous about my affairs than I am myself) you must know, it exceeds the annual income of a hundred thousand serteces. The dilapidations have not hurt the estate; I know not whether they will not make it better. I have here with me Balbus, Hirtius, and Pansa. Octavius, who seems to put himself entirely under my direction, is just arrived at the house of my neighbour Philippus. Lentulus Spinther passes this day with me, and leaves us to-morrow morning.

EPISTLE XII.

I FEAR my Atticus that all we have reaped from the Ides of March, is but the short-lived joy of having punished him, whom we have hated as the author of our sufferings. What news do I hear from Rome! What management do I see here! It was indeed, a glorious action, but it was left imperfect. You know how much I love the Sicilians, and how much I thought myself honoured in being their patron. Cæsar (and I was

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was glad of it) did them many favours, though granting them the privileges of Latium was more than could be well borne. However, I said nothing even to that. But here comes Antony, who for a large sum of money, produces a law past by the dictator in an assembly of the people, by which all Sicilians are made denizens of Rome, an act never once heard of in the dictator's lifetime. Is not the case of our friend Dejotarus almost the same? There is no throne which he does not deserve, but not through the interest of Fulvia[1]. I could give you a thousand such instances. Thus far, however, your purpose may be served. Your affair of Buthrotum is so clear, so well attested, and so just, that it is impossible for you to fail in obtaining part of your claim, and, the rather, as Antony has succeeded in many things of the same kind.

Octavius lives here with me, upon a very honourable and friendly footing. His own domestics call him by the name of Cæsar; but his stepfather Philip does not, neither do I, for that reason. I deny that he can be a good citizen; he is surrounded by so many that breathe destruction to our friends, and who swear vengeance against what they have done. What is your opinion will be the consequences, when the boy shall go to

[1] She was the wife of Antony, and daughter to Clodius, Cicero's principal enemy.

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to Rome, where our deliverers cannot live in safety? It is true, they must be glorious, and even happy, from the consciousness of what they have done. But we, who are delivered, if I mistake not, must still remain in a state of despicable servitude. I therefore long to go where the news of such deeds[1] can never reach my ears. I hate even those appointed consuls, who have forced me so to declaim, that even Baiæ[2] was no retreat for me. But this was owing to my too great condescension. It is true, there was a time[3] when I was obliged to submit to such things, but now it is otherways, whatever may be the event of public measures.

It is long since I had any thing to write to you, and yet I am still writing, not that my letters give me pleasure, but that I may provoke you to answer them. I write this on the 21st of April, being at dinner at the house of Vestorius, who is no good logician, but I assure you, an excellent accountant[4].

EPISTLE

[1] Cicero here quotes the two first words of a verse of Accius, *Nec Pelopidaram facta, neque famam audiam.* It is recited again at full length, Lib. xv. 11.—E.

[2] To which the Romans retired in the same manner as the English do to the bath for health, and amusement only. It seems Dolabella, and many of the nobility, had, in a manner, obliged Cicero when he was at Baiæ, to give them lessons upon the art of declamation.

[3] *Viz.* In the lifetime of Cæsar.

[4] He was a banker.

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EPISTLE XIII.

I RECEIVED your letter on the 18th, not till the seventh after its date, in which you ask me a question, which you think will puzzle me to resolve, whether I am most in love with rising grounds and fine prospects, or the sea coasts [1] for walking? I swear, it is as you observe; for both are so pleasant, that I am at a loss which to prefer. But I am at present in the situation of the Greeks, who waited upon Achilles,

A greater care sits heavy on my soul,
Not eas'd by banquets, or the flowing bowl.
What scenes of slaughter in yon fields appear!
The dead we mourn, and for the living fear[2].

It

[1] The original is αλιτενει, which Hesychius interprets παραλιον *maritimus*. Cicero in a preceding letter appears to have been addressed by Atticus as supposed to be then *in actis nostris, on our coasts*. The situation of our author might have tempted his friend to ask how he liked the sea view. He however was too much interested in the political scenes that were passing to be sensible of the comparative beauties of nature.—E.

[2] Orig.—Αλλ'εδαιτος εωρατο εργα μεμηλεν.
Αλλα λιην μεγα πημα, διοτρεφες, εισοροωντες.
Δειδιμεν, εν δοιη δε σαωσεμεν, η απολεσθαι,
The lines are part of the ninth book of Homer's Iliad. The translation is Mr. Pope's.

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It is true what you write me. concerning the arrival of Decimus Brutus[1] at his army, is great and welcome news, and I expect great consequences from it. But, should a civil war break out, which I know must be the consequence, if Sextus Pompeius continues in arms, as I am sure he will continue, I am at a loss to know how we shall act, for then we shall not be at liberty, as we were during Cæsar's war, to join either party. For there is not a man whom this abandoned crew shall suppose to have rejoiced at Cæsar's death, as all of us surely did in the most public manner, whom they will not mark out as their enemy, and this very circumstance points towards an universal massacre. We then have nothing to do but to join the army, either under Sextus or Brutus. This is a disagreeable thing at our time of life, not to mention the doubtful events of war; for I think you and I may in some sense say to one another,

'Tis not my friend for thee to follow war,
Be thine the placid trophies of the bar[2].

But we must leave these contingencies to fortune,

[1] He was Governor of the Cisalpine Gaul, and the conspirators had great dependance upon him, on account of the nearness of his province to Italy.

[2] Orig. Τεκνον εμον, ατοι δεδοται πολεμια εργα,
Αλλα συγ' ιμεροεντα μετερχεο εργα λογοιο.

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tune, which sways more than reason does in such affairs. All my concern is, that whatever be the event I bear it with fortitude and composure, and this is what lies in every man's power by reflecting that man is liable to casualties and changes. With these impressions I may still find some relief from reading, and a great deal in reflecting upon the ides of March.

I will now lay before you the difficulties that perplex me; so many reasons occuring for either part of the question. I am now, as I proposed, to set out upon my legation for Greece. It is true, I may thereby have a chance of escaping the danger of the threatened massacre, but at the same time, I must incur the reproach of abandoning my country in the day of her distress. Now, supposing that I stay in Italy; I shall indeed expose myself to danger, but I may happen to do service to the state. On the other hand, I have private reasons for going abroad. I think, I could be of great service in completing my son's education at Athens, should I go thither, and indeed, this was the only motive that determined me to solicit a legation from Cæsar. You will therefore, consider this affair, in the same friendly manner as you do every thing, that you think concerns me.

I now return to your letter. You tell me, it is reported, that I am about to sell my estate near the lake Lucrinus; and that I am to make over at an

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an extravagant price, my little country seat, to my brother Quintus[1], that, as his son tells you, he may carry thither his bride Aquillia. For my part, I have no thoughts of any such sale, unless I find somewhat that pleases me better. As to my brother, he does not trouble himself about any purchase at this time; for he meets with sufficient difficulty in refunding Attica's fortune, in which he owns himself to be under great obligations to Egnatius. As to any thoughts of marrying, he is so far from it, that he declares he thinks no pleasure equal to that of sleeping alone.—But enough of this.

I am now to return to the subject of our wretched, or rather annihilated, government. Antony has written to me concerning the recalling Sextus Clodius[2] from banishment. I send you a copy of his letter, in which you may see with what respect he treats me, but at the same time, you must readily conclude his request to be so abandoned, so scandalous, and so pernicious, that we are tempted to wish that Cæsar were again alive. For what Cæsar never would have done, never would have suffered to be even proposed, he is now proposing from Cæsar's forged journals. For my part, I most cheerfully yielded to Antony's request, which he would have carried through, even though I had

[1] He had been by this time divorced from the sister of Atticus.

[2] He was the freedman, and instrument of Publius Clodius in all his outrages against our author.

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I had opposed it, since he has now persuaded himself, that he may do what he pleases, for which reason I send you a copy of my answer.

Antony Consul to Marcus Cicero, wisheth Prosperity.

It was owing to my hurry of business, and your sudden departure, that I did not address you in person upon the subject of this letter; and I am therefore apprehensive, that you will treat my request with the less regard in my absence. It will, however, give me pleasure, if your goodness shall answer the high opinion I have always entertained of you. I asked, and obtained from Cæsar the restitution of Sextus Clodius, I was even at that time determined to make use of this indulgence no farther than it was agreeable to you, and I now wish more than ever, that you would give me your consent to carry it into execution. But should you appear insensible of his wretched, undone situation, never shall I put myself in competition with you. And yet, methinks it is my duty to support the register of Cæsar. And if indeed you would oblige me by a wise, humane, and amiable act, you will concur with my request, and convince that excellent and hopeful youth Publius Clodius that when it was in your power, you did not gratify your resentment against the friends of his father.

Let

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Let me beg of you, to make it evident to the world, that you differed with the father only upon a patriot-principle. Continue no longer the foe of his family. For, we can with more dignity, and more ease, lay aside resentments contracted on account of our country, than those arising from personal motives. Let me, in short, prevail with you to suffer me to form the boy to this principle, and to implant it in his mind now susceptible of the impression, that enmities ought not to be handed down to posterity. It is true, Sir, I am entirely sensible, that no danger can come near your fortune; yet do I believe, that you would choose your old age should be accompanied with dignity and ease, rather than with toil and trouble. Let me add, that I have of myself a kind of right to solicit you for this favour; since I have left nothing unattempted to serve you. If I cannot obtain this favour of you, I shall not extend it to Clodius, that you may be sensible how powerful your authority is with me, and for that consideration suffer yourself to be softened.

Cicero to Antony Consul, wisheth prosperity.

THERE is one reason why I wish you had treated with me in person, rather than by letter, for then you might have discerned the affection I bear

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bear you, not only by the expression of my lips, but by the emotions of my countenance. You endeared yourself to me first by your attachment, and next by your services to my person; and your public behaviour, at this period, has been such as sets you equal with any man alive in my esteem. Your letter, which is so full of respect and love for me, has affected me in such a manner, that I seem not to bestow but to receive a favour, since your request is attended with an assurance, that, unless I give you leave, you will not deliver even an old friend, because he is my enemy, while at the same time, you might effect his deliverance without danger or difficulty to yourself.

As to myself, my Antony, I sacrifice my resentment to you, acknowledging at the same time the obligations you have laid me under by your most polite and respectful letter. Had the matter been of far greater importance, I should have thought myself bound to resign myself entirely to your request, but, in this case, I likewise gratify my own disposition and natural temper. I never harboured, within my breast, any spirit of revenge, nor did I ever extend resentment or severity, farther than the good of my country absolutely required. Let me add, that Sextus Clodius never experienced from me any instances of spite and resentment; for it has ever been a maxim with me, that we ought not to persecute the friends of

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of our enemies, especially those of an inferior sort, for fear of taking such supports from ourselves.

As to young Clodius, it is, I think, your duty to season his mind, which, as you observe, is now susceptible of impressions, with such principles as may give him no room to think, that there is now any variance between our families. In my contest with his father, I acted for my country, and he for himself. It is long since the public decided upon our controversies,, and were he now alive, I should consider him no longer as my enemy. Therefore as you declare that you will not, without my leave, carry this measure into execution, though what you request is in your own power; I beg, if you think proper, that you will make my compliance a compliment to the young Clodius likewise. I am too old, and he is too young, for me to suspect danger from him, nor can I be apprehensive of any competition in dignity; but it is in order that you and I may be more intimate than we have hitherto been. For while those enmities interposed, your heart was more open than your doors. But of this enough.—I conclude with assuring you, that I shall always, with the greatest readiness and zeal, execute whatever I think can give you pleasure, or can do you service, and of this I beg you will be thoroughly convinced.

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EPISTLE XIV.

THAT sound again[1]! Our nephew crowned with garlands at the Parilia!--What! crowned at the shows celebrated in honour of Cæsar!—How say you, was he alone? But you mention Lamia too, and that surprises me! But I long to know who besides wore crowns; none I am sure but the unprincipled. You will therefore give me a particular detail of the whole. You must know that it happened after I had dispatched a pretty long letter to you, on the 25th, that not quite three hours after I received one from you, and one too of great consequence. Be assured that your facetiousness respecting the Vestorian heresy, and the sharks[2] that swarm on the shore of Puteoli, made

[1] I have taken, I hope, a justifiable liberty in translating this passage, which our author has taken from Paucuvius. For I have translated by a hemistich of our English Paucuvius Shakespear, of the very same import. The original is, Iterandum eadem ista mihi.

[2] There is a great deal of trifling in the conjectures of commentators about the original of this passage, the true reading of which is now irretrievable, and, if it were not, it would be perhaps next to impossible to come at the wit. It is sufficient to observe, that Vestorius being a banker, profit was probably all his religion, for which reason our author calls him a heretic, and there appears to be some kind of a jingle intended between the Puteal, which was a kind of exchange for bankers and merchants at Rome, and Puteoli the place where Vestorius then resided.

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made me laugh heartily, but now to public matters.

So—you take up the defence of the Bruti and of Cassii, as if I had impeached them, while, at the same time, I want words to express my regard for them. What I sent you was a detail of facts, and not an impeachment of persons. I tell you again, that the tyrant is removed, and yet the tyranny remains. His successors in power, as in the case of Clodius, are doing what he would not have attempted. Yes, I can answer for it, that so far from doing it himself, he would not have suffered it to have been done by others. We shall next hear of the recall of Rufio, the antagonist of Vestorius, and of Victor who never was mentioned in Cæsar's register, and of as many as Antony shall please. For who can we say will not? I say this is acting in obedience to the writings of that man, to whose person we disdain subjection.

Let me ask you, how could one have avoided assisting in the senate, on the 18th of May? But supposing it had been optional for us to be present or absent[1], after we were there, could we have delivered

[1] Monsieur Mongault seems not to have comprehended the meaning of Cicero in this expression. The original is, *Nam liberalibus quis potuit in senatum non venire? Fac id potuisse aliquo modo: num, etiam cum venissemus, libere potuimus sententiam dicere?* He translates it, *Quant á l'assemblée du dix-huit*

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delivered our sentiments with freedom? Must we not have fallen upon every measure to have gratified the veteran troops, who surrounded the senate house in arms, while we were defenceless? You know that I was against our party's retreat into the capitol, and what followed. But was that the fault of our friends the Bruti? No, it was the fault of others, who, though destitute of sense, look upon themselves as possessed of circumspection and wisdom. All of them thought it enough to rejoice, some congratulated, but none staid to support the action. But enough of what is past. Let all our care and interest be employed to defend our deliverers. Let us take your advice in reflecting with pleasure on the ides of March, which has opened to our heroic deliverers the gates of immortality, but not of liberty to the Roman people. Remember your own admonition. Remember how loudly you called out, that all was ruined if the body of Cæsar should be publicly buried. This, as the consequences have shewn, was the remonstrance of a wise man.

You write to me, that Antony will, on the 1st of June, make a motion concerning the provinces, and that he himself may have the two Gauls, and his government of both prorogued beyond

huit de Mars, qui pouvoit se dispenser d'aller au senat? Mais je suppose que nous l'eussions pu, quand une fois nous y avons été, avons-nous pu opiner librement? But it requires little reflection to observe, that this translation implies some contradiction.

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yond the legal term[1]. Let me ask you, can I speak my mind freely upon this question? If I can, I shall rejoice at the recovery of public liberty. If I cannot, what benefit have I reaped from this change of masters, but the pleasure of seeing a tyrant meet with the death he deserved? You tell me, that the temple of Ops[2] has been plundered. That is no more than I had foreseen. Well it must be owned, that glorious were the hands which broke our fetters, and yet we are not free. Thus, they have the glory, and we the blame; and yet you encourage me to write a history of these times. It must consist only of a detail of their crimes who still hold us in bondage; nor shall I be able not to censure even those men, whose testaments you have witnessed in my favour? I am not, indeed, moved by the love of gain. But it is an unpleasant task to reflect upon those, however culpable, from whom I have received personal favours.

But, as you write to me, I shall be able to determine

[1] One of the best of Cæsar's acts was his limiting the term of a prætorian government to one year, and that of a consular to two at most. Antony, who knew the consequence of Decimus Brutus being governor of the Cisalpine Gaul, wanted to have that government to himself, and to set aside Cæsar's act.

[2] Where Antony found near six millions sterling ready money, which had been laid up there by Cæsar for the Parthian war.

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termine more certainly upon the whole plan of my conduct by the 1st of June. On that day I will assist in the senate, and employ all my interest and all my abilities, (I mean assisted by your advice, your influence, and the obvious justice of the thing itself), to obtain a decree of the senate concerning the affairs of Buthrotum, according to the terms you propose in your letter. You desire me to reconsider my resolution of going into Greece. Well, I will think of it, though in my last letter, I recommended it as the subject of your consideration. Meanwhile, you are as liberal in reinstating your neighbours, the Massilians[1], in all their privileges, as if our country had already recovered her liberty. But, let me tell you, that it is not our authority, but our arms, that must restore us to freedom, and whether they be strong enough to effect this, I know not.

EPISTLE XV.

YOUR last short letter gave me sensible pleasure from what Brutus wrote to Antony, and now things begin to wear a much better aspect than heretofore.

[1] Probably their ambassadors lodged near Atticus at Rome, and they had been severely treated by Cæsar for their opposition to him.

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heretofore. But, it is now time for me to consider where I am, or whither I intend to go. My friend Dolabella has acted most nobly; yes I call him my friend, though I hitherto have hesitated to rank him in that number. Some he threw from the rock—others he nailed to a cross—the pillar he demolished and the area he ordered to bepaved[1]. All, in a word, was heroic. To me he seems to have put an end to every pretext of mourning[2] for Cæsar, which till then daily gained ground, and must at last have, I apprehend, terminated in a manner fatal to those who destroyed the tyrant. Now, I agree to what you write in your letter; I now hope for better days, and yet, I cannot endure those

[1] As soon as Antony had left Rome, to make sure of the veterans of the army, who lay dispersed in the country of Italy, the lower kind of people erected an altar and a pillar to Cæsar's memory, and were guilty of such outrages as were very threatening to the friends of liberty. But Dolabella demolished both the altar and the pillar, and threw those votaries who were citizens of Rome, from the Tarpeian rock.

[2] Orig. *Simulationem desiderii.* Monsieur Mongault translates this, *Ce regret que le peuple paroissoit avoir de la mort de Cæsar.* And Dr. Middleton in his Life of Cicero, having occasion to translate part of this epistle, translates this passage by the words, "All appearance of regret for Cæsar." But neither of those gentlemen has expressed our author's meaning. The fact was, that the most needy and abandoned part of Rome pretended a mighty veneration for the memory of Cæsar, and under that pretence, met together at this place of devotion; where, in reality, they consulted together how they might rob and murder the men of property, which they very often did, as we perceive from our author and other writers.

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those, who, while they pretend to be for peace, are defending the most nefarious deeds. But every thing is not to be had at once. Matters are much more favourably changed than I imagined, nor will I leave this place, till you advise me, that I may do it with honour.

You may depend upon my being wanting in no respect to our friend Brutus. Had I no manner of connection with him, I would serve him for his unrivalled, his amazing, virtue. Being to set out for Pompeii on the first of May, I leave my house under the care of my friend Pilia, and all that is in it. How earnestly do I wish that you could persuade Brutus to come to Astura?

EPISTLE XVI.

I WRITE this letter, just as I am going on board an open boat from the gardens of Clavius, after delivering over to Pilia, the charge of my house near the lake, my workmen, and my agents. As for myself, I this very day threatened to partake with Pætus in his plain fare. A few days hence, I design to go to Pompeii, from whence I will sail back to the delightful regions of Puteoli and Cumæ. What pleasurable spots these would be, did not crowds of company break in and almost drive me from them.

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But to come to business. How great is the exploit which my friend Dolabella has performed! What a lovely prospect has it opened! Well never can I sufficiently praise and encourage him to proceed. It gives me pleasure, that in all your letters, you intimate your sentiments of the action, and of the person who performed it. Trust me, my friend, Brutus might carry through the Forum, even a crown of gold upon his head; for who durst offer violence to him, while the fear of the rock and the cross is before their eyes, especially as the punishment was inflicted amidst such applauses and such rejoicings, of even the lower classes of the people? Now, my friend, you must take care to fit me out for Greece, a journey I am extremely desirous to perform, as soon as I have fully completed my engagements to our friend Brutus. It is of great consequence to my son, or rather to me, indeed, to both of us, that I should superintend his studies in person. For, give me leave to ask you, what is there in that letter of Leonidas which you sent to me, that ought to give me such mighty joy? The reserve he makes use of in praising my son, in my opinion, renders his commendation very imperfect. "At present," says he, "this is not the language of assurance, but of apprehension of what may happen hereafter." Now, though I charged Herodes that he should write me a minute account of every thing, yet I have not as yet had one line from him.

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him. This, I am afraid, is owing to his having nothing to write, which he thinks would give me pleasure. I am extremely obliged to you for writing to Zeno. Both my duty and my character require, that my son should want for nothing.

I understand, that Flamma Flaminius is at Rome; I have written to him, that I have sent to desire you to talk with him upon the affair of Montanus. I beg you will take care, that my letter be delivered to him, and that you will converse with him at your leisure. I think, if the man has any shame in him at all, he will take care that other people do not in any respect suffer for him. I am extremely obliged to you for not telling me, that your daughter was indisposed, before you acquainted me of her recovery.

EPISTLE XVII.

I CAME to Pompeii the 3d of May, the day after I delivered up to Pilia the charge of my house at Cumæ, as I wrote you before. While I was at supper there, I received a letter which you sent by Demetrius the freedman, the 30th of last month. In that letter you specify many wise precautions. But, as you rightly observe, these measures may be unavailing, since caprice and fortune have now so much influence in all matters.

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ters. We will, therefore, take a farther opportunity when we meet together, to consult of those things. It would be of great service to your business at Buthrotum, if I could by any means speak with Antony. But I am afraid, he will not turn out of his road for Capua, and that his journey thither, may prove to be the destruction of his country[1]. Lucius Cæsar, whom yesterday I saw very much indisposed at Naples, was of the same sentiments. Therefore, we must delay to treat or conclude any thing on your affair, till the 1st of June. But so much for that.

The younger Quintus has written in most opprobrious terms to his father, who received his letter just as I arrived at Pompeii. He begins with telling him, that he shall never be able to endure his step-mother Aquillia. In this, perhaps, he may not be so much in the wrong, but what will you say to what follows? He tells them, that he had every thing from Cæsar, nothing from his father; that he depends upon Antony for the rest of his fortune. How lost to a sense of decency! But let him see to it. I have written to our friend Brutus, to Cassius, and to Dolabella. Inclosed you have copies of the several letters I sent to them, not that I am in any kind of doubt, whether they are proper to

[1] Antony went to Capua, in order to bring the veteran troops, whom Cæsar had settled thereabouts, into his measures.

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to be delivered to them, for I am quite satisfied as to that, but because I hope to obtain your approbation.

Suffer me, my friend, to give you the trouble of supplying my son with what money you think proper, and I am extremely obliged to you for all your past favours in that respect. I have not yet finished to my mind the work which I think proper not to publish[1]. As to the additions which you want should be made to them, they will require a separate volume. For my part, and I believe, you may depend on what I say, I am of opinion there was less danger in talking of those detestable measures while the tyrant was alive, than there is now that he is dead. For though I know not how it happened, he bore with wonderful patience, all I said to him[2]. At present, we cannot stir without being called to submit not only to what Cæsar did, but what he designed to do. As Flamma is at Rome, you will

[1] *Orig.* ἀνέκδοτον. Dion says, that Cicero left this book sealed up in the hands of his son, with a charge that it should not be opened before his death; but Monsieur Mongault thinks, that this is improbable from what our author says in this place.

[2] We have many instances of the great liberties which Cæsar indulged our author in, particularly in breaking upon him several cutting jests; but Cæsar was secure in the superiority of his own genius, which was not the case with his successors.

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will look after Montanus. I think the affair at present is in a more promising state.

. . . .

Cicero to his Friend Dolabella Consul, wisheth Health.

. . . .

It is true, my Dolabella, that I felt interested in the glory you have lately acquired, and it gave me a great degree of joy and pleasure; yet I cannot help acknowledging, that my transport exceeded all measure, when I understood that the public voice pointed me out as the partner of your merits. I meet with nobody (for you must know, I see a great deal of company here, because many excellent persons resort to this neighbourhood on account of their health, not to mention the great number of my friends from the municipal cities) who, after extolling you to the skies, in the most honourable terms, immediately express their unfeigned obligation to me. They tell me, they are convinced, that in consequence of compliance with my precepts and counsels, you are become an excellent patriot, and an incomparable consul. Now, though I could with great justice tell them, that what you do is the result of your own judgment, and your own inclination, without standing in need of counsel from any man; yet I neither heartily join

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join with them, for fear of detracting from your merit, if all you do should sppear to be the effect of my counsels, nor am I very forward in contradicting them. For you must know, that the love of praise is my predominant failing And yet, let me tell you, your dignity receives no diminution in that which was held to be an honour to Agamemnon himself, the king of kings, to have a Nestor to direct him in his counsels. With regard to myself, I esteem it a glory, that young as you are, you make so exalted a figure as a consul, and that you are deemed to be the pupil of my cares.

When I paid a visit to Lucius Cæsar, whom I found indisposed at Naples, and tortured with pain in every part of his frame, yet before our first compliments were over, "O my Cicero, said he, I congratulate you upon having so much influence over Dolabella. Had I as much over my nephew [1], all might yet be well with us, and our country. As to your Dolabella, I congratulate him, and I thank him. He is the only man since the days of your consulate, whom I really can call a consul." He then talked much of what you had done, and the measures you had executed. That never was there any thing done more magnanimously, more gloriously, or more for the service of our country, and the public

[1] Meaning Antony, who was son to Julia, sister to Lucius Cæsar.

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public unanimously agree in the same sentiments. Give me leave, therefore, to beg of you, that you will allow me to avail myself of this unmerited claim to the praise which belongs to you, and that you will suffer me in some degree to become a partaker of your fame.

Yet, after all, jesting apart, my dear Dolabella, if I have acquired any glory, I would more willingly transfer the whole of it to you, than deprive you of the smallest portion. You are sensible how much I have ever loved you, but your late behaviour has raised my affection to the highest ardour. For, believe me, my friend, virtue is the fairest, it is the brightest, it is the loveliest object of human passion. You know, how dearly I have always loved Marcus Brutus, on account of his elevated genius, his amiable manners, his matchless probity and resolution, yet the love I bore him, received such an addition from the ides of March, that I wondered how a passion, which to me seemed long before at its highest pitch, could admit of advance. Who could have thought, that my affection for you could have been capable of increase? Yet so much is it increased, that what I feel for you now is love, and all before seems only to have been esteem. Need I then to exhort you to persevere in the paths of dignity and glory? Need I, like those who deal in exhortations, place before your eyes the examples of illustrious heroes,

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heroes, since I know none more illustrious than yourself? You have now none but yourself to imitate, none but yourself to exceed. After the glorious actions you have performed, you are not, Sir, at liberty to be unlike yourself. To exhort you, therefore, is unnecessary. Give me leave, rather to congratulate you, upon a thing, which, I believe, is unprecedented, namely, that the extreme severity of the punishment, so far from being odious, was even popular, and gave pleasure to every description of citizens, from the most illustrious and the most wealthy, to the poorest and most obscure. Had this been owing to fortune, I should have complimented you upon your felicity, but it was owing to the greatness of your soul, your genius and your wisdom; for you must know, that I have read your address to the people. Nothing surely was ever better composed. So gradually do you open the motives of your action, so artfully do you close it, that all must allow the offence to be ripe for the punishment you inflicted.

You, therefore, have freed the city from danger, and her government from dread, by an action not only meritorious at this time, but deserving of being transmitted as an example to future ages; an action which ought to make you sensible that the government now rests upon you, and that you are not only to protect, but to distinguish those heroes who gave rise to our recovered

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vered liberty. But in a day or two, I hope to see you in person, and to talk with you more fully upon these matters. As you have saved us and your country, I beg, my dearest Dolabella, that you would take the most tender care of yourself.

EPISTLE XVIII.

As you frequently censure me for the exaggerated praises I have bestowed upon Dolabella's actions, I must beg to observe, that though I think his conduct highly meritorious, yet the manner in which you repeatedly wrote to me concerning him, induced me to extol it in the manner I did. But you are disgusted at Dolabella, for the very same reason which has incurred my cordial resentment. What a shameless fellow he is! My money was due the first of January, and he has not paid it yet, though he could free himself from an immense load of debt by the liberality of Faberius, who usually supplies him on all necessary occasions[1]. I indulge in

[1] There is something here that looks very like what we call a conundrum in English. The original is, *Opem ab eo petierit.* That is, He sought assistance from him. But the wit lies in the similarity of *Opem* to the accusative of *Ops* the goddess, in whose temple Cæsar's money was deposited, of which Dolabella received a large share.

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in such pleasantries, to shew you that I am not too much grieved at heart. On the 8th I wrote to him early in the morning; and, that very evening, I received at Pompeii your letter so soon as the third day after its date; but, as I wrote to you that same day, I sent a pretty sharp letter to Dolabella, which, I believe, if it has no other effect, will have that of making him not dare to look me in the face. I suppose you have finished that affair with Albius. You have highly obliged, by enabling me, to discharge the debt I owed Patulcius. Your conduct in this respect is in unison with your other acts of friendship to me. I left Eros at Rome, as well qualified to transact that business; and things have miscarried on this occasion by his culpable negligence. But I will forbear till I see him. I beg you will direct the affair of Montanus, as I have often desired you to do by my letters.

I am not at all surprised that Servius, when he was leaving Rome, talked to you, as if public affairs were desperate, for he cannot have a worse opinion of them than I have. If our worthy friend Brutus shall not assist in the senate on the first of June, I know not to what purpose he should appear in public at all. But he is the best judge of his own conduct. From the measures which I see going on, I cannot think that the ides of March have greatly improved our situation. For this reason I feel every day

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day more inclined to withdraw into Greece. For I cannot see how it is in my power to serve the interest of my dear Brutus, who, as you write to me, thinks of going into voluntary banishment.

I am not quite satisfied with a letter I have received from Leonidas. I agree with you as to Herodes. I wish I had seen the letter of Saufeius. I think of setting out from Pompeii the 10th of May.

EPISTLE XIX.

On the seventh of May, when I was at Pompeii, I received two letters from you, the one on the sixth, and the other on the fourth day after its date. I begin with the former. I am greatly pleased that Barnæus has delivered my letters so opportunely. You have acted like yourself with Cassius. It happened luckily, that four days before I received your letter, I wrote to him in the very terms you point out to me, and I have sent to you a copy of my letter. But at the very time I was driven to the greatest despair by the insolvency of Dolabella [1], as you call it, I received a letter from Brutus, and another from you. Brutus

[1] Monsieur Mongault thinks that Cicero is in jest here, which I much doubt of, because, in the preceding letter, he is very much in earnest upon this head.

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Brutus thinks of going into a voluntary exile[1]. For my part I shall steer to another harbour[2], better suited to my time of life. Before I enter it, I could wish to see our friend Brutus happy, and our constitution established. But at present, as you observe, we have no choice left us. For you are of my opinion, that nothing is more unsuitable than war, especially a civil war, is to my time of life.

Antony's answer respects only Clodius. He thanks me for my forbearance and clemency, and tells me I shall find great satisfaction in the exercise of these virtues. But Pansa[3] appears quite outrageous in regard to Clodius, and likewise to Dejotarus, and if we are to believe him, he talks in a very high strain. I do not however think it looks well in him to condemn so violently, as he does, the action of Dolabella. When our nephew was reproached by his father, for being crowned with garlands, he wrote him back in answer, that he wore a garland, to testify his respect for Cæsar, and that he laid it aside to testify his grief. In short, that he looked

[1] We must not understand this question literally. Our author's meaning is, that if Brutus should leave Italy, as Pompey had done; he must never expect to see it again.

[2] Meaning death.

[3] Cicero was mistaken in his opinion of this great man, who was afterwards killed in the battle of Mutina against Antony.

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ed upon it as an honour to be reproached for loving Cæsar even after death. In conformity with your advice, I wrote very particularly to Dolabella, and likewise to Sicca. That is a task I do not impose upon you, because I wish you to stand well with Dolabella. I have reflected upon the words of Servius, and I perceive in them more fear than wisdom, and yet I agree with him, because we are all of us frightened out of our senses. Publilius has trifled with you. For Cærellia[1] came to negotiate with me in their behalf, and I easily persuaded her, that what she requested was not only against my inclination, but not within my power. If I should see Antony, I will do the best with him in regard to your business at Buthrotum.

I now come to your last letter, though I have already answered every thing concerning Servius, and that I think the achievements of Dolabella to be highly deserving of praise. Indeed I think greater exploits could not have been performed on such an occasion, and at such a juncture. The

[1] We have already observed that our author has been accused of certain levities with this lady, who was considerably older than himself. But I think the passage before us carries with it a strong presumption of his innocence. For had there been any thing criminal between them, she was a very improper agent to have been employed in the affair mentioned here, which was a negociation set on foot by the brother and friends of Cicero's last wife for his taking her back to his family.

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The praises which I bestowed on him proceeded in a manner from the style in which you wrote to me, though I own myself to be so far of your opinion, that his conduct would be much more praise-worthy if he would remit his debt to me.

I wish that Brutus may come to Astura. You think I am in the right not to come to any determination concerning my voyage, before I see how public matters will turn out. I am now of another opinion. I shall however form no resolution before I see you. I am pleased with my dear Attica's acknowledgments in behalf of her mother, under whose superintendance I left my house and furniture. I am in hopes of seeing her by the 11th of this month. Do you make my compliments to your daughter. Pilia shall experience my affectionate regard.

EPISTLE XX.

I WENT by water from Pompeii, and reached the house of our friend Lucullus on the 10th, about nine in the evening. I was but just landed when I received your letter of the 7th, which, I was told, was brought to Cumæ by your express. Next day, about the same hour on which I landed, I received from Lucullus, yours dated from La-

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nuvium on the 9th. To these I sit down to return an immediate answer.

In the first place, I am obliged to you for your exertions in my behalf; for the care you have taken of that payment, and for the affair of Albianus. Now, with regard to your business at Buthrotum, you must know that when I was at Pompeii, Antony came to Misenum, but left it before I heard of his being there, and went to Samnium. Thus you see, that I must meet with him in Rome upon that matter. The speech of Lucius Antonius[1] filled me with horror; that of Dolabella was noble. He may, for aught I care, keep my money in his own hands, provided he pays me the interest punctually. I am sorry that Tertulla[2] has miscarried, for the race of Cassius and Brutus ought to be multiplied. I wish to know farther about the queen of Egypt, and her son Cæsario[3]. Thus much for your first letter, now to your second.

When

[1] He was brother to Mark Antony; and the harangue mentioned here, was a speech he made to the people for the distribution of certain lands to strengthen his brother's interest amongst the soldiers.

[2] She was sister to Brutus, and married to Cassius. Her name was Junia; but she was called Tertulla, from her being the third daughter in the family.

[3] Whom she pretended she had by Cæsar; and he was afterwards put to death by command of Augustus.

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When I come to Rome, I will, as you advise me, talk to my brother and nephew, and act respecting the affair of Buthrotum. You have obliged me in supplying my son with money. You think I am in the wrong to rest the whole interest of our country upon Brutus alone. But the thing certainly is so. Our country must either be nothing, or she must be saved by him and his friends. You advise me to draw up an harangue and send it to him. Give me leave, my dearest friend, to lay it down as what I think a general rule, on a subject in which I had a pretty large experience. Never was there a poet or an orator, who thought another man excelled him in his own art[1]. If this is the case, (as in fact it is), with indifferent poets, what must you suppose of Brutus, who is really a man of genius and learning? An edict which I wrote for him at your request, furnishes some proof of this assertion. He preferred his own, though in my opinion, mine was preferable. When in compliance with his entreaties I addressed to him a piece upon the best manner of speaking, he wrote, not only to myself, but likewise to you, that he by no means approved of my taste. "As every man in love

[1] Nothing can be more true than this observation of our author, notwithstanding the affected humility of many great writers.

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love is best pleased with the object of his affection, so every writer finds most gratification in his own compositions[1]." This is not a very elegant quotation; for it is taken from Attilius, a stiff and unpolished poet. I wish, however, that Brutus were at liberty to harangue the people. All would be our own if he could remain at Rome with safety. For he, who would afresh erect the standard of a civil war, will either have no followers, or such as may be easily vanquished.

I now come to your third letter. I am greatly pleased that my letters were so agreeable to Brutus and Cassius. I have, therefore, answered theirs. They insist upon my making Hirtius a better patriot; which indeed, I endeavour to do, and he gives me fair assurances. But he lives and dwells with Balbus, who likewise is a fair speaker. We ought to look before we trust either. I perceive you are greatly pleased with Dolabella. For my part, I am charmed with him. I have passed some time at Pompeii with Pansa, who gives me the strongest proof of his having honest and pacific sentiments. I approve of the edict of Brutus and Cassius. You desire that I would bestow some thought in what manner they ought to proceed. This, let me tell you,

[1] The original is, *Quare sine, quaso, sibi quemque scribere, suam cuique sponsam, mihi meam, suum cuique amorem, mihi meum.*—E.

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you, depends upon circumstances and contingencies, which, as you see, vary every hour. The first action of Dolabella, and this last harangue he made against Antony, have, in my opinion, done much service to the cause of freedom. Matters are now in a fair way. We are now likely to have a leader[1], which is the thing mostly wanted by the municipal cities and the patriotic party.

Shall you then pretend to quote Epicurus? Have you the presumption to say, "I will not meddle with state matters?" I think the very look of Brutus ought to frighten you out of such a declaration[2]. You tell me that the younger Quintus is the right hand[3] of Antony. We may therefore, through him, easily obtain all we want, and all we wish. If (as you are of opinion he

(would

[1] Meaning Dolabella. From the whole strain of this letter, it appears to have been written before the preceding, which hints at Dolabella's being bribed by Antony.

[2] This is a fine compliment to Brutus, who, by the bye, is represented on the coins and statues with a very noble open countenance.

[3] *Orig. Dextella.* I have some doubt as to this passage. The manuscripts read Quintus F. If Cicero is serious here, the *F.* stands for *Frater*. If he speaks ironically, it stands for *Filius*, and I have translated it in that sense. I have translated *Dextella*, right hand, which is certainly our author's meaning; but the commentators, who never choose to deviate from the severity of language, and never make allowance for the familiarities of expression, have given this up as a desperate word.

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would) Lucius Antonius has produced Octavius before the people, I long to know what kind of a speech he delivered. I am so pressed by the bearer of Cassius's letter, that I write this in a hurry. I now go to pay my compliments to Pilia, and then I set out in a barge to an entertainment made by Vestorius. My compliments to your daughter.

EPISTLE XXI.

On the 11th of this month, soon after I had charged the messenger of Cassius with a letter to you, my own express arrived, and, which was very strange, without any letter from you. But I soon conjectured that you must have been at Lanuvium. Now you must know, Eros has dispatched him in a hurry, that I might the sooner receive Dolabella's letter, which did not, indeed, concern my own affair, (for mine had not yet come to his hand) but was an answer, and a very satisfactory answer it is, to that letter of which I sent you a copy. I had but just sent off Cassius's express, when in comes Balbus. It is, indeed, easy to perceive that he is afraid of public tranquillity. And yet you know he always is very reserved. But he made no secret of Antony's proceedings. He told me, that he had been

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been going round to all the veterans, to bring them to approve of Cæsar's acts, and to bind them by an oath, to support and maintain them, and that two magistrates should examine them every month. He likewise complained of the prejudice generally cherished against him, and his whole conversation betrayed his attachment towards Antony. He is not, in short, to be depended on.

In my opinion, there can be no manner of doubt that a war is inevitable. The action of our friends was manly, but their measures are childish. Who is so blind as not to see, that Cæsar has nominated a successor to his power[1]. Now, what can be more absurd than to be afraid of one, and not of the other, though, indeed, we live in an age distinguished by political inconsistencies. For instance, the mother of the chief who armed himself against the tyrant still possesses the Neapolitan estate of Pontius[2]. I ought frequently to peruse the work, entitled, Cato Major, which I sent to you as an antidote to that petulance and fretfulness which I perceive to grow

1 Meaning Antony. Some of the conspirators were for killing him at the same time with Cæsar; but this was generously opposed by Brutus.

2 We have already taken notice of Servilia, the mother of Brutus, being the mistress of Cæsar, who had made her a present of this estate, which had been confiscated for the author's adherence to the cause of his country.

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grow with my years. Every thing discomposes me. My life is now drawing to a close[1], and I relinquish the business and pleasures of the world to the young who succeed me.

Do you continue to take care of my interest. I have written, or rather, dictated this in the seat of Vestorius, when the second course was set upon the table. To-morrow I intend to see Hirtius, the last of the five commissioners of Cæsar's funeral. These are the means I make use of to reclaim this great man to our republican party. Yet, I know it to be a labour in vain. There is not a man amongst them who is not afraid of peace. Let me, therefore, retire—any where rather than to a camp. I beg you to express, in the warmest terms, my good wishes for the welfare of Attica. I am impatient to see the speech of Octavius. Write me every thing that occurs, especially if there is any remittance from Dolabella[2], or whether to get rid of my debt, he will not pass a bill in favour of all insolvent debtors[3].

EPISTLE

[1] He was about sixty three.

[2] *Orig. Acquid Dolabella tinniat.* That is, whether Dolabella chinks.

[3] This was the measure that had been long suspected.

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EPISTLE XXII.

BEING informed by Pilia, that an express was going off for you upon the 15th, I immediately took up my pen that I might write to you something or other. In the first place then, I am to inform you, that I set out from hence to Arpinum on the 17th of May; you will, therefore, send thither any letters you write to me, though I shall very soon see you in passing. For I am desirous before I come to Rome, to ascertain with full assurance, what is likely to be the event. And yet, I am afraid, that my own apprehensions are but too well grounded. The designs of the party are but too plain. As to my pupil[1], who is to sup with me this evening, dearly does he love the man whom our Brutus wounded; and if I must speak it (for I speak it from what I see and know) they, in general, are averse to restore the public tranquillity. The reasons they adopt and profess are, that a most illustrious person has been murdered; that his death has convulsed the whole commonwealth; that, as soon as our fears have subsided, all his acts will be cancelled;

[1] Meaning Hirtius. It seems our author's country seat and his lay very near one another. For, though he went to see Hirtius, we find him entertaining him in his own house.

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cancelled; that his clemency was his chief misfortune, and had he been less forgiving, he would still have been alive.

Now I am of opinion, that if Sextus Pompeius should come to Italy, as he probably will, at the head of a sufficient army, a war must be inevitable. The appearances and apprehensions of this give me infinite uneasiness, for we shall not now have the same liberty as we had in the late war. We have avowed our party by our rejoicing publicly for Cæsar's death. And his friends are perpetually accusing us of ingratitude. We shall then have nothing of that liberty which we[1] enjoyed with great many others at that time. I must therefore throw off the mask and take the field, which will be more disagreeable than a thousand deaths at my age. The ides of March, therefore, give me no such joy as they did some time ago, for they were followed by an egregious error[2]. And yet the youthful heroes may plead, *that*

[1] Monsieur Mongault here translates the plural number by the singular. But I think it is more natural to understand what is said here of Atticus, as well as of Cicero; because the former openly opposed the giving Cæsar's body a public funeral.

[2] Meaning that Antony was not killed along with Cæsar. From this passage and many others, it appears, that our author was not at all in the secret of the conspirators. The truth is, he had given so many proofs of weakness and irresolution, that they did not choose to trust him. There was another reason, besides that of magnanimity, why Brutus opposed the putting Antony

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that their successful achievements are sufficient to shield them from any reproach[1].

If you, however, have any grounds for hoping better things, as you have more opportunities of conversation, and of being present at consultations; I beg you will let me know by a letter, and bestow some thoughts how I am to proceed in the affair of my votive legation. The truth is, a great many people here put me upon my guard against being present in the senate on the 1st of June. They tell me, that soldiers have private orders to be in readiness that day to dispatch our friends; and it appears to me, that they will be in greater safety any where than in the senate.

CICERO'S

Antony to death along with Cæsar, and that was, that he had been engaged with Trebonius to kill Cæsar upon his last return from Spain. Antony afterwards was reconciled to Cæsar, but he never discovered his engagements with Trebonius, and the conspirators, for that reason, agreed that Trebonius should, under some pretext, keep Antony from going into the senate-house when Cæsar was killed, for fear they should have been obliged to have killed him likewise, if he had endeavoured to have saved Cæsar.

[1] The original here is a Greek Iambic. Αλλοις εν εσθλοις τονδ' απωθουνται ψογον.

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CICERO'S EPISTLES

TO

ATTICUS.

BOOK XV.

EPISTLE I.

THE death of Alexio is to me a melancholy event! It is incredible into what affliction it has thrown me, and I am fretful from different causes than most of the people about me suppose. Where, say they, will you find another physician? What occasion have I now [1] for a physician? If I had, they, surely, are not so scarce. But I regret him for the affection he bore me, for the elegance of his manners, and the sweetness of his temper; let me add likewise, that it is an alarming consideration for ourselves, that such a man, notwithstanding

[1] Meaning that life was not worth his care, when his country was in so deplorable a situation.

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ing his great temperance and skill in his profession, should be hurried so suddenly out of the world by so terrible a disease. But there is one thought which in general is calculated to console us under events of this kind, that we have received life oncondition of submiting to all the calamities that befal it[1].

I acquainted you, by a former letter, that I had not seen Antony. For, while I was at Pompeii, he came to Micenum, which place he left before I knew of his being there. But it happened, while I was perusing your letter, that Hirtius was at my house at Puteoli. I therefore read your letter, and pressed your affair home, to him. He told me, in the first place, that whatever part he did in the business should be done for your own sake only, and he concluded by telling

[1] Sed ad hæc omnia una consolatio est quod ea conditione natisumus, ut nihil, quod homini accidere possit, recusari debeamus. A beautiful and appropriate sentiment, but rather calculated to *silence* than soothe *complaint*, and yet this is the farthest limit to which the light of nature extends. The disciple of nature under affliction ceases to grieve because to grieve is unavailing; because the cause of sorrow is the inevitable lot of man. But the believer in revelation possesses sources of real consolation even in circumstances of the severest pain. Deprived of his dearest friends and relatives and in the prospect of his own death he looks through the evidences of christianity to a renewed and more exalted state of being, and he feels his fears and his sorrows subsiding into serenity and joy.—E.

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telling me, that he would be directed by me, not only in this affair, but through the whole course of his consulship. With regard to Antony, I will deal with him in such a manner as to convince him, that, if he obliges me in this particular, he will make me wholly his. I am in hopes Dolabella will pay what he owes me[1].

Now to return to our friends, of whom you intimate your good hopes on account of their moderate edicts. You must know when Hirtius parted from me at Puteoli on the 16th, to meet Pansa at Naples, I satisfied myself as to his sentiments; for I took him aside, and exhorted him to pacific measures. You may be sure he told me that his inclination lay that way, but that he was as much afraid of violence from our friends, as from Antony; that in the meanwhile, though both parties had reason not to appear abroad without their guards, yet he was equally apprehensive of both sides drawing the sword. In short he is not rightly disposed towards peace.

I agree with you as to the younger Quintus, whose father received wonderful satisfaction and delight from your letter. As to Cærellia, I easily brought her over, nor indeed did I think her much in earnest, and if she was indifferent, surely

[1] *Orig. Dolabellam spero domi esse.* It is, if I mistake not, an act of bankruptcy for a trader to deny himself, if he is at home, to his creditor.

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surely I have much more reason to be so. As to the other woman, who, you say, is so troublesome, I am surprised you pay her the least attention. It is true, I have spoken in terms of commendation in the presence of her friends. But before her sons and daughter I spoke in very different terms. You may demand my reason for this inconsistence. Age deviates from its natural character, when it again engages in the vain pursuits of youth, and debases itself with vexations which are already too numerous[1].

You tell me that Brutus desires to see me before the 1st of the next month, and he has sent me a letter to the same purpose. It is very possible I may see him, but indeed I know not how I can serve him. For how can I give him counsel when I am so much at a loss for it myself, and as his action has rendered his own name immortal, but has left our tranquillity precarious. The

report

[1] Carellia appears to have out-stepped the modesty of her sex, and through the medium of Atticus to have solicited marriage with Cicero. She seems to have been misled by the compliments which on some occasions he paid her, and which were hardly justifiable if accompanied with the reflection which he passed upon her person and character at other times. His words here are part of a Greek proverb which carries an allusion to a fable of Æsop. Ου ταυτο εκ τε αυτε, supply δοματος εκφωνσα, *I did not pour out the same thing from the same mouth, i. e. the very tongue which praised her on some occasions censured her on others.*—E.

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The report about Cleopatra is come to nothing. I beg that you would deal with Flamma all you can.

I wrote to you yesterday, as I was leaving Puteoli to go to Cumæ where I found Pilia almost entirely recovered; I likewise saw her at Bauli. She was come thither[1] from Cumæ to attend a funeral, at which I likewise assisted; for our friend Cnæus Lucullus was then burying his mother. I therefore passed yesterday at Sinuessa, and have this morning written this letter to you, before I set out for Arpinum. Now there is nothing new that I can either tell you, or you me, unless you think there is any thing in the following circumstance. Our friend Brutus has sent me the speech, which he made in the assembly at the capitol, and he begged that I would use what freedom I pleased in correcting it before he published it. Nothing, I assure you, can exceed it in elegance of style and propriety of sentiment. But, if I had composed it, I should have animated the subject with more ardour, and enforced it with greater energy[2]. You know the character he

[1] Bauli lay between Baiæ and Cumæ.

[2] Our author is certainly in the right in his observations of the difference between himself and Brutus; and there are, to this very day, two parties of the same kind in the republic of letters. Brutus had received a regular education; he had applied

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he assumed, and therefore I could correct nothing in the speech. For, according to the manner which our friend Brutus thinks the best, and the judgment which he forms of a complete speaker, he has succeeded so well in that speech, that no composition can be more finished. But my taste is quite different. Whether I am right or wrong I know not. I would have you, however, read

plied himself to all the elegancies of stile and language; his sentiments were just and beautiful, and nothing could be more irreprehensible than all his compositions. Such I say was Brutus, and such the generality of the noblemen and gentlemen, who made great figures at that time at Rome, and such at this day is the character of the most distinguished moderns for learning who have gone through a regular course of education, and apply themselves to study. But, though these are qualities that form fine writers and good speakers, there goes more to the composition of a great genius. Our author thought that this either was wanting in Brutus, or that it had been too much polished away. He felt it within himself, he had seen its effects, but was himself too great a genius to descend to the drudgery of proving and defending it upon the principles of art, because, in fact, it is somewhat that is beyond the bounds of art, though it constitutes its chief beauties. With regard to elegance, we have had fewer instances of genius in it than in painting, poetry, or any of the fine arts, while the compositions of learned speakers are, in general, less faulty and more just than compositions upon any other art. There was scarcely a great man at Rome, who was not a fine speaker and a fine writer, who did not pique himself in publishing his compositions, and who did not hope for immortality from them. But they were without the characteristic I have mentioned, which so eminently distinguishes our author, and therefore their compositions are long lost.

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read that speech, if you have not read it already, and let me know your opinion of it. And yet I am afraid that you will be betrayed into an erroneous judgment[1] by that refinement in criticism which is expressed by your own name. But if you reflect upon the thunder of Demosthenes, you will there see that force may be united with elegance. But of this we will talk when we meet. At present I was unwilling that Methrodorus should go to you either with no letter, or with one, only for form's sake.

EPISTLE II.

On the 18th, as I was leaving Sinuessa to go to Cumæ, after writing a letter to you, I received yours from the express. It was unnecessary to say so much as you do concerning the affair of Buthrotum, which lies, and shall lie, as near to my heart as it does, or can, lie to yours. It becomes each of us to take care of the other's concerns, and I have engaged in this as a business of the highest consequence to myself. I learnt from

[1] Cicero here puns upon the name of Atticus which is synonimous with the Greek ατττικος, *elegant*. We find our author, in several places, blaming his friend for his too great delicacy in criticism, which, he thought, damped that noble spirit, which marks the works of a great genius.

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from your letters, as I have from another quarter, that Lucius Antony made a wretched speech; but I am ignorant of the particulars; for you do not give me so much as a hint of them. I am glad of what has happened to Menedemus. Our nephew certainly said those things which you write. I am glad that you think me in the right in not composing what you requested of me, and you would think me much more so, were you to read the Harangue which I mentioned in my former letter of this day. Your news of the legions[1] proves true. But I think you have not sufficiently considered that the authority of the senate alone will not be able to carry through our Buthrotian affair. So far as I can see (though all is but conjecture) our own safety will be but precarious. But if I am mistaken in this, I wish you not to be mistaken with regard to that business.

I am of your opinion, as to the harangue of Octavius[2], but I do not approve of the preparations

[1] Antony had called some legions from Macedon, the province that had been allotted him by Cæsar, with an intention to employ them in Gaul, which was the province he had his eye upon at this time, and Atticus thought that this was a favourable circumstance for the affair he was soliciting at Buthrotum, which lay in the neighbourhood of Macedonia.

[2] Octavius, as Heir to Cæsar, intended to celebrate certain plays in honour of the Julian family, which that great man designed

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tions which he makes for the plays[1], and that Matius and Posthumius should be his managers. Saserna[1] is worthy of being their colleague. Now, you are sensible, that all those fellows hate peace as much as we do war. I should be glad to contribute all I can in abating the public prejudice against Balbus. But he himself thinks that impossible, and therefore he is at work upon other schemes. I am glad that what I have said in my first Tusculan Disputation has diminished your fear of death, which is the best and the readiest refuge from calamity. I am glad that Flamma promises so fairly. I am ignorant, as to the particulars of the case of the Tyndaritans[2], about which you are so earnest. Meanwhile, I will endeavour

designed to exhibit before he was killed. Cicero did not like this proceeding. As yet, he looked upon Octavius in no other light than that of a boy, who from the nearness of this relation to Cæsar, might be made use of to balance the power of Antony. But he did not like, that the remembrance of Cæsar's person should be awakened in the minds of the people by such Exhibitions, and he certainly was in the right concerning it. The truth is, public affairs were then very much perplexed at Rome. If the conspirators were in the right to kill Cæsar, nothing could be more absurd, as our author often observes, than to inforce his measures, and in a manner, even to deify his person. If they were in the wrong, it was equally absurd in the body of the people, to bestow such applauses as they did upon every measure taken by the conspirators for the perpetual abolition of tyranny.

[1] These three were known, and violent partizans of Cæsar.

[2] They were inhabitants of a city in Sicily.

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deavour to serve them. I find, that Hirtius is alarmed at the present proceedings, and especially at Antony's profusion. I am sorry for the loss of Alexio, but I think it a happiness for him that he is dead, as his disease was so violent. Meanwhile, I should be glad to know who are his second heirs, and the date of his testament.

EPISTLE III.

On the 22d I received at Atina, two letters from you, in answer to two of mine, the one dated the 18th, the other the 21st. Now, in answer to the first. You will hasten to Tusculanum as you write, and I think of being there myself on the 25th. You write, "that we must obey our conquerors." I will answer, at least, for myself, that I will not. I know many measures preferable to that. You put me in mind of the decree[1] that was made in the temple of Apollo, under the consulate of Lentulus and Marcellus. But give me leave to say, that the party is not the same, nor are the times the same, especially as you write to me, that Marcellus and others are retiring. I must therefore try before-hand, and come

[1] This was when, upon Cæsar's marching to Rome, the senate, as in the case of a rebellion, or conspiracy, or any other momentous concern to the public, gave it in charge to the consuls, "to take care that the commonwealth should receive no detriment."

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come to some resolution, whether I can be safe at Rome or not. I am very jealous of the possessors of our new plantations. Thus, scarcely can I move without danger[1]. But these are matters of no moment and I despise even the greatest dangers. I am acquainted with the contents of Calva's will, who was a mean, sordid man. I am obliged to you for the care you have shewn in the sale of Demonicus. It is some time since I wrote very fully to Dolabella concerning Manius[2]. I hope my letters came to hand, for I pay all due attention to his interest.

I now come to your second letter. I know all I wanted to know, concerning Alexio. Hirtius is entirely yours. I wish it were worse with Antony than it is[3]. What you write to me concerning my nephew, gives me very great pain. I will speak with

[1] Meaning, that if he goes to Rome, he was there in danger from Cæsar's party, and, should he stay in the country, from the veterans which Antony had gained over by a late distribution of public lands amongst them.

[2] He was a friend and relation to Cicero; and some of his letters are still extant.

[3] *Orig. Antonio, quam est, nolo pejus esse.* Monsieur Mongault thinks, that this expression regards Lucius Antony, who had opposed his solicitations, in the affair of Buthrotum. But I see no reason, why we may not understand it of Mark Antony, whom our author began to be more than ever jealous of, especially, as he had made several fruitless attempts to talk with Mark Antony about that affair, the success of which depended more upon him than it did upon Lucius Antony.

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with his father when I see him. I am greatly desirous to serve Brutus as far as I am able, and I perceive, you are of my opinion, with regard to his short harangue. But I cannot comprehend how you can imagine, that I should compose a speech, and put it off as that which was pronounced by Brutus, now that he has published his. How would this look, or would you have me to go upon the topic, that it was lawful to kill the tyrant. I shall speak and write much on that subject; but it will be in a different stile, and on a different occasion. The tribunes have behaved nobly in the affair of Cæsar's throne[1], and I likewise approve of what our knights have done. I am glad that Brutus has been at my house, provided he has enjoyed himself there, and without being hurried away.

EPISTLE

[1] This was a golden chair which the senate had decreed for Cæsar, in all public places, a compliment paid only to the gods. When Octavius attempted to bring this chair upon the theatre, he was opposed in it by the tribunes, probably seconded by the knights, who were disposed in fourteen rows of the theatre.

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EPISTLE IV.

ABOUT two in the afternoon, on the 23d, I received a dispatch from Quintus Fufius[1], containing a note written in his senseless vapid manner, begging me to receive him to my former good opinion. Meanwhile, it may possibly happen, that when one does not love a person, he looks upon every thing to be stupid which that person does, or writes. My answer was such, as, I believe, you would approve of. The same express brought me two letters from you, the one of the 22d, the other of the 23d. Now, as to the first—What, a whole legion has deserted Antony![2]—Excellent news indeed! Carfulenus too has abandoned him! I should have as well thought, that rivers would flow back to their source. What you tell me of Antony's measures, is very alarming; I wish that he would apply to the people, as I believe he will, rather than to the senate[3]. But

[1] His surname was Calenus. He had been the friend of Clodius, and was afterwards attached to Antony.

[2] *Orig. Et Legio?* This legion was called Martia, and was commanded by the Carfulenus here mentioned, who went over to Octavius, and was afterwards killed at the battle of Modena, where his legion was cut in pieces.

[3] Our author was afraid of any thing coming from the authority of the senate, that looked like condemning the action of the conspirators.

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But the whole plan of his conduct, seems to point towards war; if it is true, that he intends to deprive Decimus Brutus of his government. According to the opinion I have of his spirit, I do not think Antony will gain his point without violence. But, as he has become responsible for your solicitation in favour of the Buthrotians, I wish he may meet with no opposition[1]. You will perhaps, ask me, why I am so merry upon this subject. But give me leave to tell you, that I am so far from being merry, that I am sorry the mighty favour you obtained, has not been obtained by my assiduity and interest.

You tell me you are quite at a loss to conceive how our friends ought to proceed. I have been equally at a loss for a long time. The consolation, afforded by the ides of March, is now unavailing. We acted like men, but we consulted like boys. The tree was felled, but its roots were not plucked up, and therefore, you see how it puts forth fresh shoots. Let us, therefore, have recourse to our Tusculan Disputations[2], as you are so fond of them. If you please, we will conceal this last circumstance from Saufeius, who never shall know it through me. You tell me, Brutus desires to know from you, on what day I am to be at Tusculanum. Let him know, about the 27th, as I wrote

[1] This is spoken ironically.

[2] *Viz.* Against the fear of death, and against the Epicureans, of which sect Saufeius was.

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wrote to you before, and I should be glad to see you as soon as possible. For, I am of opinion, that I must go to Lanuvium, which, I know, will afford much idle conversation to the public; and therefore requires deliberation.

I now return to your first letter, without adverting to what you say in the beginning of it concerning the Buthrotians, whose interest I have very deep at heart, provided, as you intimate, I shall be at liberty to appear in their favour. You still insist, and that too as peremptorily as you did before, on my writing a speech for Brutus. What shall I treat of? The subject that has been handled by him? and treat of it too without his desiring me! This he would regard as an impertinent interference. You will perhaps advise me to compose it in the manner of Heraclides. Well, I am not against that, but I must form my plan, and I must have time to execute it maturely. You may entertain what opinion you please of me, and I hope you always will entertain a very good one, but believe me (and I mean no offence) that if public matters continue as they are at present, I shall have no pleasure in reflecting upon the ides of March. Had we struck at the root, we should not have had a second Cæsar, nor should we have been terrified into a confirmation of all his acts. At least, for my own part (that I may speak in the stile of Saufeius, and not in that of my Tusculan Disputations,

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putations, which you exhort even Vestorius to read) I was so much in favour with Cæsar, whose memory I wish to consign to everlasting infamy, that since I have not recovered my freedom by the death of that tyrant, he would have been at this time of my life, by no means, an undesirable master. I blush, believe me I do, at what I write, but as I have written it, it shall even stand[1],

I wish that the news concerning Menedemus may be true, and likewise, that concerning the queen of Egypt. I will talk with you when we meet of all the other matters, especially how our friends are to proceed, and what I am to do myself, should Antony beset the senate-house with his soldiers. I have not trusted his messenger with this letter, for fear he should break it open, and,

[1] Our author, here, gives us a very true picture of himself. Whatever his professions are, it is plain, from the constant tenor of his letters, that when he did not meet with the consideration he thought he deserved, nothing went well in the government. We find him by turns courting the conspirators, Antony, Octavius, Dolabella and Hirtius, and all to recover his own importance. The apology offered for him by Dr. Middleton and his other admirers, as if he had done this in order to keep the parties balanced, so that his country might recover her liberty, is the most despicable that can be imagined. For he could not well, at this time, be ignorant of the views of Octavius, who had the address to sooth his vanity, and weakness, and to make use of him in all his most pernicious designs upon the public liberty.

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and, as I was at any rate to answer yours, I have sent it off by express.

I wish with all my heart, that you could have answered the request of Brutus[1]. As you cannot, I have let him know so much by letter. I have sent Tyro with a message, and a letter to Dolabella. You may send for him, and write by him whatever you have to say to me. When I write this, Lucius Cæsar interrupts me, begging that I would see him at his house in the grove, or that I would write to him where he can wait upon me, because Brutus wants very much, that we should meet together. What a vexatious, endless, business this is! Well! so far as I can foresee at present, I will give him the meeting, and then go to Rome. I write to you as yet only in general, for I have yet heard nothing from Balbus. I, therefore, am impatient for a letter from you, stating your opinion of what is likely to be the event, and giving me an account of the state of things.

EPISTLE V.

THE express is returned from Brutus, with letters from him and Cassius, who are extremely desirous of being advised by me. Brutus even asks

[1] Monsieur Mongault for very good reasons, is of opinion, that this paragraph begins a new letter.

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asks me, which of the two measures he should adopt[1].—You understand me; wretched situation! It will not bear writing upon. I, therefore, think of answering him by silence, unless somewhat should occur to you. If there does, I beg you would inform me by letter. As to Cassius, he is extremely earnest and importunate with me, that I would convert Hirtius into a patriot. Would you think the man in his senses thus to bid me do a thing impossible[2]. I have sent you his letter. Both Balbus and Hirtius write to me in the same manner as you do concerning the senate's coming to a resolution upon the provinces of Brutus and Cassius. Hirtius tells me, that he has actually left Rome, and is returned to Tusculanum, and he is violently against my going to Rome, and that too, on account of the danger I must be exposed to, to which he himself has been exposed. For my part, though there were no danger, I ought to be so cautious of exciting Antony's jealousy, by not seeming to be pleased with his prosperity and power, that I have all the reason in the world not to go to Rome, for fear I should see him.

You

[1] *Viz.* Whether he shall go to Rome, or leave Italy.

[2] *Orig.* ὁ γναφευς αρθρακος. Literally, *the fuller is black,* a proverb, which answers to the saying among us, *to wash a black-amore white,* that is, to attempt an impossibility.—E.

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You must know likewise, that our friend Varro has forwarded to me a letter, sent to him, I know not by whom; for he has erased the writer's name, informing him, that such of the veterans[1] as were excluded from the division of the lands (for some of them were thus excluded) talked very desperately, and that all who seem not to favour their interests, must be exposed to great hazards, should they go to Rome. How then must I go, return, look, and walk about, amidst such ruffians. If, as you write Lucius Antonius is ordered to command against Decimus, and other generals are appointed to act against our friends the conspirators, what shall I do, and how shall I behave? My present resolution is to absent myself from a city where, in prosperity, I flourished with the highest dignity; and with a little, even in servitude. But my resolution is not so fixt to leave Italy, upon which I will consult with you, as it is not to go to Rome.

EPISTLE VI.

Our friends Brutus and Cassius having written to me to employ all my interest with Hirtius, who in their opinion is a good patriot, to confirm him

[1] They afterwards went over to Octavius.

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him in his present dispositions, from which they apprehend he may swerve: I have written and recommended to him a due regard for Brutus and Cassius. Meanwhile, though he is at present at variance with Antony, yet, I know him to be a friend to the party. I was willing you should see his answer, which I have sent you, and to know your opinion whether the party are apprehensive that our friends have more courage than they really have.

Hirtius to his Friend Cicero, wisheth Health.

"You ask me, whether I am now returned to the country, and whether I am inactive amidst this universal combustion. You must know then that I have left Rome, because I thought it my best course. I write this in my journey to Tusculanum, for you are not to think me so much of a hero, as to return to Rome by the 5th. For, I can see nothing now that can require my attendance there, since the governments are bestowed for a term of years. I wish, that you could as easily dissuade Brutus and Cassius from running into any violent measure as you can truly persuade them of my being directed by you. I observe you say, that they were leaving Italy when they wrote to you. Whither, or why, are they going? Dissuade them, I conjure you, my Cicero,

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Cicero, from this intention, and suffer not the whole system of our government to be ruined, which is every day, by heaven, receiving fundamental shocks from the rapines, burnings, and slaughters that are committed. All they have to do is to be upon their guard, if they apprehend any danger, but let them not stir an inch farther. Believe me, they cannot, by the most violent measures, come nearer to their purpose than they can do by the most inactive, provided they are circumspect. As to what is passing now, it cannot be durable, but should a civil war break out, it must be immediately pernicious and fatal. Let me know your sentiments of them when I arrive at Tusculanum.

Such is the letter of Hirtius, and my answer was, that to my certain knowledge, my friends had nothing violent in view. I was willing you should know how this matter has passed. This letter was sealed when Balbus wrote me, that Servilia was returned, and assures him, that Brutus and Cassius will not leave Italy. I now expect a letter from you.

EPISTLE VII.

THE letters you forwarded to me, gave me great pleasure, especially that of our friend Sextus. The cause, you will say, is that indeed it is

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so much in your own praise. There may indeed be something in that; and yet, before I came to this place, I was charmed both with his sentiments upon public matters, and his assiduity in writing to me. As to our pacific friend Servius[1], with his little secretary, he seems to have undertaken the negociation, and to be guarding against any fraud in the deeds of agreement. But he ought to have reflected, that it is not the law but the sword[2] that will decide the question. I expect to have a letter from you likewise.

EPISTLE VIII.

SINCE you left me, I received two letters from Balbus without any news, and one from Hirtius, intimating his terrible disgust with the veterans. I am extremely impatient to know, what will be done the first of next month[3]. For that purpose, I have dispatched Tyro, and along with him, several of my domestics, any of whom you may charge with a letter when any thing happens worth

[1] Servius Sulpicius was remarkable for affecting in the former war, to negociate between Cæsar and the senate; and he was esteemed the greatest lawyer of his time.

[2] This is taken from a verse of Ennius.

[3] The original has *Kal. Martiis*. But this must be a mistake, since our author evidently means the first of June, when the senate was to meet.

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worth your writing. I have even written to Antony concerning a legation, for fear he should have taken it amiss, had I written to Dolabella singly.

As Antony, however, is said not to be easy of access, I have written to desire Eutrapelus[1] to put my letter into his hand, and have acquainted him how serviceable that legation would be to me. A votive legation would be more honourable[2], but I may make use of either.

I beg you would diligently examine your own situation. I wish that we could confer together upon it, but if that should be impracticable, we may do the same thing by letters. Græceius[3] has written to me, that he has received a letter from Caius Cassius, informing him, that a number of armed men have got together, and are ordered to march to my house at Tusculanum. This news does not seem very probable to me. Meanwhile, I must be upon my guard, and must have an eye upon my several country-houses. But to-morrow, I shall better know what to determine.

EPISTLE

[1] He was an officer of the artillery under Antony.
[2] *Viz.* Than a lieutenancy under Dolabella.
[3] He was very intimate with Brutus and Cassius.

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EPISTLE IX.

On the third in the evening, I received a letter from Balbus, informing me that the senate would meet on the 5th, and that Brutus was to be dispatched to Asia, and Cassius to Sicily, to buy up corn, which they were to send to Rome. How desperate is our situation! First, that they should receive any commission from such a faction, and next, if they received any, that they should receive one in which they can act only in the capacity of deputies[1]. Perhaps, it would have been as well to send them to divert themselves on the bank of Eurotas. But all must be as fortune directs. Balbus tells me likewise, that the senate at the same time will, by a decree, assign provinces to them and other prætorians. This, indeed, is better than their walking under the Persican portico. For you must know, that our friend has a Lacedæmon at Lanuvium[2]. You ask

[1] Because the year of their prætorship not being expired, they could only have the title of Legati, and not of proprætores.

[2] A good many private circumstances are touched at in this, and the preceding sentence. Monsieur Mongault, after Grævius, thinks it probable, that Brutus had built at Lanuvium a kind of an epitome of the famous Persican portico which was at Lacedæmon, in commemoration of the victories of the Lacedæmonians

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ask me, why I should laugh in talking of such matters? What shall I do, I am tired with crying?

Immortal Gods! into what agony was I thrown, by reading the first page of your letter? What! armed men breaking into your house! But I was glad that this cloud soon blew over. I am extremely impatient to know how you succeeded in your melancholy as well as difficult negotiation, of bringing our friends to act in concert[1]. This seems to be impracticable, so closely are we beset on all hands with troops. As to myself, the letter from Brutus, which you say you read, so struck me, that though I was before uncertain what to advise, I am now rendered still more undetermined through grief. But I will write you more when I am better informed. At present I had very little to write to you, and the less, because

cedæmonians over the Persians, and that the river Eurotas, where the Lacedæmonians used to indulge themselves in time of peace, was represented there, either in painting, or by some real rivulet in the neighbourhood, to which Brutus gave that name. Meanwhile, from the manner of our author's expression, I am apt to think, that besides those allusions, he has a secret glance at Brutus's laconic way of writing, which he so much disapproved of.

[1] *Orig. Ad consiliandum legatione.* I agree in general with Monsieur Mongault's sense of this passage. Only, I think that the expression does not imply a simple consultation, but a consultation for acting with unanimity. This office suited very well with the character of Atticus, and the next letter justifies the sense I have given to this passage.

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because I am in some doubt whether this letter will come to your hand, as it is not certain that this express will see you. I am extremely impatient for a letter from you.

EPISTLE X.

How affectionate is the letter from Brutus, and how wayward is your situation, that you cannot go to him! Now, what advice can I send them? It would be dishonourable to accept favours from that party? Shall I counsel them to make some attempt? That is what they dare not, and at this time, what they cannot do. Supposing I advise them to remain quiet. But who will answer for their being safe? But should the party proceed to extremities against Decimus, how then could our friends endure to live, even supposing, that none should attack them? Can any thing be more mortifying than that? Brutus dares not preside at his own exhibitions? To bestow upon him the commission for buying up corn, is no other than a plausible pretext for removing him out of the way[1]; not to mention that it is one of the meanest employments

[1] *Orig. Quæ est alia Dionis legatio.* Because the tyrants Dionysius the elder and the younger, used to employ their kinsman, Dion, in embassies to keep him from practices against their government.

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employments in all our government. In short, it is so delicate an affair to give counsel in such a situation, that the counsellors themselves are not in safety. But I should despise danger, could I be of service. For of what service can I be by thrusting myself between Brutus and his mother[1], who sways him either by her counsels, or her entreaties. I will, however, bestow some thought upon the matter. I shall write to him, for answer him I must; I shall, therefore, send my letter directly either to Antium or Circæi.

EPISTLE XI.

On the 26th I arrived at Antium, where I met with a hearty welcome from Brutus. Then, in the hearing of a great many people, particularly of Servilia, Tertulla, Portia[2], and likewise of Favonius, he asked my opinion as to the part he ought to act. I had been thinking of this very thing on the road, and I accordingly advised him to accept of the commission for buying up corn in Asia; because now we had nothing to think upon, but how they should live in safety, which was the only expedient by which we could save our country. I had but just begun to deliver this opinion

[1] She had been beloved by Cæsar, and still lived in great friendship with his friends.

[2] These were the mother, sister and wife of Brutus.

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opinion when Cassius came in[1], and I then repeated what I had said. Upon this Cassius, with furious looks, and with the very spirit of Mars, asserted positively, he would not go to Sicily. What, said he, am I to receive an affront as a favour? What then, said I, will you do? He then told me, he would retire to Achaia. And what will you do, Brutus, resumed I. If you think proper, replies he, I will go to Rome. I think it by no means proper, answered I, for you cannot be there with safety.—But, supposing I could, would you then advise me to go?—I could, by all means, wish, replied I, could you be in safety, that you should live at Rome, and that you should not leave Italy either now, or when your prætorship is expired, even for a government. But still, as matters are circumstanced, my opinion is against your going to Rome. I then strengthened what I had said with such reasons as must readily occur to yourself, why he could not live at Rome with safety.

They then bitterly lamented, and especially Cassius, who inveighed against Decimus Brutus[2], the

[1] Doctor Middleton, vol. iii. p. 61. of his Life of Cicero, translates the original here, which is *Cassius intervenit*, Cassius interrupted him. But it is plain he was mistaken.

[2] I cannot be of Monsieur Mongault's opinion, that this was, because Decimus Brutus opposed the killing of Antony. Because had Cassius inveighed against him for that, there could have

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the opportunities which they had lost. I did not contradict him, but told him it was impossible to recal what was past. I then began to talk of the measures they ought to pursue, though without saying any thing particular that is not publicly and daily talked of. I did not even mention that we ought to have rid ourselves of any other person than Cæsar. I only said, that the senate should instantly be summoned together; that we should avail ourselves of the people's ardour, who ought to have been exhorted by some animated speeches, to take into their hands the whole system of the government. Upon this, the lady who is well known to you, exclaimed, "Well, never did I hear any body talk at this rate before." But I soon silenced her. Cassius however, in all probability, will be gone, because Servilia has undertaken, that the resolution of the senate, about his corn commission, shall be repealed, and our friend soon altered the idle strain in which he talked before; for he said he would

have been no manner of doubt of the thing, though it was a question at that time, and is not clear to this day, whether it was Marcus or Decimus Brutus, who dissuaded the conspirators from killing Antony. I rather think that, by this passage, he alludes to some other neglect of Decimus Brutus in not opposing Antony, though he was then at the head of three legions in the Cisalpine Gaul. This is confirmed by *Appian de Bel. Civ. lib.* iii. who says that Brutus and Cassius trusted chiefly to Decimus Brutus, for repressing the power of Antony, in which, however, they were disappointed.

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would comply. It was therefore agreed upon, that, though he was absent, the plays should be celebrated in his name. Now, in my opinion, he intends to set out from Antium for Asia.

Not to detain you, this visit gave me no other comfort than the consciousness of having done my duty, for it would have been highly improper for me not to have seen him before he left Italy. Having thus discharged what I owe to the love and kindness I bear him, I may say to myself, *Tell me, O! my guardian angel, of what avail has been this journey which I undertook at thy suggestion?*[1] The vessel in which the enemies of tyranny have embarked, is not only leaky, but is fallen into pieces. They have among them neither concord, reason, nor regularity. For this reason, had I not been determined before, this must have fixed me in the resolution of flying to a land where the report of such doings would never reach my ears.

Meanwhile, in case you do not know it already, I was informed last night that Dolabella has given me a deputation under himself, dated the 2d of April[2], for I think you were against my accepting a votive legation. It was indeed absurd for me, after my country was ruined, to pretend to

[1] *Orig.* 'Η δευρ' οδος σοι τι δυναται νυν θεοπροπε.

[2] There must either be a mistake in this date, or the commission must have been anti-dated.

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to perform the vows which I made for her preservation. Besides, if I mistake not, those kinds of legations are limited to a certain time by the Julian law; nor is it an easy matter for the person, who enjoys them, to be at liberty to enter and leave Rome when he pleases, which I can do in my present situation. It is a delightful thing to enjoy this liberty for five years. But what do I talk of five years, I probably shall be free from the cares of life long ere then. Let us, however, dismiss ill-boding apprehensions.

EPISTLE XII.

I AM pleased with what you tell me of your business at Buthrotum. Meanwhile, I have sent Tyro to Dolabella with a letter, because you requested it. That can do no harm. As to our friends at Antium, I suppose you are convinced from what I already wrote to you, that they are determined to remain inactive, and to accept of Antony's insulting favour. Cassius spurned at the corn commission, and Servilia told him, that she would get it cancelled by a resolution of the senate. As to our friend Brutus, he is resolved, with an air of complacency, to go to Asia, after being of my opinion, that he could not live safely at

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at Rome[1], for he chooses to have his exhibitions celebrated in his absence. He is collecting

[1] The Greek expression, in the original here, makes Monsieur Mongault think it to be a compliment to the steadiness and unconcern of Brutus, especially, says he, as Brutus was of Cicero's opinion as to the danger of his living at Rome. But I cannot agree with that gentleman. The expression, *και μαλα σεμνος (Et valde gravis)* was certainly made use of to denote a person marching along in great state and gravity with a consciousness of his own merit and importance. Plutarch, in his Life of Cicero, makes use of the same expression, when he describes him, attended by almost all the people of Rome, returning to his own house from punishing the accomplices in Catiline's conspiracy. Besides, notwithstanding all the compliments which our author is in a manner forced to pay to Brutus, I never can be brought to believe that he either sincerely loved or esteemed him, nor did he ever miss an opportunity of sneering at him when he could. As to their agreeing together in their opinion on this head; if the reader attends to our author's sense of the conspirator's conduct, he may easily perceive, that the advice he gives them here, was no other than the result of his hearty contempt of their management. He more than once tells Atticus, that all their measures were childish, nor does he think he can put Brutus in a more ridiculous light, than by making him resolve to accept of this insulting commission, and to set out upon it, as if in reality it had been doing him an honour: but, in fact, our author was not in the secret of Brutus, as appeared by the sequel of his conduct. He had great resentments against Antony, who had rendered it unsafe for him to remain at Rome; and he was very sensible that the leave which he and Cassius had obtained from the senate, to be absent from thence, and which Antony agreed to, was artfully obtained by Antony himself, that he might remain master of Rome. In fact, therefore, it was very wise in Brutus to

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ing vessels to carry him over. Meanwhile they are not to leave these parts. Brutus, at least, told me, he was going to Astura. Lucius Antonius has written a very handsome letter to me, desiring me not to be alarmed at any thing. This is one favour he does me, and perhaps he will do me another, if he does not come to Tusculanum. These things are not to be borne, and yet bear with them we must. Which of the Bruti are we to blame! So far as I can perceive, Octavianus has sufficient courage, and his disposition, towards our heroes appear to be such as we could wish them to be. But it requires great deliberation before we trust one of his years, his name, his family, and his education. His step-father, at least, whom I saw at Astura, thinks that we ought not at all to confide in him. We must, however, cherish him with the hope of our confidence, were it only to separate him from Antony. I will say, that Marcellus has done nobly, if he has prepossessed him in favour of our friends, and I can assure you, he seemed

to dissemble his resentments, and even to accept of this corn commission, which gave him an opportunity of getting together some ships. Antony, according to *Appian de Bel. Civ. lib.* iii. seemed to be sensible of this; for in the speech he there makes to the military tribunes, we find him complaining against the senate for bestowing this commission upon Brutus and Cassius, as being no other than a pretext for their getting together their friends and soldiers.

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seemed to be entirely influenced by him, and not over-much by Pansa and Hirtius. His views are unexceptionable, if they continue unaltered.

EPISTLE XIII.

On the 24th I received two letters from you, and shall begin with that of the oldest date. I agree with you that I ought neither to lead the van, nor bring up the rear. Let me, however, assist in the march. I have sent to you my speech[1], and I leave you at liberty either to suppress or to publish it. But when do you think it will be proper to do the latter? I think the truce which you mention to be impracticable. My best way will be to remain silent; I therefore think of making no reply. You write me that two legions[2] are arrived at Brundusium. You always receive the news before we do. Write therefore whatever you hear. I expect to see Varro's

[1] I entirely agree with Monsieur Mongault, that this was a speech our author had composed by way of invective against Antony and his party, but which was not to be published before a favourable turn should happen to the republican interest.

[2] They were brought over from Macedon by Antony's order, to assist them in dispossessing Decimus Brutus of the Cisalpine Gaul (Vide *Appian de Bel. Civ. lib.* iii.) and to oppose the elect consuls, Hirtius and Pansa, who seemed, by no means, well disposed to his interest.

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Varro's dialogue. I am now fond of the manner of Heraclides, especially as you are so much pleased with it. But I should be glad to know how you think I ought to manage the subject. I am the more inclined to it from what I wrote you formerly, especially as you have strengthened your opinion, to which I was no stranger, with that of Peduceus, which always will have a powerful weight with me. I shall, therefore, bestow upon the subject the united force of my talents and industry.

Conformably to your request, I shew every favour to Vectenus and Faberius. I believe Clælius had no bad intentions, but a person cannot be too much upon his guard. I entirely agree with you in your sentiments about preserving our liberty, which certainly is the dearest of all human enjoyments.—And has Gallus Caninius[1] been treated in that manner?—What a profligate villain he is, for what other appellation can I give him? Marcellus[2] is sufficiently cautious. I do my best likewise, but I am not so much upon my guard.

I have now answered your first and longest letter. To your second and shortest, what can I say, but that it gave me infinite pleasure? The affairs

[1] He was a friend to our author, and probably had received some injury from Antony.

[2] This was Marcellus the consular, who had retired from Rome, and took no concern in party matters.

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affairs of Spain are in a fair way, provided I can but see Balbilius[1] in health and prosperity, for I consider him as the staff of my old age. I am sorry for what has happened to Antonianus, because Visellia is greatly attached to me. But we are born to accidents of that kind. You tell me you know nothing of Brutus. But I understand from Silicia, that Marcus Scaptius is arrived, but conceals himself; that he is to see her privately, and that I shall know every thing. When I do, I will instantly acquaint you. Meanwhile, the same lady informs me[2], that a slave of Bassus is arrived, who tells her that the Alexandrian legions are in arms; that they have invited Bassus[3] to their assistance, and that Cassius is expected. In short, our country seems now to be in the way of recovering her freedom. But we should

[1] He very probably was the son of Balbus, and one of Cicero's friends. There are, in this Epistle, several other allusions to private affairs, of which we know nothing.

[2] Monsieur Mongault very properly agrees with Grævius, that the original here ought to be read *Inter ea narrat eadem*. But he will have *eadem* to be the ablative, and *via* to be understood, and he translates it accordingly. This surely cannot be Cicero's meaning; for why should a slave of Bassus come along with Scaptius, who wanted to remain incognito? Besides the construction is forced, and I have therefore understood it to be the nominative, by which all difficulties of the sense are removed.

[3] He is mentioned before in the 9th letter of the 14th Book.

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should not be too confident of success[1]. You know how well the other party is experienced in all the arts of treason and violence.

I am greatly pleased with Dolabella[2], and yet, while I am writing this, now that the second course is put upon the table, I understand that he is arrived at Baiæ, though I received a letter from him as I was coming out of the bath, which he writ to me from Formiæ, informing me, that he had done every thing I required, for securing to me the payment of the money he owed me. The blame that it was not done sooner, he lays upon Vectenus; I suspect that it is his design, as is usual with such men, to defraud me[3]. But he tells me, that that excellent person, and my very good friend Sestius, has undertaken the whole affair. But give me leave to ask you what Sestius could

[1] *Orig. Se ne quid ante.* Which Monsieur Mongault translates *Pourvu que les partizans d'Antoine ne vous prevennent pas.* But I think both the words and the connection, more naturally point to my sense.

[2] Who had promised to serve Atticus in his Buthrotian affair.

[3] *Orig. Tricatur scilicet, ut homo talis.* Which Monsieur Mongault understands of Vectenus; but I can, by no means, be of his opinion. The word *Tricari* is properly applied to those who shuffle off the payment of money without refusing it; nor is the expression *homo talis,* as Monsieur Mongault supposes, always made use of to denote contempt; and from what follows in this paragraph, I think it very plain, that Dolabella is here mentioned.

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could do in this matter, that might not have been done by any one of us? However, if things should fall out beyond my expectation, let me know. If the whole affair is desperate, as I suppose it is, inform me by a letter, for it will give me no great concern.

I am now pursuing the study of philosophy, and I am engaged in a splendid work upon the moral duties, which I address to my son, as the most proper present a father can give to a child. I will afterwards pursue other studies. In short, I shall have something to show for my thus retiring from Rome. Varro is expected here to-day or to-morrow. For my part, I repair as fast as I can to Pompeii, not that it is a more agreeable place, but that there I am less plagued with interruptions. Let me know, I beg you, what Martillas was accused of, for I understand he is executed, and if it is certainly known who suborned him to the attempt[1]. While I write this, I am thinking that you have received my oration. I fear much that you will not like it; and yet why should I be apprehensive, since it is not to be published, unless our country shall recover her liberty, a subject upon which I dare not trust my sentiments to writing.

EPISTLE

[1] This is a very dark piece of history, and probably alluded to some person that Antony had put to death under pretext of being employed to assassinate him. Vide *Appian de Bel. Civ. lib.* iii.

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EPISTLE XIV.

ON the 27th I received a letter from Dolabella, (of which I have sent you a copy) acquainting me, that he has done every thing you desired of him. I immediately wrote him an answer, in which I returned him many thanks. But lest he should be surprised at my writing twice to him on the same subject, I pretended, that I had no opportunities of knowing from your own mouth, the services he had done you. But, to make short, my letter was as follows.

Cicero to his Friend Dolabella, Consul.

"I FORMERLY learned, by a letter from my friend Atticus, how very generous and kind you had been to him; and you yourself acquainted me by another letter, that you had done every thing we desired of you. In answer to which, I wrote you a letter, to let you know that you could not have done me a more agreeable piece of service. But when Atticus came in person to my house at Tusculanum, on purpose to testify to me the obligations he was under to you, for your extraordinary and inexpressible kindness to him in the affair of Buthrotum, and the matchless affection you bore him, I could not contain my-

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self from making this second open declaration of my grateful sense of your favours. For, my Dolabella, you must know, that of all your distinguished proofs of zeal and kindness to me, there is none, I think, does me so much honour, or gives me such pleasure, as your giving Atticus to understand how much I love you, or you me. I have nothing more to say, than that, as men generally support by their power, what is bestowed by their kindness, you will protect, by your authority and assistance, the interest and the inhabitants of Buthrotum; and though it already owes its being to you, let me beg of you, once more, as I have often already done, to recommend it to your friendship. This will be for ever a sufficient protection to the Buthrotians, and you will deliver both Atticus and me from great pain and anxiety, if you will do me the honour to undertake this, and to preserve them under your perpetual tuition, which, in the most earnest manner, I conjure you to do."

Having finished this letter, I returned to the work, which at present I have in hand. It will, I am afraid, require to be marked in a great many places, by your red pencil, so fluctuating and embarrassed do I feel political considerations.

EPISTLE

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EPISTLE XV.

MAY the distresses which Lucius Antonius occasions to the Buthrotians, revert upon himself! I have drawn up my certificate[1] which you may seal when you please. If the Ædile, Lucius Fadius, asks from you the money for my house at Arpinum, you may pay him, though it were the whole sum. I wrote you, in the other letter, about the hundred and ten thousand sesterces, which must be paid to Statius. If, therefore, Fadius should call for the money, I desire it should be paid to him, and to him only. If I mistake not, there is some money in my hands, which I have written to Eros to deliver up[2].

I am indignant at the queen of Egypt. Ammonius[3], who answered for the performance of her promises to me, knows that I have good reason for my indignation. The favours she promised

[1] That Cæsar, before his death, intended to grant to the Buthrotians, the favour which Atticus was soliciting, and this certificate must be sealed by Atticus, as well as our author. This was no very patriotic conduct in those two friends, who, when the affair was to bring no profit to themselves, were extremely disgusted that any regard should be paid to Cæsar's acts or intentions.

[2] All this is private affairs, nor am I quite certain as to the sense of the original.

[3] He was an old servant of her family.

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mised me, I assure you, were such as I need not be ashamed of, though they were proclaimed from the rostrum. They were only such as befitted a man of learning, and became my dignity. As to Sara, besides my knowing him to be a worthless fellow, he behaved very disrespectfully to me in particular; I never saw him but once, which was at my own house. When I asked him very civilly in what I could serve him, he told me, he came to look for Atticus[1]. As to the haughtiness the queen herself expressed when she was at the gardens[2] beyond the Tyber, I never can reflect upon it without strong resentment. I will, therefore, have nothing to do with that gang, who supposed me to be void of spirit, and even of feeling.

I perceive that the ill management of Eros, in my affairs, will hinder my departure from hence. For, according to the accounts given to me, on the 5th of April, I ought to have money in hand, and yet I am obliged to borrow. I suppose, that

[1] Monsieur Mongault thinks that the offence of Sara, mentioned here, is not quite satisfactory for accounting why our author should abuse Sara as he does. But we have had many opportunities in the course of these letters, to observe how very susceptible our author was of the smallest piece of disrespect to his person.

[2] This hint agrees extremely well with the haughty imperious character of Cleopatra, who lived with Cæsar at the time of his death.

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that the money arising from my rents has been set apart for the building of the temple I have so often mentioned[1]. I have, however, recommended these matters to Tyro, whom I have sent to Rome for that purpose, for you have now too much business upon your hands for me to give you more. The more modest my son is in asking for money, I am the more concerned, lest he should want it. He has written me nothing upon this head, though it is natural to think, that I should be the first person he would apply to. He has, however, written to Tyro, that he has received no money since the first of April, for this year was then out. I have always understood, that your own disposition, as well as a regard for my character, led you to think, that I ought to supply him with what may sufficiently enable him to make, not only a decent, but a distinguished, appearance. I, therefore, beg (and indeed, I would not give you this trouble, could I employ any body else in the affair) of you to take care to furnish him with a whole year's supply at Athens, and you shall be reimbursed by Eros. I have sent Tyro to Rome for this very purpose.

You

[1] We see that our author had not yet given over the thoughts of deifying his daughter, nor is it quite certain that he did not actually build somewhat of that kind. At least some of the Italian antiquaries have pretended to make discoveries, as if Tullia had been deified by her father.

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You will, therefore, charge yourself with this, and write to me what you think proper on the subject.

EPISTLE XVI.

I HAVE at length received a letter from my son, written, I assure you, with such propriety and elegance, as sufficiently denotes his improvement in learning. All my other friends there, give me very flattering accounts of him. Leonidas, however, still qualifies his commendations with his old "At present." But Herodes commends him wonderfully, and without reserve To tell you the truth, this is a subject in which I may be easily imposed on, and on which I am, with pleasure, credulous. I beg that you would let me know, if Statius has written any thing to you of my concerns. This part of the country is I assure you very pleasant, and very retired, and free from company, in case one has a mind to compose any work of learning. And yet I feel an unaccountable preference and attachment for my own residence. Meanwhile, I believe, I shall soon be tired of this lovely landskip, for, indeed, if our prognostics do not fail[1], we shall have

[1] Our author translated the prognostics of Aratus upon the weather, of which the croaking of the frogs was one.

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have rainy weather, because the frogs are croaking[1]. I beg you will let me know where, and on what day I can see our friend Brutus.

EPISTLE XVII.

On the 14th I received two letters, the one dated the same day, and the other on the 13th. Now, as to the first, let me know, when you received any news of Brutus; I have heard of the pretended alarms of our consuls[2]. For Sica, in the zeal of his affection, but in a manner too tumultuous, gave me an intimation of it. But what do you say of it?—We must be contented with what we can get. For, I perceive, you have not had a line from Siregius[3]. This is vexatious. I take it amiss, that any body should hear of what has happened to your neighbour Plætorius sooner than myself. You have managed the affair of Syrus with great address. I believe, it will be no hard matter for you to intimidate

[1] *Orig.* ἐκτετυκασι *ranæ*, literally, *the frogs are declaiming*. The noise of these animals recalled in our author the memory of the forum, where it was once his practice to *declaim* and he facetiously applied the term to them.—E.

[2] *Viz.* That the conspirators intended to assassinate them.

[3] There is a very quick transition here from public to private affairs. We know nothing about the persons here mentioned.

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intimidate Lucius Antonius, by means of his brother Marcus, so as to prevent him from distressing the Buthrotians. I requested you not to pay that money to Antro (but you had not received my letter), or to any body but Lucius Fadius the ædile, for I could not otherwise, either lawfully or safely, do it. You write me, that you want the hundred and ten thousand sesterces, which you advanced for my son. If you please, you may call for it from Eros, who has the rents of my houses in his hands. I am not at all offended at Arabio in the affair of Sitius. I do not think of setting out until my accounts are settled[1], and if I mistake not, you are of the same opinion. So much for your first letter. I now proceed to your second.

I beg you would act like yourself, in serving Servilia, that is, Brutus. I am glad, that you are

[1] *Orig. Nisi explicato* A. This mark has given the commentators infinite trouble, though nothing can be more clear, than that the meaning of Cicero is as I have expressed it. Monsieur Mongault, after informing us of the ridiculous conjectures of the commentators, gives us no opinion of his own. Mine is, that the mark here exhibited is a dipla or a caret, and it certainly was made use of by the Romans, as it is by us, to point at an interlineation, or at some remarkable passage in a letter. Very possibly Atticus had interlined in his letter somewhat about Cicero's debts, and nothing can agree better with our author's manner, than to hint at this caret, to express the state of his accounts. Or, perhaps, the Romans made use of that mark to denote a deficiency, as the sense is very clear, the interpretation is only a matter of mere curiosity.

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are so far from having any concern about the queen of Ægypt, that you approve of what I have written with regard to her. I have received Tyro's report of the accounts of Eros, whom I have ordered to attend me. You give me a very sensible pleasure, in promising to supply my son with every thing. Messala talked wonders of him, when he paid me a visit in his return from Lanuvium, where he had been to see our friends, and, indeed, he writes so affectionately, and at the same time, so elegantly, that I should not be afraid of reading his letters before an assembly of critics; therefore, I think, he merits the more indulgence. I suppose Sestius will not be greatly afflicted at what has happened to Busilianus[1]. When Tiro comes to me, I think of going to my house at Tusculanum, and I recommend it to you, to write to me instantly, whatever you think it is proper for me to know.

EPISTLE XVIII.

THOUGH upon the 15th, I informed you sufficiently of what I wanted, and of what I should be glad you would do, yet after I was set out, and while I was sailing on the lake[2], I resolved to send Tiro to you, that he might be present at whatever

1 Sestius and Busilianus were two of the conspirators against Cæsar.

2 *Viz.* Lucrinum.

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whatever was transacted. I likewise have written to Dolabella, that I wanted to be gone if he thought proper, and I asked him to furnish me with mules[1] for carrying my baggage on my journey. I know, that you have your hands very full of the affairs of the Buthrotians, as well as of Brutus, the chief care, and likewise the management of whose plays, I apprehend, are particularly trusted to you. But, I beg you will bestow a little, and a very little attention will suffice upon the following circumstance. The situation of public affairs seems to me, to point towards a general, and that too an immediate massacre. You see the agents, you see the armaments. I must tell you, I do not think myself in safety. Should you think otherwise, I beg you would let me know by a letter. For could I do it consistently with prudence, I would much rather choose to live at home.

EPISTLE XIX.

You write me, that you stood up for the Buthrotians, but that your interference proved unavailing. What then can you attempt farther to serve them? Let me know, how Brutus intends to

[1] This was done at the public expence to the lieutenants, and the governors of provinces.

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to proceed. I am sorry, indeed, that you are so much embarrassed, which I attribute to the ten commissioners[1]. The affair indeed was troublesome but unavoidable and you have greatly obliged me by your exertions. I think war is inevitable. Let us therefore, fly hence, but as you write to me, not before we converse together. I know not what Theophanes means, for he has written me a letter, to which I sent the best answer I could. He tells me, in it, that he wants to pay me a visit, to inform me of his own affairs, and some things that concern myself. I look for a letter from you.

Take care, I beg of you, that we adopt no rash measures[2]. Statius has written to me, that our nephew has told him very peremptorily, that he could not put up with such proceedings, and that he was determined to espouse the cause of Brutus and Cassius. I should be glad to learn, for I cannot possibly apprehend, what he means. He may, perhaps, be in a passion with Antony. He may be ambitious to retrieve his reputation, by changing his party, and very probably, but the whole is a momentary whim. Meanwhile,

I am

[1] *Viz.* The commissioners which Antony had made, for the division of the public lands to his veterans. Our author, by way of contempt, calls them *decem homines*, instead of *decem viri*.

[2] *Viz.* In the affair of the younger Quintus, which the reader will be acquainted with in the sequel.

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I am apprehensive, and my brother is confounded, for he is no stranger to what Antony said of his son, and indeed, formerly he told me very dreadful things of him. In short, I know not what he intends. I have no orders from Dolabella, and of this I am very glad. Let me know, whether Caius Antonius wants to be made one of the seven commissioners[1]. He certainly has a claim to that office. With regard to Menedemus the affair is as you write. Pray inform me of every thing.

EPISTLE XX.

I HAVE returned Vectenus my thanks, for nobody could have acted with greater honour than he has done. I do not care what commission Dolabella shall send to me. Let it be any thing; were it only to talk with his friend Niccias[2], for every body knows, that that is a matter of mere form; nor is there a man of sense, who does not perceive, that I set out, not upon public business, but because I think the cause of the commonwealth is lost. You tell me, the people, and even the patriots, talk as if our country was undone. For my own part, I began to have my own

[1] *Viz.* For dividing public lands that lay within Italy.

[2] He was a particular friend of Dolabella, and then at Athens.

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own apprehensions ever since the day when I heard the appellation "of a most illustrious hero," given to that tyrant in an assembly of the people. But afterwards, when I found, while I was at Lanuvium with you, that all the hopes our friends had of living, depended upon the will of Antony, I then entirely despaired. Therefore, my dearest friend, I beg you will receive this information as intrepidly as I write it. Calculate upon the foulest ruin[1], for Antony has already, as it were, pronounced our doom. I am determined to leave the bottom on which we are now embarked, not in hopes to save my life, but to meet with a more honourable death. All this misfortune is owing to Brutus. You write to me, that Pompey has been admitted into Cartheia[2]. An army is ordered to march against him, and which camp shall I join? for Antony has declared against all neutrality. One party is weak, the other wicked. Let us, therefore, make haste. But assist me with your counsel where I ought to embark, at Brundusium, or at Puteoli? As to Brutus, he sets out instantly, and in this he does wisely. His departure gives me concern. Alas! when shall I see him again. But we are born to these afflictions. You yourself will not be

[1] The original here is very obscure, but I believe, I have hit upon Cicero's meaning.

[2] This was a sea-town in the farther Spain.

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be able to see him. May the gods punish the slaughtered tyrant[1] who put you to this trouble about Buthrotum. But what is passed cannot be recalled. Let us, therefore, look forward.

Though I have not as yet seen Eros himself, yet from his letters, and from the information of Tyro, who has examined his accounts, I can form a pretty exact jndgment of them. You tell me, that I must borrow two hundred thousand sesterces, for five months, that is, to the first of November, when my brother's money becomes due to me. I therefore beg, since as I am informed by Tyro, you think it improper for me to come to Rome on that account, that you will, if it is not inconvenient for you, look out for that sum, and borrow it in my name. I perceive, I have immediate occasion for it. I will inform myself more particularly of every thing from Eros in person, and especially concerning the rents of my wife's estate[2]. which, if they are punctually paid to my son, will nearly supply him with every thing as plentifully as I could wish for, were I ever so opulent. Meanwhile, I perceive, that I shall have occasion for travelling expences, but let those rents be paid to my son, as they fall due, for

[1] Viz. Cæsar, who it seems, had assigned to his soldiers some part of Buthrotum, and perhaps, Atticus's estate there.

[2] This probably was some part of Terentia's estate, which she had either sold to Cicero, or given to him for the maintenance of her son.

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for I must have the money, I shall have occasion for, all together. Though I think, the person who is afraid of his own shadow, breathes[1] slaughter, yet I will not set out until I have settled all my payments. When I meet with you, I shall know whether my funds will answer or not. I have written this with my own hand, because I think it of importance. You are to pay Fabius, as you say you will, but nobody else. I wish you would answer this letter to-day.

EPISTLE XXI.

My brother, let me tell you, is quite overjoyed. For his son has written to him, that he intended to fly over to Brutus, because, that when Antony urged him to name him dictator, and to seize some strong post, he refused to do either; for fear, as he says, of offending his father. He adds, that Antony is, on that account, become his enemy. But then, resumes he, I recollected myself, lest, out of spite to me, he might do mischief to you. I have, therefore, appeased him, and he is to pay me four hundred thousand sesterces, and the rest afterwards[2]. Now

[1] Meaning Antony.

[2] These I take to be the words of the letter which young Quintus wrote to his father.

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Now, Statius writes, and to my great surprise[1], he seems glad at it, that he is desirous of living with his father. Did you ever hear of so great a villain?

I very much approve of your reluctance to accede to the proposals of Canus[2]. I had not the least notion that he was in debt, and I imagined that every farthing of his daughter's fortune had been paid her back. I wait to see you in person, to be informed fully of what you hint at. You may keep this express as long as you please, because I know you are busied. You have done right with regard to Xeno. When I have finished what I am now composing, you shall have it. You tell my brother, that you have sent him a letter, but nobody has yet delivered it. Tyro says, that you are now against my embarking at Brundusium, and that you are under some apprehensions respecting the troops. But I had already resolved to embark at Hydruntum[3]. I was

[1] Because Statius, who was his freedman, had great sway over the elder Quintus. Our author is therefore surprised, that he should be fond of the younger Quintus coming to live with his father.

[2] His daughter was to be married to Cicero's nephew, and it seems, she was accounted to have a large fortune. But when her circumstances were inquired into, it appeared, that being a widow, great part of her fortune was mortgaged for the payment of her husband's debts, for which she stood engaged.

[3] This was a city in Apulia, now called Otranto.

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was pleased with what you said, that I should be only five hours in my passage. But I shall be much longer, if I go from this place. We shall, however, talk about that. I have nothing from you upon the 21st; and indeed, what could you write? Let me, therefore, see you as soon as you can. I make the more haste lest Sextus Pompeius, who I hear is on his march, should arrive in Italy before I leave it.

EPISTLE XXII.

I CONGRATULATE you upon our nephew's leaving Rome, for he will give us no more trouble. I have no doubt, that Pansa makes fair professions. I know him to have been all along closely connected with Hirtius, and could he find his account in it, I suppose, he would be so with Brutus and Cassius likewise. But when is he to see them?—You say he hates Antony. When did that appear, or how shall we believe it? Is there no end of our being duped? You must know that, when I wrote to you, Sextus Pompeius was upon his march. I did not mean, that he was actually at hand, but because I knew it to be a measure already concerted, and that nobody now thinks of quitting his arms. If he advances,

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there can be no doubt of a war commencing. This minister of Venus[1] says, that every man must purchase his life by conquest. What does Pansa say to all this? Should war, which seems to be unavoidable, be declared, what party will he join? But we will talk over those, and other matters at meeting, which will, according to your letter, be to-day or to-morrow.

EPISTLE XXIII.

I AM incredibly perplexed, though not pained, with the many considerations that suggest themselves, both for and against my journey. And how long, say you, will your perplexities last? Why, I tell you, as long as I am undetermined, that is, till I get on ship-board. If I should receive an answer from Pansa, I will send it to you, with a copy of mine to him. I will give the treatise I am composing to Silius, whom I expect. Let me know if there is any thing new. I have written to Brutus; and I beg likewise, if you know any thing of his setting out, that you will inform me.

EPISTLE

[1] *Orig. Cytherius hic.* Meaning Antony, who kept a famous courtezan, called *Cytheris*.

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EPISTLE XXIV.

THE messenger, whom I sent to Brutus, returned on the 26th. Servilia told him, that he had set out that day about ten in the forenoon. It gives me real pain, that he did not receive my letter. Silius has not been with me. I have written out the treatise, and sent it to you. I should be glad to know on what day I am to expect you.

EPISTLE XXV.

A GREAT many people, who visit me, are divided in their sentiments as to my journey. But as it is a thing of so great consequence to me, I beg that you would take it into your consideration. Do you approve of it, provided I can be in Rome by the first of January? I am quite indifferent in the matter, if I can but keep free of public censure. It is with propriety that you call the profanation of the mysteries, the anniversary of the expiation[1]. Whatever be the event, it

[1] The original here is extremely perplexed. All we can guess at is, that Cicero hints at the celebration of the sacred mysteries in which Clodius was detected, which happening to fall in December, our author was fond of being at Rome the day

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it shall regulate me in regard to my journey. Let us therefore suspend our judgment a little; for a winter voyage is extremely disagreeable, and, for that reason, I was glad to know your opinion about returning by the day of the mysteries. I suppose, as you intimate in your letter, that I shall see Brutus. I have fixed my departure from hence to the last of this month.

EPISTLE XXVI.

I PERCEIVE you have done all that lay in your power in my brother's affair. Meanwhile, however, I am in painful suspense, whether to comply with Lepta, or distrust Silius. I am informed, that L. Piso wants to absent himself under the sanction of a forged resolution of the senate[1]. The express which I told you I had sent to Brutus at Anagnia, came to me on the last day of the last month, in the night time, with a letter from him; in which he makes one request, which is

day of their celebration, as he was of every opportunity to put the Romans in mind of his former glory. But the truth is this, all that the commentators have said on this head is mere conjecture.

[1] We have already observed, that it was no unusual thing for a faction, or a leading man in the senate, to obtain those forged resolutions.

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is by no means consistent with his great good sense; that I should be a spectator at his shows. My answer was, in the first place, that I was now gone too far to retract my journey; and in the next place, that it would appear excessively absurd, if I, who had kept entirely from Rome ever since it had been filled with soldiers, not so much from the fear of danger, as from a regard to my dignity, should all of a sudden come to it that I might be present at an exhibition of shows. I agreed that it suited his dignity to make such exhibitions, because it was part of his duty; but as it was no part of mine, neither could it be to my credit to be present at them. Believe me, when I tell you, I am extremely desirous that he should exhibit them, and that they should be well received, as I hope they will be; and I recommend it to you, that from the time of their commencement, you will let me know how they are received, and the success they meet with every day during their being exhibited. But enough of shows.

Brutus seems to be very despondent in certain parts of his letter; though occasionally he displays sparks of manly resolution. I send you a copy of it that you may be able to judge for yourself; though my messenger told me, that he had brought a letter to you from Brutus, and that he had sent it to you from Tusculanum. I have arranged my journey, so as to be at Puteoli the

7th

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7th of July. For though I am in great haste, yet I will take all the precautions that can possibly be taken, before I go on board.

You may relieve M. Ælius of his fears, that the aquæducts which I proposed to conduct through the extremity of his field[1], would prove prejudicial to his farm. I have long ago laid aside all thoughts of that project, nor was I ever very much in earnest about it. But, as you observe, this must be very gently noticed, and in a manner, calculated rather to make him easy, than to give him any suspicion that I am displeased with him. I likewise beg that you will talk freely with Cascelius about the debt due from Tullius; the thing is of no great importance, but you watched him narrowly[2]; and he did not act quite openly. For my part, if he had obtained any advantage over me, as he would have done, had you not disappointed him by your sagacity[3], I should have patiently put up

[1] The original is so depraved here, that I translate it upon little more than conjecture.

[2] *Orig. Sed tu bene attendisti.* Which Monsieur Mongault translates, *Comme vous l'avez fort bien remarque.* But I think upon considering the context, that he is mistaken, and that the meaning must be as I have translated it.

[3] *Orig. Nisi tua malitia affuisset.* The word *malitia* is a civil law term to denote quickness and sagacity. *Nisi malitia supplet ætatem,* that is, unless the want of years is made up by the forwardness of natural parts.

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up with it. Whatever, therefore, may be the event, I choose to put a stop to the affair.

You may remember, that I ordered one eighth of the lights in the house next to Strena's temple[1] to be shut up. You will order those effects to be delivered over to the person for whom Cærellia solicits, at the highest price that was offered in the sale. It was, I think, three hundred thousand sesterces. I beg you to give me an account of every thing as frequently as you can, and also your opinion, and your thoughts, as to what may happen. I entreat, as I have already recommended to you, that you will make my apology to Varro, for my delay in writing to him. I hope Mundus will get the better of that fellow[2]. I beg you will gratify my curiosity, by letting me know in what manner M. Ennius has conceived his will. Dated from Arpinum the 10th.

EPISTLE XXVII.

I REJOICE that you advise me to the very measure, which, of myself, I had executed the day before. For yesterday, on the 12th of this month, I charged the express, by whom I sent a letter

[1] The original here is unintelligible.

[2] *Mundus istum.* This *Mundus* is taken notice of as being a friend of our author.

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letter to you, with another letter in the most affectionate terms to Sestius. With regard to him, his visit to me at Puteoli was civil, but his complaint unjust. It was not so much to be expected, that I should wait for him on his return from his house at Cosa [1], as it was that he should have either seen me before he went, or have been more quick in his return; because he knew that I intended to set out soon, and he had written to me that he was to pay me a visit at Tusculanum.

I am sorry to understand, that you so much regretted my departure. Had you expressed this regret sooner, I might perhaps, have altered the whole scheme of my journey. But you did well in comforting yourself with the hopes of our speedy meeting together again [2], and the same hopes likewise support me. I shall often write to you. I will let you know every thing concerning Brutus, soon send you my treatise concerning glory [3], and write somewhat in the manner of

[1] This was a sea-town of Tuscany.

[2] Atticus was at this time thinking of going to Greece.

[3] It was divided into two books, and a copy of it was in being after the art of printing was discovered. Petrarch received it as a present from *Reymundus Superiantius*, and unfortunately lent it to his school-master, who put it in pawn to relieve his necessities, but died before he could take it out, and thus Petrarch never could hear of it. About two hundred years after, it was in the possession of Bernardus Justinianus, who bequeathed

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of Heraclides, which must be concealed in your repository. I have not forgotten Plancus. Attica has a right to complain. It is with great pleasure I received your accounts of Bacchides, and the garlands put upon the statues[1]. I beg that henceforward you will not neglect to send me accounts of these and other occurrences, however minute. I shall keep in my mind the affairs of Herodes and Mettius, and of every man whom I can so much as suppose you wish well to. Your nephew is a base youth; he is arrived in the evening, while we are at supper.

EPISTLE XXVIII.

I STILL intend, as I wrote you yesterday, to be at Tusculanum on the 7th, and there I shall, every day, expect your news, especially concerning the shows, of which you are likewise to write to

queathed it to a monastery of nuns, from whence it could never be recovered. The conjecture of learned men is, that Petrus Alcyonius, the physician to that nunnery, had purloined it, and transcribed what he thought proper into his own writings, which the critics observe to be of a very unequal composition, especially his book *de Exsulio*. If this conjecture be true, it is natural to suppose that Alcyonius destroyed the original to prevent the discovery.

[1] These probably were some republican statues, which had been crowned by the people.

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to Brutus. I sent you, the day before, a copy of his letter, though I myself am at a loss for its meaning. I beg you will make my apology to Attica, in a manner that shall lay the whole blame upon yourself, and, in the meantime, assure her, that Greece has not engrossed the whole of my affections; for I have left part of them behind.

EPISTLE XXIX.

I HAVE sent you Brutus's letter. What distraction does he betray!—But read it and judge for yourself. I am quite of your opinion, that his shows will be greatly crouded. There is no occasion for your going on purpose to the house of Marcus Ælius, for you may do that business any time you meet him. As to the debt of Tullius, you will apply to Marcus Axianus, as you propose. You have brought the affair with Cosianus to a very happy termination. It gives me pleasure that you expedite, not only my business, but your own. I am very glad that you approve of my legation. May heavens grant you to perform what you promise! For what can give me pleasure equal to the company of my friends, though I am a little apprehensive of facing

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facing the lady you except[1]? As soon as I have spoken with Brutus, I will write you an account of the conversation. I heartily wish a confirmation of the news concerning Plancus and Decimus[2]. I should be sorry if Sextus Pompeius should leave the field[3]. Inform me if you know any thing of Mundus. Having thus fully answered yours, you are now to read my epistle.

The younger Quintus accompanied me as far as Puteoli. He is at present as wonderful a patriot as you would have me to believe Favonius and Asinius are. He had two motives for his complaisance to me, first, that it might be known that he was in my company; and secondly, because he wants to be reconciled to Brutus and Cassius. But what is your opinion? For as you are a friend to the Othos, you must know our nephew tells me, that Julia intends to marry him, a divorce being already resolved upon. My brother questioned me about the character she bore. As I was entirely ignorant of the motives of his inquiry, I told him, that I had heard

[1] This probably was a private joke between Cicero and Atticus, whose wife perhaps affected to take it amiss, as we see in the close of the last Epistle, that our author had shown so much indifference at parting with her.

[2] *Viz.* That they had joined their army in favour of the conspirators.

[3] Lepidus, about this time, had offered him very great terms if he would disband his army, and return to Rome.

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heard nothing about her, but concerning her person and family. But, resumed I, why do you inquire? Why, says he, she intends to marry my son. Though this shocked me, yet I told him, I did not think every thing the world said of her was true. Now, my brother's view is to be excused from parting with any thing to his son, for he thinks that this will not prevent the match on her part. But I shall not be disappointed if our nephew is duped as usual. I beg you will inqure into this affair, as you may easily do, and let me know farther.

What, I beseech you, is the meaning of this? After this letter was sealed, the Formians, who supped with me, told me, that their friend Plancus[1] whom they had seen yesterday, the 5th, at Buthrotum, was ignominiously dismissed; and that his slaves gave out, that the Buthrotians had forced him and his land-hunters to move out of the country—So much the better. But as you love me, let me know the whole of this affair.

CICERO'S

[1] This Plancus was employed to divide some lands in Buthrotum to the veterans, and our author had applied to him in favour of the Buthrotians.

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CICERO'S EPISTLES

TO

ATTICUS.

BOOK XVI.

EPISTLE I.

YESTERDAY being the 7th, I arrived at my house at Puteoli, and I write this as I am setting out to visit Brutus at Nesis[1]. But while I was at supper on the day I arrived at Puteoli, I received your letter from Eros.—What on the nones of July[2]! I heartily wish that vengeance

[1] This was a small island near Puteoli, where the younger Lucullus had a country-house.

[2] The anti-republican Party had prevailed so far, that they got the name of the month Quintilis changed into that of July, which it retains to this day, and the advertisement of Brutus's plays which were celebrated in his absence, intimated that they were to be performed the 7th of July instead of the 7th of Quintilis.

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geance may overtake them. But if every mortification should trouble us, we must be troubled every moment. And yet—What can be more scandalous than for the title July to be authorized by Brutus? Well, I cannot help saying again, never did I know any thing so shameful. But I beg you would let me know whether there be any truth in the report that the land-jobbers were routed at Buthrotum. Nay, I am told, that Plancus stopt neither night nor day, in his flight. If it is so, I beg earnestly you would inform me.

I rejoice that my journey meets with approbation. It cannot be surprising, that the Dymæans[1] infest the seas, now that they are driven from their possessions. Perhaps, it would be right in me not to embark. If I do, it will be most safe for me to sail along with Brutus. But if I mistake not, his ships are very small. I will, however, inform myself, and let you know tomorrow. I take the report about Ventidius to be the effect of terror. It is confidently affirmed, that Sextus Pompeius has surrendered. If this proves true, I perceive that we must be slaves, without having so much as a struggle for our liberty. How so, you will say? Is nothing to be hoped from Pansa and his colleague on the first of

[1] They formerly were pirates, and they had been settled by Pompey at Dymæ, a town in Achaia, but were now turned out of their possessions by Cæsar.

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of January. Their boast is vain as the froth which crowns their cups or the dreams which they indulge asleep[1]. That the two hundred and ten thousand sesterces will come very conveniently for defraying the expences of my son. For Ovius is lately come from him, and amongst many other agreeable accounts, he lets me know, that my son has charged him to tell me, that seventy-two thousand sesterces a year will do more than defray his expence. He says that Xeno furnishes him sparingly, and with very little at a time. The money you lent him above the rent of that estate, must be put to the first year's account, which comprehends the charges of his journey; and after the 1st of April, his allowance must be eighty thousand a year, which is the present rent of my estate in the city. I must see what separate maintenance I can allow him when he comes to Rome, for I do not suppose that I shall be able to bear with his proposed mother-in-law[2]. I have refused Pindarus the farmer of the revenue in positive terms.

Now

[1] Our author, as we have already seen had no very good opinion, and his brother a far worse of Hirtius and Pansa, who were consuls elect for the next year.

[2] All this is private history, and the particulars are not now to be recovered. Only it is probable, that our author had a wife in his eye for his son.

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Now you must understand the reason why I sent this express. Our nephew promises to behave like another Cato, and both he and his father have been soliciting me to answer to you for his good behaviour, but upon condition, that you are not to trust him till you try him. I shall give him a letter to you in conformity to his request, but you are not to mind it, and I have sent you this lest you should think that he has been able to make any impression upon me. May heavens grant him to perform what he promises, which will give joy to us all! But I will say nothing farther to you. He leaves this place on the 9th, that he may, as he says, on the 15th pay some money, which is demanded of him with great earnestness. By what I now write, you will be able to judge how you ought to answer my letter. I will write you farther by Eros when I see Brutus. I am satisfied with the apology of Attica, who is very dear to me, and I offer my compliments to her and your wife.

EPISTLE II.

On the 10th I received two letters from you, one by my own letter-carrier, and another by that of Brutus. You give us an account of the Buthrotians, very different from what we had in this country. But we must put up with that as well

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well as with many other things. I have sent back Eros sooner than I intended, both that I might have somebody to pay Hortensius, and because he says, that he appointed to pay the money to the commissioners of the treasury on the 15th[1]. As to Hortensius, his demands are very impudent. For there is nothing due to him but from the third payment, which is to be made on the 1st of August, and most of that payment has been made before it became due. With regard to Publilius, I think, the draft I am to give him will be answered upon sight, as soon as it becomes due[2]. But when you see how much I have given up of my own right, when of three thousand pounds which was due to him, I paid four hundred thousand sesterces in ready money, and am to give him drafts for the rest, you may endeavour, if you think proper, to prevail with him to accept of such a time for the payment of those

[1] *Orig. Equitibus.* We are in the dark, as to this passage. These equites were the monied men of Rome, and possibly Publilius, or some of Cicero's creditors, had given them a draft upon him.

[2] I have translated this very differently from Monsieur Mongault. It appears to me, as if one half of the money here mentioned, had been paid in cash, which Cicero was not obliged strictly to have done, and that he was to have given drafts or assignments for the remainder. And all the favour he asked of Publilius was, that he might not be obliged to give them for too short a time.

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those drafts, as may suit my conveniency, especially as I have given up so much of what I might have insisted upon by law. But my dear, dear Atticus, you see how I can coax when I have an end to answer. I beg, while you are at Rome, that you will manage, direct and govern all my affairs without my being concerned in them in the least. For though in the main, my other funds answer pretty exactly [1], yet it often happens, that ones debtors are not so punctual. Should any thing of this kind happen, let my credit be your first and only consideration. You are not only to borrow money, but to sell my effects to support it, should there be occasion.

Brutus was greatly delighted with your letter. For soon after I received it, I spent several hours with him at Nesis. He seemed quite pleased with Tereus [2], and exprest himself to be more obliged to Accius, the author of the piece, than to Antony, the president at the play. Now, my opinion is, that the more public joy that is expressed

[1] I have likewise differed from Monsieur Mongault in the meaning of this passage. The original is, *Quamquam enim reliqua nobis apta sunt ad solvendum; tamen fit sæpe, ut ii qui debent non respondeant ad tempus.* Which he translates, *Je laisse assez de fonds, mais comme mes débiteurs pourroient ne pas payer exactement.*

[2] This was a play composed by Accius Nævius, exhibited at Brutus's shows, in which many strokes against tyranny were greatly applauded by the people.

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pressed, the greater ought to be our indignation and grief, that the Roman people should employ their hands in applauding theatrical exhibitions rather than in defending their country. Their applauses, I imagine, will have the effect of provoking our enemies to hasten the execution of their villainous measures. But let them grieve, it matters not from what cause, provided they have cause to grieve.

I am pleased with your telling me, that my resolution is approved of every day more and more; and I am impatient to hear farther from you on that subject, for I have heard various opinions respecting it. This was the reason why I was so long in coming to any final resolution. But as I am now in a manner goaded out of Italy, I think of embarking at Brundusium; for it would be both more easy and more practicable for me to avoid the enemy's troops, than the pirates who are said to infest those coasts. This day I look for Sestius, but I do not yet hear of his arrival. Cassius is here with his little squadron. After I have seen him to-morrow I intend to go to Pompeii, and then to Aculanum. You know the rest of my rout.

I am not disappointed in what you tell me of Tutia. I am as easy as you are about that affair of Ebutius, to which I give no credit. I have (only because you desired me) written to Plancus and Oppius. Perhaps, when you have read my letter

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letter to them, you will not think it necessary to deliver it. For as all they have done is done on your account[1], I am afraid, they will think my letter unnecessary; at least, it may appear so to Oppius, whom I know to be your intimate friend. But you are to do in that as you think proper. You give me great pleasure by informing me, that you are to pass the winter in Epirus, provided you are there before the time which you yourself have prescribed for my returning to Italy. Write to me as often as you can; when you have nothing of importance to write, you may trust your letter to any accidental conveyance; but send me every thing that is of importance express by one of my domestics. If I arrive safe at Brundusium[2], the work projected on the plan of Heraclides,

[1] I again differ with Monsieur Mongault in his translation of this passage. The original is, *Cum enim tua caussa fecerint omnia,* which he translates, *Comme ils ont fait pour vous tout ce que vous souhaitez.*

[2] I read the original with Monsieur Mongault, *Sed notentur eclogarii quos (viz. eclogarios ;)* but I differ with him in translating, *eclogarii; les plus beaux endroits.* Neither he, nor any of the numerous commentators upon this passage have reflected, that it appears by the end of the 14th epistle of the preceding book, that it was customary with Atticus to mark the exceptionable passages of our author's compositions with a red pencil, and I can see no absurdity in applying that passage to this one, since the works mentioned in both are the same, nor in supposing our author to desire his friend to take the sense of any favourable company, who might be at his house, upon those passages.

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clides, I will soon begin. I have sent you my treatise concerning glory. You will therefore, bestow upon it the care which you usually do on my other compositions. But let the exceptionable passages be marked, and when you have got in company suitable auditors, Servius may read them, but only while they are exhilarated with wine. I am greatly delighted with them myself, but I rather wish you were so. Again and again, farewel.

EPISTLE III.

I COME at last to answer your letter; and you must know that I think you have acted wisely in meeting with Antony at Tibur, in seeming to agree with all his measures, and even returning him your thanks; for your observation is just, that we must forfeit our liberty sooner than our property. Your telling me that you are more and more in love with my Treatise[1] upon Old Age, inspires me with additional ardour to write You say, that you hope Eros will not come without some small present, and I am glad that you have not been disappointed in that respect. Meanwhile, the work I have sent you is the same

you

1 *Orig. O Tite si quid ego.* These are the first words of that treatise.

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you saw before, but more correct, and I send you the original copy corrected and improved in many passages. When you have got it handsomely transcribed, you may read it in private to your guests; but as you love me, put them in good humour, by a liberal entertainment, lest they discharge all their spleen at you in ill nature against me.

I hope the accounts I have of my son are true; I will know all about that affair of Xeno, when I am upon the spot; meanwhile, I cannot think he has acted either indolently or unhandsomely. I will take your advice concerning Herodes; and I shall inform myself of what you mention, by Saufeius and Xeno. I am glad that you received the letter about our nephew, which I sent you by the express, sooner than that which I sent you by himself.—You would not, however, have been imposed upon—but it is as well as it is.—I long to know what he said to you, and you to him.—Both of you, I suppose, went on in your old way. But I am in hopes to receive an account of that in the letter I am to get by Curius, who though he is in himself amiable and dear to me, is become doubly so, through your recommendation.—So much in answer to your letter.

I am now to acquaint you with what I am sensible is unnecessary for me to write, yet write it I must. I am shocked with a great many circumstances in my leaving Italy; and indeed, the chief

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chief is, my being separated from you. I dread likewise the fatigues of the voyage, which become neither my age nor dignity, and the unfavourable crisis, in which I am to set out. I leave my country in peace, to return to it in war; and I spend, in rambling abroad, the time I might spend in my retired villas, which are elegantly built, and delightfully situated.—But on the other hand, I comfort myself with the thoughts that I shall either be of service to my son, or be able to judge how far he is capable of improvement; and in the next place, with the hopes of seeing you according to your promise. Should that happen, I shall think that every thing goes well with me.

But above all things I am vexed with the thoughts of the debt I leave behind me; for though I have settled the funds for discharging it, yet the money owing to me by Dolabella, makes part of it, and I feel so uneasy on my being unacquainted with the circumstances of those on whom he has given me assignments, that this, beyond my other concerns, gives me pain. It was I think not amiss in me to write in plain terms to Balbus, desiring him to assist me in case it should happen that those assignments should not answer; and I have likewise begged the favour of you to speak to him, if any such thing should happen; you will therefore, if you please, talk to

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to him, especially as you are to set out for Epirus.

I write this as I am preparing to embark at Pompeii, in three ten-oared gallies. Brutus is still at Nesis and Cassius at Naples. If you are in love with Dejotarus, are you not so with Hieras[1] likewise, who ever since Blæsamius waited upon me, has neither spoken to our friend Sextus, nor to any of us, though he had express orders to do nothing but by his advice.—I feel desirous, though at this distance, to caress[2] my Attica, so dearly do I value the compliments she sent me in your letter. You will therefore return her many acknowledgments on my part, and the same to Pilia.

EPISTLE

[1] This is ironical, and alludes to a contract which this Hieras and Blæsamius, who were agents for Dejotarus, had made in the name of their master for a large sum of money he was to pay to Antony upon his restoring to him the lesser Armenia, which had been taken from him by Cæsar.

[2] *Orig. Suaviare*, which being a childish word, I have translated it accordingly; nor is there any absurdity in those two great men, Atticus and our author, adopting the language of fondness upon such an occasion.

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EPISTLE IV.

As I told you yesterday, or perhaps not till to-day, (for our nephew said he would be two days upon the road) I was at Nesis on the 8th, where I saw Brutus. What pain did the nones of July give him! It was amazing to see how much he was shocked. He therefore told me he would dispatch an order to Rome, that the advertisement of the hunting diversions, which were to be exhibited the day after the Apolinarian games, should be deferred to the 12th of Quintilis. While I was there Libo arrived, and told us that Philos Pompey, and Hilarius, his own freedman, were arrived with a letter from Sextus Pompeius to the consuls, if indeed they deserve that name[1]; and he read to us a copy of it, upon which I gave my opinion. There were some inaccuracies in the style, but in other respects, it was written with much propriety and moderation: I only recommended that as the letter was addressed to the consuls only, the superscription should be added, "To the prætors, tribunes of the commons, and the senate," for fear the consuls should not publish a letter which was directed to them alone.

Now

[1] Because they were not duly chosen, but nominated by Cæsar.

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Now, they told us that Sextus Pompeius had been at Carthage with a single legion, and that he received the news of Cæsar's death the very day on which he took Borea; that when the city was taken the news occasioned wonderful rejoicings, a general change in the public sentiments, and a resort to him from all quarters, but that he himself was returned to join the six legions which he had left in the farther Spain. He had however acquainted Libo by a letter that he would hear of no terms unless his own palace was restored to him. The whole of his proposals consisted in his demanding, that all the generals who at present command the armies, in whatever quarters they reside, should resign their commands. This is all I think that I have learnt of Sextus.

I endeavoured, but without effect, to gain some information respecting the Buthrotians. Some say that the land-hunters are routed.—Others that Plancus has run away from them, after receiving a sum of money. I am consequently apprehensive that I must remain ignorant how that matter stands, unless I very soon get a letter. My journey to Brundusium, of which I had some doubts, seems now to be quite stopt, for I am told that Antony's troops are upon their march that way. As to the voyage from hence, it will be dangerous to sail alone, and I will therefore sail in company with others. I perceive Brutus is in more forwardness for his departure

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departure than I heard of. For Domitius has with him a good squadron, and the vessels of Sestius Lucilianus, and others are in very good condition. As to Cassius's fleet, which is indeed a fine one, it can be of no service to me beyond the Streights of Sicily. I am vexed that Brutus seems not at all disposed to hasten his voyage. In the first place he will wait, till he hears that the exhibitions at Rome are finished. In the next place, so far as I understand, he will sail very slowly, and stop at a great many places. But I think it is better to sail slowly, than not to sail at all. And yet, after I have set out, I shall be more able to determine how I am to act. We shall have the Etesian winds.

EPISTLE V.

BRUTUS is now looking out for a letter from you, and I gave him the first news of the success of Attius's Tereus. He thought that a play entitled Brutus had been acted. But it was generally expected, that an entertainment, represented in imitation of the Greeks, would not attract a crouded audience. This was no more than I apprehended, for you know what opinion I have of Greek plays.

Now I must inform you of a circumstance more interesting to us than any thing else can be. Our nephew

nephew has been with me for several days, and had I desired it, he would have been longer; but, so long as he staid, you cannot imagine how much I was charmed with him in every respect, especially upon the point of which we were most doubtful. His sentiments are entirely changed by the works which I was then composing; by the repeated conversation, and the rules I laid down to him, so that for the future, his conduct in public matters will be regulated by your wishes. He did not merely assure, but he convinced me, of this, and he was extremely earnest with me to undertake for him to you, that he would yet do credit to us all. Meanwhile, he does not desire to be trusted at first sight, but that, upon proving him, you will give him your affection.

Had I not been thoroughly convinced, had I not been entirely satisfied, that he will persevere, I would not have taken the step I am now to acquaint you of. You must know, I carried the young man to Brutus, who was so convinced of his sincerity, was so persuaded of the truth of what I write, that he declined to take me as a security for his future behaviour. Brutus, amidst the caresses he bestowed upon him, mentioned you most affectionately, and at parting embraced him with tenderness. For this reason, though it would be more proper for me to compliment, than to entreat you, yet entreat you I do, that if hitherto, through his unexperienced

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experienced age, his character has been too much marked by levities and inconsistencies, you will now look upon him as thoroughly reformed, and be assured, that your authority will greatly, if not effectually, contribute towards fixing him in his present honourable sentiments.

I took many opportunities to mention to Brutus my wish to sail along with him, but he did not seem so desirous of it as I imagined he would be. I believe he was somewhat undetermined, and so, indeed, he was, chiefly on account of his plays. But upon returning to my house, Cnæus Lucceius, who is very intimate with Brutus, told me, he was very dilatory, not that he had changed his resolution, but that he was still waiting to see what might happen. For this reason, I am in some doubt whether I shall go to Venusia, and there wait the movements of Antony's troops, and if, as some people think, they are not to march that way, I will go to Hydruntum. But if I am safe neither way, I will return hither. You, perhaps, think I am not serious, but may I perish, if any thing detains me but yourself. Well may you avert your face, for indeed, I blush at what I say. How aptly has Lepidus appointed the days for examining the auspices, and how exactly do they coincide with the time when I propose to return. I am greatly encouraged by your letter to be gone. I wish I could see you there. But let that be as is most convenient for you.

I expect

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I expect a letter from Nepos. What! is he who thinks that manner of writing, in which I chiefly pride, not fit to be read, become so very fond of my writings? You say, that he is next to the chief of all writers. Permit me to return the compliment, and say, that, as Nireus was second to Achilles in beauty, so you come next to Nepos in the most finished graces of composition[1]. There is no collection of my letters. But Tyro has about seventy of them, and you can furnish some more. I must look over, and correct them, and then they may be published.

EPISTLE VI.

I AM now come to Sica's house at Vibo; after a voyage less expeditious than pleasant, for as the season-winds did not blow, we were obliged, for the most part, to ply our oars. It happened luckily enough, that of the two bays, that of Pæstum, and that of Vibo, which we were to pass

[1] The spirit of this passage only can be expressed in tolerable English. The original is as follows: *Cupidus ille meorum, qui ea, quibus maxime γαυριω, legenda non putet? Et ais, μετ' αμωμονα. Tu vero αμωμων: ille quidem αμβροτος.* Our author alludes to the following lines of Homer,

Νιρευς, ος καλλιστος ανηρ υπο Ιλιον ηλθε
Των αλλων Δαναων, μετ' αμωμονα Πηλειωνα,

The Nepos meant was Cornelius, the historian.

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pass, we had the wind full in our backs in both. I therefore came, upon the eighth day of my voyage, from Pompeii to Sica's house, after stopping one day at Velia, where I have been often so agreeably entertained by our friend Thalna; and indeed, considering that he was from home. I could not have been treated more politely. Upon the 24th, I came to Sica's house, where I live as if I were at my own; I have, therefore, spent another day here. But when I shall arrive at Rhegium, before I venture upon the long seas, I must consider, whether I ought to go to Patres in a transport vessel, or in my light gallies directly to Leucopetra of Tarentum, and from thence to Corcyra; and if I make use of a transport vessel, whether I shall not sail directly to Greece, or first to Syracuse. When I arrive at Rhegium, I will write to you how I proceed.

But, indeed, my dearest Atticus, I often put the question, Of what avail will this voyage prove to me? Why am I not with my Atticus? Why lose the sight of my lovely villas, the most beautiful in all Italy?—But enough and too much of this. —Why, my Atticus, am I not with thee? What do I fly? Danger. If I mistake not the danger is at present over. But I must encounter it, when I return by your advice; because you write me, that the public approves of my voyage, provided I return by the first of January, as I most certainly shall endeavour to do; for I would

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prefer danger at Rome, to safety at your beloved Athens. Meanwhile, be you upon the watch till we see what turn affairs will take; and either write to me, or let me see you in person, which would give me much greater joy. But enough upon this subject.

I hope you will not take it amiss, that I recommend once more to you what I know you have more at heart than I have myself. I solemnly conjure you to settle and pay off my debts. I have left you ample resources, but they must be carefully looked after, so as that the coheirs of Cluvius may be paid for that house by the first of Sextilis. You will take care to settle with Publilius. As I have taken no advantage of the law, he ought not to press me too much, but I am very desirous that he should be made quite easy. What shall I say to you in regard to Terentia? Let her, if possible, be paid, even before what I owe her becomes due. If, as I hope you are, you are soon to be in Epirus, I beg that you will make provision for the debt for which I stand engaged, nay, that you will settle and pay it off before you leave Italy. But enough, and I am afraid you will think, too much of these matters.

I am now to give you an instance of my heedlessness. I have sent you my Treatise upon Glory, but I have prefixed to it the introduction to my third Academic; which happened through my

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my having by me a collection of introductions, from which I make choice of one when I set about any work. Therefore, while I was at Tusculanum, forgetting that I had already made use of that introduction, I prefixed it to the book I sent to you; but as I was perusing my Academics, while I was on ship-board, I perceived my mistake. I therefore, instantly scribbled out a new introduction, which I have sent to you, and which you may prefix in the room of the other. My compliments to Pilia, and to my very dear, charming Attica.

EPISTLE VII.

After setting sail from Leucopetra, for I embarked there for Greece the 16th of Sextilis, I sailed about thirty-six miles, and I was then forced back to Leucopetra by a strong south wind. While I remained there, waiting for a fair wind, I was entertained in the house of our friend Valerius, with pleasure and freedom. Some of the most distinguished inhabitants of Rhegium came thither directly from Rome, and amongst them the landlord of our friend Brutus, whom he left at Naples, with the important news of the edict of Brutus and Cassius, and that there would be a very full meeting of the senate the first of September;

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tember; that Brutus and Cassius had issued letters to all the members of the consular or prætorian rank, requiring their attendance that day; that Antony, it was generally hoped, would submit; that matters would be compromised; that our friends might return to Rome; and that I was wanted and blamed.

Upon this news, I entirely dropt the thoughts of proceeding any farther in my voyage, in which, indeed, I never embarked with pleasure. But upon reading your letter, I own I was astonished at the sudden change in your sentiments; though I supposed, that you had your reasons for what you wrote. For, granting that you did not persuade, that you did not compel me to undertake this voyage, you certainly approved of it, upon condition that I should return to Rome by the first of January; and thus, while I was to be absent from Rome in the time of danger, I returned when danger blazed with the greatest fury. But that measure, though not quite prudent, is not, however, to be charged entirely upon you. In the first place, because it was the result of my own opinion; and in the next, because, granting you had been my sole adviser, a friend is answerable only for his good intention in the advice he gives.

I cannot, however, sufficiently wonder at the following passage of your letter; "Return then, you say, you who are so desirous of a glorious death,

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death, return, for why should you abandon your country?" What! did I abandon her? Were you of that opinion when we parted! You, who not only consented to, but approved of, my departure. You go on in a still more reproachful strain, "I wish, you say, that you would draw me up an apology, setting forth the necessity of your conduct." How, my Atticus, can my conduct stand in need of an apology, especially to you who so cordially recommend it? For my own part, I am not against composing such an apology to those who opposed and dissuaded my leaving Italy.—Yet after all, have I not dropt that design; then what occasion have I to apologize? Perhaps you will tell me that my dropping it implies fickleness of character. But let me tell you, that of all the numerous authors who have treated that subject, no man of sense has affirmed a change of resolution to be fickleness.

You then proceed, "Had the case been that of our friend Phædrus[1], it had been easy to have made an apology for him, but what can we say as the case is your's?" A measure, therefore, that does not come up to all the rigour of Stoicism, must be flagitious and scandalous because it is mine. I wish that had always been your way of thinking. In this case, as in all others, I would

[1] He was an Epicurean.

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I would have appealed to you as to another Cato, for the rectitude of my conduct. But your expression, in the close of your letter, is the most stinging of all. "For, you say, our friend Brutus is silent." Meaning, (for I can find no other meaning in your words) that he does not presume to give advice to one of my age, and I will fairly give you my reasons for thinking so.

Brutus, who with his squadron lay at the mouth of the river Heletes, came immediately on foot to Velia, which is about three miles, as soon as he understood of my landing there. Immortal gods! how overjoyed he was at my return, or rather at my detention. He then gave a full vent to all he had concealed before, which puts me in mind of your expression, "For our friend Brutus is silent." Above all things, he regretted my being absent from the senate the 1st of Sextilis. He extolled Piso to the skies, and expressed great pleasure in my having, on two occasions, escaped reproach. The chief was that, by my departure, I seemed to abandon the public, because I thought the commonwealth desperate; and indeed, many with tears have daily pressed me with a similar charge, whom I could not convince of my returning by the 1st of January. Brutus, and all his company, which was very numerous, expressed themselves to be highly pleased that I had escaped the second subject of reproach, which was a general belief that I was gone

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gone to see the Olympian games. Had this belief been well grounded, no step could, at any time, have been more reproachful, but at this, it would have been quite indefensible. For my part, I cannot sufficiently express my obligations to the wind which saved me from such a load of infamy.

Such are the political reasons which I offer for my return, and they must be owned to be strong and weighty. But no reason had a greater weight than what you hint at in another of your letters. "If you owe any money, you say, take care to have sufficient resources for paying it, for the apprehension of public commotion is so strong, that you cannot imagine how hard it is to borrow money." I read this letter when I was in the midst of the waves, nor could I possibly conceive any other way of taking the care you recommend, but by managing my own affairs in person. But enough of this; the rest when we meet.

Brutus showed me Antony's edict, and their answer to it, which I think is very finely drawn up; but I own myself at a loss to conceive what purpose those edicts can serve, or what is their meaning; nor do I intend, as Brutus supposed, by thus returning, to take any lead in public matters. For what can I, or any man do? Shew me the senator who supported Piso? Did he return to the senate next day? But I am told, that

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at my years, a man is not at liberty to go far out of the road to his grave.

But what, I pray you, is in the news I had from Brutus, who told me that your wife was afflicted with a paralytic disorder, and he delivered your letter to him for his authority? This gave me sensible concern, though Brutus, at the same time, told me, you expressed in your letter a hope that she was recovering. Pray express to her my sincerest wishes for her recovery, and for the welfare of my dearest Attica. I write this the 19th on shipboard, as I approach near to Pompeii.

EPISTLE VIII[1].

I WILL let you know the day of my proposed arrival in Rome, when I know it myself. I must wait for my heavy baggage, which is coming from Anagnia, and my domestics are sea-sick. The first of this month in the evening, I had a letter from Octavianus, who has in contemplation mighty projects. It is not at all surprising that he has gained over to his designs, the veterans of

[1] The last letter was wrote in August; this in the beginning of November; and in the intermediate time our author, on the 1st of September, pronounced his first Philippic in the senate at Rome.

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of Casilinum and Calatia, for he gives each five hundred denarii; and he intends to visit all the other colonies. There can be no doubt that his views are to act as commander in chief in a war against Antony; and therefore I foresee that hostilities will commence in a few days. But what party am I to follow? Consider what a name Octavianus has assumed; and think of his youth; meanwhile he requires to have a secret conference with me at Capua, or in its vicinity. It is really childish if he imagines that such a conference can be kept a secret, and I wrote to him that it neither was necessary nor practicable. His messenger to me was one Cæcina of Volaterra, who is intimate with him, and told me, that Antony was advancing with the legion of the Alaudæ[2] towards Rome, that he had laid the municipal cities under contribution, and that his troops were marching in military order. Octavianus wanted to know my opinion, whether he ought to advance to Rome, with his three thousand veterans, or maintain Capua against Antony, or march towards the three Macedonian legions, who are advancing along the shore of the Adriatic, and who, he has good reason to believe, are in

[1] It lies near to Capua upon the river Vulturnus, and Calatia lies about seven miles to the northward of it.

[2] This celebrated legion was so called from a kind of a crest which they wore resembling a lark.

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in his interest. For, according to Cæcina, they refused the money offered them by Antony, and after severely upbraiding him, left him while he was haranguing them.

To make short, Octavianus offers to be our leader, and he depends upon my not abandoning him. I have taken upon me to advise him to advance to Rome; for, in my opinion, he will there find the inferior classes, and, if he stands to what he promises, even the men of property and principle in his interest. My Brutus, where are you? What an opportunity are you losing? This is an event, which, if I did not precisely foresee, I partly conjectured. And now I apply for your counsel. Shall I come to Rome, or remain here, or, for security, shall I fly to Arpinum. I prefer Rome, lest upon any emergency, I should be wanted. Relieve me therefore in this; for never was I in greater perplexity.

EPISTLE IX.

I HAVE, in one day, received two letters from Octavianus, who now importunes me to repair instantly to Rome, where he promises to act under the authority of the senate. My answer to him was, that the senate cannot (and I believe so really) be assembled before the first of January. He adds, "I will be directed by you."

In

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In short, he insists, and I evade. I cannot trust his youth; I am ignorant of his intentions, nor will I take a step without your friend Pansa. I am afraid of Antony's prevailing. I am unwilling to leave the sea-coast; and I dread lest any glorious measure should be executed in my absence. Varro dislikes the boy's conduct; but I do not. He has a well-appointed army, and he may join with Decimus Brutus. He proceeds openly, musters his troops at Capua, and pays them regularly. Now I see a war is inevitable, and at hand. Write me your opinion of all this. I am surprised that my letter-carrier, who left Rome the first of this month, should return without any letter from you.

EPISTLE X.

On the 7th, I came to my house at Sinuessa. A report was that day current, that Antony was to remain at Casalinum. I therefore have altered my resolution, and I proceed directly to Rome by the Appian road. He might easily have come up with me; for he is said to be a second Cæsar in activity. Therefore, at Minturnæ I strike off towards Arpinum, intending to-morrow, the 9th, to lie at Aquinum or Arcanum. Now, my Atticus, give your whole attention to this affair; for it is of great importance to me. I have the choice

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choice of three things before me; to remain at Arpinum, to advance farther, or to go quite to Rome. I will do as you direct, but you must send your direction without delay. I am impatient for a letter from you. Dated the 8th, from my house at Sinuessa in the morning.

EPISTLE XI.

On the 5th, I received from you two letters, the one dated the first of this month, and the other the day before. To begin, therefore, with the oldest. I am glad you like my oration, and perceive you have transplanted its flowers, which, in my eye, flourish more fair, through your approbation; for I dread those little red dashes of your's. You are in the right as to Sica; but it was with difficulty that I contained myself. I shall therefore manage so, as to give no offence either to Sica, or Septimia, only that our posterity may know, in a stile no way sarcastic[1], that he

[1] *Orig. Velo Lucilliano Lucilius* was a famous satirist, but there seems to be a corruption in the reading, which, perhaps, ought to be, *Sine stilo Lucilliano;* the matter alluded to here, relates to a passage in our author's second Philippic, in which he reproaches Antony, for marrying and having children by the daughter of this Fadius, who had been a slave; so there appears to have been a connection between him, and Sica, and Septimia, who were our author's friends.

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he had children by the daughter of Caius Fadius; and I wish I could see the day, when that oration should become so public as to find its way even into the house of Sica[1]. But before we can see that, we must see the times of the last triumvirate restored[2]; as I live, your joke is excellent.

Be sure to read my work to Sextus, and let me know his opinion of it; for I value it more than that of a thousand other judges. Take care, that neither Calenus nor our bald friend[3] be present. You say, you are afraid I may think you too loquacious. What! to me? How, what do you mean! so far from it, that as Aristophanes[4] said of the verses of Archilochus, I always think your longest letter the best. As to giving me your advice, I am so far from taking it amiss, that I should be glad, even if you censured me; because the censure of a friend is attended both with prudence and affection. I therefore cheerfully agree to your corrections in the passage you mention. I admit the name of Scipio instead of

[1] The second Philippic was never actually pronounced, and was at this time privately handed about, few people daring to disoblige Antony.

[2] Meaning, no doubt, the triumvirate of Pompey, Cæsar, and Crassus, during which, great liberties were taken both in speaking and writing.

[3] Orig. *Calvena*, meaning Matius.

[4] He was a grammarian.

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of that of Rubrius[1]. The monument of praise I have erected to Dolabella I will again demolish. Yet, if I mistake not, there is a fine irony in the passage, in which he is mentioned to have fought in three battles against his countrymen. I likewise prefer your alteration of *Quid indignius*, into *Indignissimum est hunc vivere*. I am glad that you are pleased with the portraits of Varro[2]; his delineation of Heraclides I have not yet copied. You exhort me to write, and in this you act as a friend; but, let me tell you, I do nothing else. Your indisposition gives me pain; I beg, that you will observe your usual regular regimen. It gives me pleasure, that my treatise on old age has been of any service to you. The Anagnians I mentioned to you in my second Philippic[3], are Mustella, who is a fencing master, and Laco, who is a noted drunkard. I will revise and send you the book you want of me.

I now come to answer your second letter. My treatise concerning duties, of which Panætius has likewise written, consists of two books; his, of

[1] These corrections refer to our author's second Philippic, which the reader may consult.

[2] It was not unusual to draw the figures and achievements of great men, on *robes of purple*. This was called by the Greeks πιναλογραφια: and this title Varro appears to have prefixed to a work in which he described the most celebrated men among the Romans.—E.

[3] Viz. In the second Philippic, which at its first appearance contained only the names of those persons.

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of three. But his first division, relates to the manners of examining a duty which, he says, are three. Our first deliberation, according to him is, whether the thing is virtuous, or vicious; the next whether it is advantageous, or prejudicial; and lastly, when virtue cannot be reconciled to utility, how we are to act. For instance, the case of Regulus. His honour commanded his return to Carthage, his safety bad him stay at Rome. Panætius has given us a noble treatise on the two first heads, and promised to treat of the last, but he never did it. Possidonius continued his work, and I have both sent for his treatise and have written to Athenodorus Calvus[1] to send me its contents, which I am now looking for; and I beg, that you will earnestly exhort him to send it by the first opportunity. It treats of duties which vary according to circumstances. You ask me about the title. At present I am quite satisfied that our word *officium* answers to the Greek καθηκον, unless you can suggest somewhat else; but the title will run more full if made *de officiis*. My addressing it to my son, is, I think, by no means unsuitable.

You have quite cleared up to me the affair of Myrtelus.—How you always paint out those fellows!—May they be punished by the gods! And do they lay such traps for Decimus Brutus? I have not, as I mentioned in mine, as

[1] He as well as Panætius was a stoic philosopher.

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as yet shut myself up in Pompeii; in the first place, as nothing can be more uncomfortable than the weather has been, and in the next place, because every day I have letters from Octavianus inviting me to take upon me the direction of his affairs, to come to Capua, and again save the state. He proposes himself to march directly to Rome.—I

Blush to refuse, and to accept it fear[1].

Meanwhile, his solicitations have been, and still are, very urgent. He is to march into Rome with a strong body of troops; but he is no better than a boy; he imagines that the senate will instantly assemble.—But who will attend? And should any attend, who, in this unsettled state of affairs, will venture to attack Antony? By the first of January, Octavianus may perhaps secure the freedom of the senate; or, perhaps in the interval there may be a battle. Our municipal cities are wonderfully in the boy's interest; for in going to Samnium he stopt at Cales, and lay at Theanum[2]. You cannot believe, what a resort there was to him, and what encouragement he met with. Could you have imagined this? This will bring me to Rome sooner than I purposed. I will write to you when my

[1] This line is from Homer.

[2] These were two towns of Campania.

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my resolution is fixed: Eros is not yet arrived, and therefore I have not seen the agreement you mention; yet I beg that you would finish that affair by the 12th. I could, to better purpose, send letters to Catina, Taurominium, and Syracuse[1]; if Valerius, the linguist, would send me the names of the most popular men in those parts; for interest is a very fluctuating matter, and most of my acquaintances there are dead. I have, however, written some general letters, which Valerius may deliver, or he must send me the names I want. Balbus has informed me of the solemn days appointed by Lepidus, and I have leave of absence to the 29th. I look for a letter from you, and I suppose, by this, time you are no stranger to that trifling affair of Torquatus.

I have sent you my brother's letter, that you may be sensible how very fond he is of his son, and what pain it gives him that you are not fond of him likewise. Give your daughter a kiss for me as she is so sprightly, which in youth is so graceful. Adieu.

EPISTLE XII.

I HAVE sent you a copy of Oppius's letter, because it is so very handsome. As you demur concerning

[1] These were the chief cities of Sicily.

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cerning the affair of Ocella, without writing me any thing about it, I have even come to a resolution within myself. Therefore I think of being at Rome on the 12th. It is more proper for me to be there, though there should be no occasion for my presence, than to be absent if there should; not to mention, that I am under some apprehension of the roads being beset. There is nothing now to hinder Antony's approach; though various are the reports that circulate, and some of them such as I wish to be true; but we know nothing certain. Be that, however, as it will, it is better for me to be with you, than to be in this undetermined state of mind, while we are separated, and that too upon your account as well as mine. But what shall I say?—Let us take courage. Your remarks upon Varro's imitation of Heraclides are humorous and sarcastic. Never did any thing give me greater pleasure; but we will talk of that, and affairs of more consequence, when we meet.

EPISTLE XIII.

WHAT a surprising accident! On the 8th, having, before it was light, left my house at Sinuessa, and come, by break of day, to the bridge of Minturnæ, where the road divides towards Arpinum, your express met me at the very time when I wa

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I was meditating a long voyage[1].—Have you got any letters from Atticus?—Let me have them,—quick! said I, without reflecting that I could not yet see to read, having ordered the lamps to be put out[2]; nor was it yet sufficiently light. But when it became broad day, your first letter, was read to me. May I perish if I write not as I think, when I tell you, that nothing can come up to its elegance, nor did I ever read any thing more happily turned. I will therefore come whither you call me, provided you aid me with your counsels. But, at first sight, I thought nothing could be more absurd, than for you to write to me in such a strain, in answer to the letter I sent you, begging your advice; when behold another letter, in a poetic strain, giving me the hint to go to Arpinum, by mount Appenine.—That

[1] *Orig.* δολιχον πλοον ὁρμαινοντα. *De longa navigatione deliberantem.* This alludes to a passage of Homer's Odyssey, where Nestor tells Telemachus, that Menelaus had joined him, and other princes at Lesbos, just at the time when they were consulting whether they should steer their course, above, or below, the island of Chios. Cicero adopts this passage of Homer to express his being in some doubt, whether he should go to Rome, directly by the Appian road, or go round by Arpinum. The application of Homer's lines, was so very familiar to the learned men of antiquity, that Atticus could be at no loss for the application here. But it is probable, that he himself had first thrown out the hint to our author.

[2] This is a very natural picture of the absence of mind that is incident to the greatest of men through affection or anxiety.

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That night therefore I lay at Arpinum, after a dreary journey through bad roads. Next morning as I was setting out I wrote thus far.

P. S. It is very inconvenient for me, that Eros's letters oblige me to send Tiro to Rome. He will himself inform you of the affair; do you consider how he is to proceed. Besides, I hope you will frequently write to me whether I ought to go further from Rome, or come nearer to it; for I should wish rather to be at Tusculanum, or somewhere in the environs of the city. You will have daily conveyances to me. Now while I am absent from you, it is difficult for me to send you any opinion as to what you want to know, or how I think you ought to proceed. All I can say is, that if the two parties are pretty equally matched, we ought to continue neutral; if they are not, the ruin of our order will succeed, and next that of the whole community. I am impatient to know your resolution. I dread being absent from Rome, if it would do me more credit to be there; yet I dare not venture. I now hear accounts of Antony's marches, very different from what I have written above. I beg therefore you will clear up all those matters, and let me have some certainty.

What can I say as to other matters?—I feel

I have thrown what follows this into the form of a postcript, but it is uncertain, whether it is not a different letter.

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feel ardent to begin this history; for you cannot imagine how strongly I am affected by the encouragement you have given me. But I can neither begin, nor complete it, without your assistance; we must therefore reserve this subject till we meet. Meanwhile I beg you will let me know in a letter, under what censors, Caius Fannius, the son of Marcus, was tribune of the commons. I think I have heard he was under Publius Africanus and Lucius Mummius. Pray set me right, if I am mistaken. I beg you will write me certain and true accounts of all public occurrences. Dated th 11th from my house near Arpinum

EPISTLE XIV.

I REALLY have nothing to write to you; for when I was at Puteoli, I daily heard some news concerning Octavianus, and many false reports concerning Antony. In answer to your letters, three of which I received on the 11th, I entirely agree with you, that should Octavianus come into power, the acts of Cæsar will receive a firmer sanction than they did in the temple of Tellus; and this will turn out to the disadvantage of Brutus. But should Octavianus be worsted, you will find Antony an intolerable tyrant; thus, one does not know which to wish for.

What a rascal was that messenger of Sestius, for

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for promising to be at Rome the day after he left Puteoli! You advise me to proceed with mildness and caution, and I agree with you, though I had some thoughts of doing otherwise. The examples of Philip and Marcellus[1] make no impression upon me. Their motives either are, or seem to be, different from mine. Young Cæsar has sufficient courage; yet he has no great authority. Meanwhile, you will consider whether it will not be convenient for me to be at Tusculanum, where I can live with more freedom, and be well informed of every thing that passes, or whether I ought not to remain here till Antony's arrival at Rome.

But to pass from one thing to another, I have no manner of doubt that our word *officium* answers to the Greek term καθηκον. As to your doubt whether that word can be properly applied to public matters, do we not say *Consulum officium, Senatus officium?* I think it is a very proper word, unless you can furnish me with one that is more so. Your melancholy news of the death of Nepos's son, gives me indeed great concern and affliction. I was quite ignorant that he had a son. I have lost Caninius, who, I speak for myself, was by no means an ungrateful person. You have

[1] Both those noblemen were nearly related to young Cæsar, the first being his father-in-law, and the latter his brother-in-law, notwithstanding which, they had not broken off all measures with Antony.

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have no need to press Athenodorus; for he hath sent me a memorial which is politely enough drawn up. I beg you would employ every means to remove your indisposition. Our[1] nephew has written to my son, that, upon the 5th of December, (the aniversary of my glory)[2] he will lay before the people, the whole affair of the temple of Ops. You will learn what he means, and let me know by a letter. I expect to have the opinion of Sextus upon my oration.

EPISTLE XV.

You are not to imagine that from indolence I do not indite with my own hand this letter to you, and yet, I avow, I have no other excuse to offer but that I am indolent. Meanwhile, I think I can, in your letters, trace out the hand-writing of Alexis; but to come to business. Had not Dolabella behaved to me very dishonestly, I might have been in some hesitation, whether I should deal with gentleness

[1] Orig. *Quintus avi tui pronepos, scribit ad patris mei Nepotem.* We have already seen instances of this whimsical way of writing, which, more than probable, was owing to some private piece of humour in Atticus, which is not now to be accounted for.

[2] By his putting to death the accomplices in Catiline's conspiracy.

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gentleness or rigour with him. But now I am overjoyed that I have an opportunity of making him, and all the world, sensible, that I have no affection for him, and I will publicly avow that I hate him, both on my own account, and on account of my country; because, after I had persuaded him to espouse her cause, he not only abandoned it, but did all he could to ruin it, from interested motives.

You ask me, what I would have done, when the day of payment comes[1]. In the first place, I wish that matters were so ordered, that I could, without any inconvenience, be at Rome in person, but in this, as in all other matters, I will be guided by your judgment. However, in the main, I would have him brought to a strict and rigorous account. I think, we cannot without dishonour, compel his sureties, but I wish you to take this into consideration; for we can compel his sureties to pay by an action brought against his agents, who will not stand a trial. By such an action, I am sensible, the sureties will be liberated from their responsibility; but I think, it will be shameful in him, if his agents should not discharge a debt, for which he himself has engaged sureties; and it is inconsistent with my reputation

[1] All this relates to a debt due to our author by Dolabella, as the arrears of Tullia's portion, which the latter ought to have refunded when he divorced her.

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reputation to betray a vindictiveness of temper against him, in reclaiming my property. I beg you will let me know your sentiments on this subject; and I make no doubt, that it will be managed with great moderation. I now return to the affairs of the public.

I have, it is true, seen many proofs of your profound skill in politics, but none beyond your last letter, where you say, "Though at present, the boy makes a gallant opposition to Antony; yet we ought to wait the event;" but what an harangue has he made[1] to the people! for it was sent to me. He there swears, "so, says he, may I attain the honours of my parent," stretching forth his right hand at the same time, to the statue of Cæsar. I have no wish for such a saviour[2]. But the most indubitable criterion will be the tribuneship of Casca. I delivered the same opinion to Oppius; for when he pressed me to declare without any reserve for the young man and his interests, and for his body of veterans, I told him, I could by no means do that, till I was quite satisfied that, so far from opposing, he would befriend the destroyers of the tyrants. When Oppius told me, that Octavius would do so, "then, where, said I, is the necessity for my hastily

[1] *Viz.* In the temple of Castor and Pollux.

[2] He gave the first blow, in the murder of Cæsar. Notwithstanding which Octavius did not oppose his being tribune.

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hastily declaring myself, since he can have no occasion for my assistance before the first of January? Now, we can be quite convinced of his intentions by the 13th of December, from his behaviour in the affair of Casca. Oppius agreed to all I said. I have therefore little more to write to you on this head; only, that you will every day have opportunity of writing to me; and I believe, every day will present you with something fresh to write. I have sent you a copy of Lepta's letter, by which it appears that our hero is discomfitted. But you shall read it, and judge for yourself.

After this letter was sealed up, I received one from you, and another from Sextus, and nothing can be more agreeable or affectionate than his is. As to yours, it was short, though the former a very full one. You advise me like a man of sense, and a friend, to remain where I am till I learn the event of our present public commotions. But, my Atticus, it is not, indeed it is not, any public consideration that determines me at present. For though the public is, and ought to be to me, the dearest object of my regard; yet Hippocrates forbids us to use medicine when the disease is irremediable. I take my leave therefore, of public affairs. What affects me, is the state of my private concerns, and the regard I have for my own credit; for though my resources are so large, I have not yet been able to pay to Terentia what

I owe

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I owe her. But why do I talk of that? You know, it is some time since I promised to pay for Montanus twenty-five thousand sesterces. My son, in the most genteel manner, begged that favour of me, and said, he would look upon it as done to himself. Knowing that it would be agreeable to you, I promised it most readily, and ordered Eros to lay by the money; but he was so far from doing it, that Aurelius was obliged to raise it at a most exorbitant interest.

As to Terentia's debt, I understand by a letter from Tyro, that you say, the money owing me from Dolabella will be equal to her demand. He has a mistaken understanding, if I may be allowed the expression of your words, or rather, he does not understand them at all; for you sent me the answer of Cocceius on that head, and I had a letter from Eros, to the same purpose. I must therefore come to Rome, if I should be involved in its flames. For it is more glorious to die with my country, than by myself. Distracted as I feel in myself, I am at present unable to answer with my usual serenity, the other matters, mentioned in your most affectionate letter to me.

I beg you will take care that I may be extricated from my present situation. Several expedients for that purpose occur to myself. But believe me, I can fix positively upon none till I see you.

EPISTLE

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EPISTLE XVI.

I HAVE read your most agreeable letter, and send you a copy of what I have written to Plancus, I shall know from Tyro himself, what passed between you and him. You will be able to shew your sister more attention after having finished the business at Buthrotum.

Cicero to Plancus Prætor, wisheth health.

I AM very sensible, how gladly you would embrace an opportunity of obliging Atticus. Not to mention, that I believe you to be so much my friend, that very few excel you in your regard and affection for me. A strong, an old, and a virtuous friendship, subsisted between your father and me; and this receives additional ardour from the mutual good will which we cherish for each other. You are no stranger to the affair of Buthrotum, it being a subject which I have often treated of, and fully explained to you. Its present situation is as follows:

As soon as it was understood, that the lands of Buthrotum were to be divided among the soldiers, Atticus was so much alarmed, that he drew up a remonstrance

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remonstrance which he put into my hands to give Cæsar, with whom I was to sup that evening. I accordingly presented it to Cæsar; who approved of its contents, and signified in a letter to Atticus, that he sought no more than what was just, cautioning him at the same time, that the Buthrotians should pay their arrears as soon as they became due. Atticus, from the zeal he had to preserve their state, laid down the money for them out of his own pocket. This being done, we went to Cæsar, whom we addressed in the name of the Buthrotians; and he gave us a full decree in their favour, which was attested by several persons of the highest rank. As matters stood upon this footing, I own, that I was a good deal surprised, that Cæsar should suffer those who hunted after the Buthrotian lands, to hold their meetings; and even appoint you to have the chief direction of that affair. I therefore talked to him upon it so often, and in such a manner, that he charged me with mistrust in his veracity. At the same time, he assured Marcus Messala, and Atticus himself, that they might be quite easy on that head; and he gave explicit intimations, (for you know how attentive he was to points of popularity) that he was unwilling to do any thing to irritate the soldiery, while they were in Italy; but as soon as they got beyond seas, he would take care that they should be settled in other lands. The affair stood thus

at

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at his death. When that happened, as soon as the consuls by a resolution of the senate, assumed a judicial capacity upon the validity of Cæsar's acts, the state of this affair, as I have represented it to you, was laid before them. They, without the least hesitation, approved of all that had been done, and they said, that they would write to you upon that subject.

Now, my dear Plancus, though I am convinced, that you will pay great regard to the resolution of the senate, to the law, to the decree, and to the letter of the consuls; and though I am convinced of your willingness to oblige Atticus himself in this affair, yet I presume so far upon the intimacy and friendship that subsist between us, as to beg, as a favour, the thing which your unrivalled good nature, and politeness of manners, would not suffer you to deny. The favour is this, that you would cheerfully, unreservedly, and immediately do, what I know you would do, were no person to solicit you.

No man is more intimately united in the ties of friendship, society and affection, than is Atticus to me. His private interest was deeply involved in this affair before, but now it concerns his reputation likewise, that he may make good by your assistance, what he had before with great pains and interest obtained, both in Cæsar's time, and after his death. Should he succeed in this by your means, you may depend upon it, my sense

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sense of your generosity will be such, that I shall think myself indispensably bound to acknowledge the greatness of the favour. I shall be ready always with the greatest zeal and readiness, to serve you in all your concerns. Adieu.

Cicero to Plancus Prætor, wisheth Health.

It is some time since I requested you by a letter, to give your assistance in the affair of the Buthrotians, which was confirmed by the consuls, who had authority both by the law, and a resolution of the senate, to examine, resolve, and judge, upon the acts of Cæsar; and that you would deliver from uneasiness, our friend Atticus, for whom I know, you have a kindness, and myself, who am, as anxious, as he is, about this affair. The whole business, after much labour and difficulty, has been here settled to our satisfaction, it depends upon you to put a final period to all our anxiety. Meanwhile, we are convinced, that a man of your good sense, must see the great and general confusion, that must ensue, if no regard shall be paid to the decrees of the consuls, which passed upon the acts of Cæsar. It is true, many of them were not confirmed, which must have necessarily been the case under so great a pressure of public business, yet

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yet I always was a strenuous advocate for their confirmation from the love of peace and tranquillity. Now, though this letter is not meant to persuade, but to petition you, yet I am of opinion, that you ought to be in the same way of thinking. Therefore, my dear Plancus, I beg, nay, I solemnly entreat you, with all the zeal and ardour of which my mind is susceptible, so to act in this affair, as in every respect to express, not only your acquiescence, but even your joy, at our having gained what we have gained from the consuls, without the least hesitation, through the mere justice and equity of our cause. This will be a fresh proof of those assurances of friendship for Atticus, which you often expressed to him in person, and likewise to me; and it will be a farther inducement for me, who have been always your friend, through my own inclination, and the regard I had for your father, to own that you laid me under the strongest obligations. I therefore, again and again, in the most earnest manner, beg your compliance.

Cicero

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Cicero to his Friend Capito, wisheth Health.

NEVER did I think the time would come, that I should apply to you as a suppliant. But I protest, I am glad to have this opportunity of putting to the proof your affection for me. You know, how great my regard is for Atticus. As you love me, do me the favour for my sake to forget, that when one of his friends, but an enemy to you, was engaged in an affair, upon which his reputation depended, Atticus embraced his interest. Your good nature in the first place, is engaged to forgive this, for every man ought to defend his own friends; in the next place, I conjure you, setting all consideration of Atticus aside, to grant this favour without any reserve, to your old Cicero, for whom you used to avow your friendship, that I may have a full proof of that great affection which I always believed you entertained for me.

After Cæsar, by his decree, which was attested by me, and many other noblemen of the first rank, had entirely pardoned the Buthrotians, and intimated to us, that as soon as the soldiers, to whom the lands had been assigned, were gone beyond sea, he would send a letter, marking out the settlements which they were to possess, it happened unexpectedly, that he was dispatched

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out of the world. You were present when the consuls were obliged by a resolution of the senate to sit in judgment on the acts of Cæsar. Therefore, you can be no stranger to what afterwards happened, and that their consideration of this affair, was adjourned to the first of June. The resolution of the senate was strengthened by a law passed the 12th of the same month, giving to the consuls the cognizance of all matters, that Cæsar had intended, decreed, or executed. The cause of the Buthrotians was brought before them; and many of Cæsar's acts were produced; at the same time, the consuls, according to the meaning of Cæsar's intention, made a rule in favour of the Buthrotians, and Plancus was entrusted with the execution of it.

Now, dear Capito, as I am sensible of your usual influence over all with whom you are concerned, and far more, with a man so very obliging and good-natured as Plancus is, exert all your efforts, or rather all your arts of persuasion, to induce Plancus, whom I believe to be well-disposed to our cause, to patronise it with still greater ardour in consequence of your interposition.

The plain state of the affair, seems to be, that without obliging any man, Plancus has discernment and good sense enough, without hesitation, to support the decree of the consuls, who had the authority both of the law and senate's resolution,

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lution, to examine, and determine in this affair; especially as the authority of Cæsar's acts, will become doubtful, should their power of cognizance thus established, be weakened, and as not only they who are interested, but as they who condemn them, are willing to confirm them, for the sake of public tranquillity. Though the matter stands in this clear light, yet still, it will do service to Plancus, to defend our suit with alacrity and readiness. This he certainly will do, if you use your influence, which I have often experienced, and those engaging arts, in which I know you are unrivalled; that you will do this, is my most earnest request.

Cicero to Caius Cupiennius, wisheth Health.

I HAD the greatest esteem for your father, and he had the greatest regard and affection for me; nor did I, most assuredly, ever doubt that you love me, for I have always loved you. I therefore impress it upon you in the strongest manner, to relieve the Buthrotians, and to endeavour that our friend Plancus, may immediately confirm and execute the decree which the consuls made in their favour, when they had a power of regulating that affair both by a law, and a resolution of the senate. My dear Cupiennius, I again, and again, entreat you to do me this favour.

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Cicero to Plancus Prætor, wisheth Health.

I ASK your pardon, for writing to you so often upon the affair of the Buthrotians, after explaining it so fully to you in my former letters. This, my dear friend, does not proceed from any distrust I have either of your generosity, or our friendship. But an affair of very great consequence to our friend Atticus is in agitation; nay, it concerns his reputation, that the world should know he is able to obtain, that which Cæsar granted in my hearing, and was witnessed by my hand, when I was present both when Cæsar made this decree and signified his intentions; especially as it is now absolutely in your power, I will not say barely to execute, but to execute with zeal and cheerfulness, the decrees which the consuls made in confirmation of Cæsar's orders. Nothing can possibly give me greater pleasure, than your compliance with this request.

I am, it is true, in hopes, that before you receive this letter, you have complied with the contents of my former ones, but I will never forbear soliciting you, until I am informed, that you have actually done it; which I wait with the greatest impatience to hear, and then, I hope my letters to you, shall run in a different strain, I mean

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mean, that of returning you thanks, for your very great favour. Should that happen, I assure you, that the obligation will not lie so much upon Atticus, whose interest is greatly concerned in this affair, as upon me, who now take an equal concern in its success. Adieu.

Cicero to Capito, wisheth Health.

I MAKE no doubt, that you are surprised, and even piqued, at my soliciting you so often upon the same subject; but the interest of Atticus, the dearest, and in every respect, the most intimate of my friends, is deeply concerned in it. I am sensible of your zeal to serve your friends, and of their zeal to serve you. You can assist us greatly with Plancus. I know your good nature, and I know how well pleased your friends are to oblige you, and nobody can serve us in this affair more effectually than it is in your power to do. Our claim is well-founded, as it rests upon a decree of the consuls, confirming Cæsar's measure, when both by a law and a resolution of the senate, they took his acts under their cognizance. But we are convinced, that the whole matter now depends upon the generosity of your friend Plancus. And we hope, that in consideration

ration of your kind interposition, and of the public good, he will confirm the decree of the consuls, as well as from his readiness to oblige me. Favour us, therefore, my dear Capito, with your interest and assistance. This I solicit again, and again, in the most earnest manner. Farewel.

FINIS.

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